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IPSWICH BARRACKS, 1860.

OLD CAVALRY STATIONS

BY

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"A WINTER HOLIDAY IN PORTUGAL," "FROM A
TERRACE IN PRAGUE," "BLITHE WATERS," ETC.

With a Foreword by

FIELD-MARSHAL THE RIGHT HON. THE
VISCOUNT ALLENBY, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

*Illustrated with forty-six pen-and-ink sketches
by the Author*



HEATH CRANTON LIMITED
6 FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

1934

357

BAK 0

16287

*Printed in Great Britain for Heath Cranton Limited
by Northumberland Press Limited, Newcastle-on-Tyne*

THIS BOOK
IS
DEDICATED
TO
ALL GOOD HORSEMEN

*Acknowledgment and thanks are due and herewith
gratefully offered to the Editor of the "Cavalry
Journal," who of his courtesy has permitted articles
and illustrations published in his journal to reappear in
this form.*

FOREWORD

THE title of this book, "Old Cavalry Stations," brings many pleasant memories to an old horse soldier like me, with over fifty years of service and still a cavalryman on the active list.

It is interesting to learn that at Colchester, our oldest cavalry station, is preserved the most ancient memorial to a horseman in this country—his name, Longinus, a regular soldier of the Roman Army. He rides, according to our chronicler, with a look as of one who says "That comes of getting in the way of cavalry"; while his horse tramples on a fallen foe. The look, the words and the deed aptly express the spirit animating our chivalry, which has carried them to victory on every field.

Colonel Granville Baker graphically describes each of the cavalry stations, and with him we follow Dragoons, Hussars and Lancers from place to place, through the length and breadth of the land, as far as the Border and beyond. He tells us about soldiering, sport and happy relations with the civil population, in times when steam and petrol were unknown.

The steam engine arrived, threatening to do away with the horse and, consequently, its rider. The horse and the horseman survived that menace. Now, the internal combustion engine is here to stay, but we may be confident that cavalry will hold its own still. The "Arm of Opportunity" will know how to adopt modern inventions and adapt them to its own use, benefit and increased efficiency.

London and Windsor will, for years to come, welcome Life Guards or "Blues" on change of station, from time to time;

FOREWORD

Edinburgh will greet the regiment which bears that proud title
“Second to None”; other hospitable centres will often again
acclaim the coming of those genial Cavaliers whom they have
so cordially entertained in days of yore.

ALLENBY, F.M.

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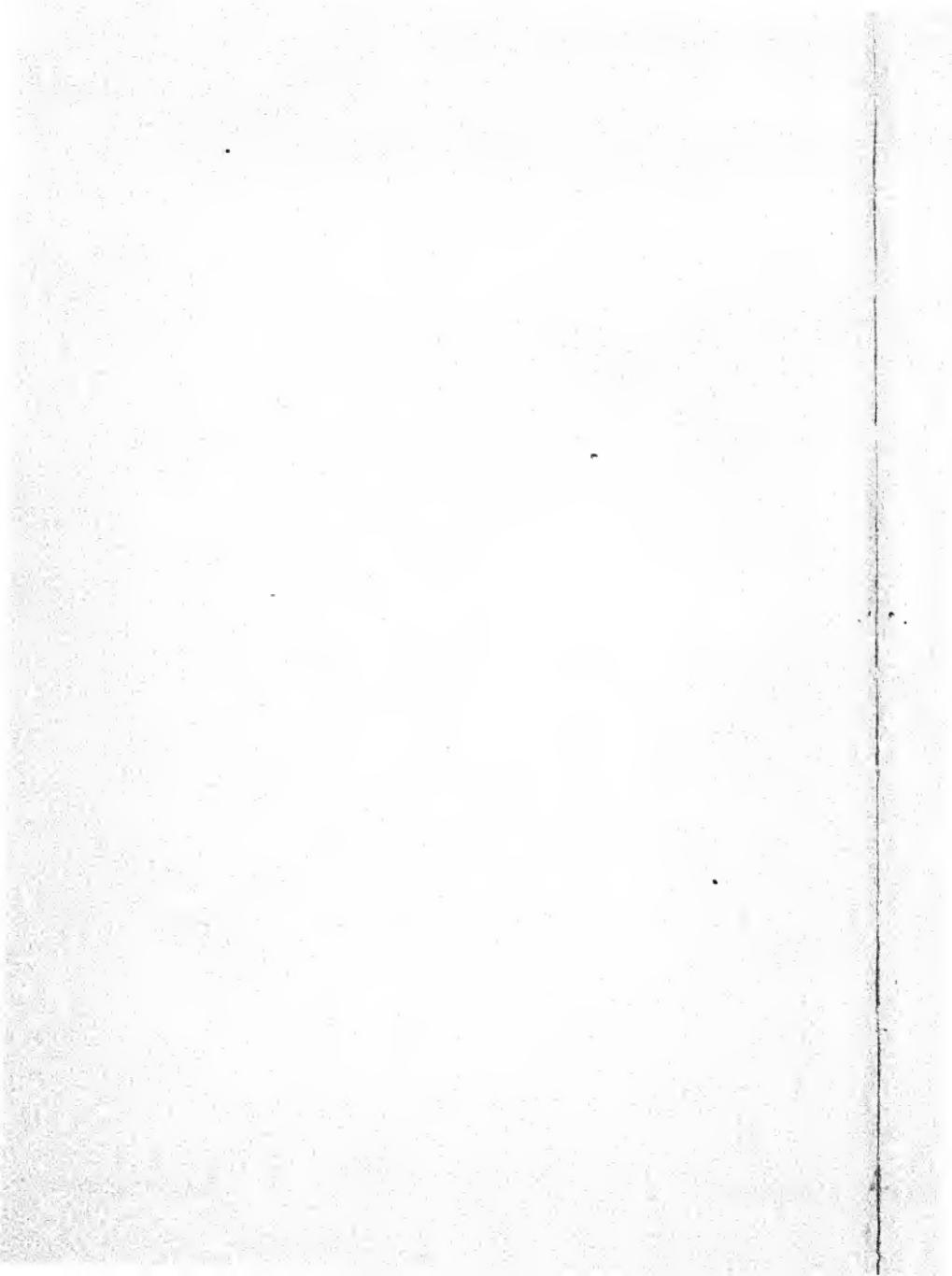
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PART ONE
EAST ANGLIA





COLCHESTER

Britain's oldest cavalry station—The Roman horseman Longinus, son of Sdapezematus—How Richard II rode to visit his uncle of Gloucester—WARLEY and the East India Company's Cavalry—A Ladies' Hunt—Ironsides in Portugal: 3rd Dragoon Guards and 11th Hussars—Escort duties in Hanover days—Reviews on Lexden Heath—Robert Fitzwalter and the Army of God and Holy Church—Recruiting posters—Fox-hunting—Mr. Pickwick intervenes.

COLCHESTER has no cathedral with soaring, clustered columns and high-swung arches through which the light from the clerestory falls on tablets and mural decorations which tell of famous men and extol their deeds that we may emulate them. There are no tattered colours to recall battle honours hardly and truly won, collecting the dust of countless memories as they droop over the shrine hallowed to those who, we know, achieved greatness, humble men as they were for the most part. Nevertheless, Colchester is unique in possessing the oldest memorial to a horseman in this country. Not merely a horseman of the medieval kind, who plunged about in wars as amateur, but a regular soldier, and you may see his effigy any day in the Colchester Museum. Amidst relics of the past stands the memorial to a Roman soldier who died in harness here at Colchester, Camulodunum as he

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would have called it—Longinus, a son of Sdapezematyucus, a Thracian; probably of Slavonic stock, Scythians, some people called them, as the conjunction of the “Sd” at the beginning of his name may suggest. Sardica, Sofia of to-day, was his birth-place, and his dust has helped to cover up all traces of the city he came to conquer when riding with the army which Emperor Claudius in A.D. 43 had sent to the conquest of Britain under General Aulus Plautius.

Longinus died young, for, after all, what are forty years of life; he had fifteen years service to his credit and was Duplicarius, second-in-command of the first “ala” or wing, of Thracian cavalry, a body of Horse numbering some seven hundred lances. Of his ten troops one would be with the first cohort of the legion while the others were performing the time-honoured duties of cavalry, reconnoitring this strange, monotonous country which Rome had decided to incorporate in the Empire. Yet it was, on better acquaintance, no more monotonous than his own Thracia; indeed the undulating ground, densely wooded, held surprises in readiness for those who walked not circumspectly, marsh and bog, and deep ditches hidden by brambly overgrowth. The Iceni, too, were the kind of people who might spring a surprise on you, although the king of this particular crowd, Cunobelin, seemed a sensible body who would not make more trouble than was normal in the situation. The fact that Cunobelin was a good-natured potentate ready to enjoy himself, to “live and let live,” is suggested in that ancient ditty about “Old King Cole” whom popular opinion has once and for all identified with the ruler of the Iceni of old.

That the Romans found a settlement here is well known, and Colchester Museum affords many illustrations of the manner of folk who lived here in a succession of many centuries. These were the people who left bone and flint implements lying about some 1700 and more years B.C., and others who came later and fashioned bronze, leaf-shaped swords which may even have been used against the army of Claudius, they are still in such good preservation. Longinus himself may have encountered irascible Iceni with some such weapons. His monument suggests that he had to overcome opposition, for it shows his horse trampling on a fallen foe, while Longinus rides on with a look as of one who says, “That comes of getting in the way of cavalry.” Longinus himself is well defended in coat of mail, and, for purpose of portraiture, is shown without his helmet; you must imagine his

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shield and long broadsword as they are on the side hidden from you. His men would be armed with throwing javelins, sometimes with iron mace or lance. It is not easy to picture how the Roman trooper managed all his weapons on horseback. He rode on a saddle-cloth without stirrups, which were not introduced into Europe until the Tartar invasion some centuries later. A cavalry charge with lances, one would think, must have left the troopers in the position of the shepherds in that beautiful hymn, "all seated on the ground." However that may be, it is clearly established that Colchester is the oldest cavalry station in England.

There were times when this aspect of Colchester's character was less pronounced. After the withdrawal of Rome's legions, Colchester probably suffered eclipse for a while. The new owners, the East Saxons, came up by water. You can do that still if you like, and it should be a pleasant thing to do for a change. Only a few days ago, when crossing the Colne to run up East Hill, a bright splash of colour caught my eye; it came from a couple of Thames barges, happy, comfortable-looking craft that were brightening the landscape with red sails and with reflections in the water of many colours from decorations on stem and stern.

The Saxons preferred to fight on foot, so it was not till the Norman came and built the largest keep in England over the ruins of a Roman temple that Colchester streets heard the ring of iron-shod hoofs as an accompaniment to the day's work. A good deal of horsemanship was devoted to that best of training for war, the chase. Everyone who was anyone joined in this pastime, bishops, friars, even nuns; indeed I maintain that Mabel de Bosham, Abbess of Barking, was first lady M.F.H. in the land. My contention is based on a Royal Mandate addressed by King Henry III to Richard de Montfichet, Forester of Essex, commanding him to permit the reverend and pious ladye "to have her dogs to chase hares and foxes in Hainhault Forest if she enjoyed this privilege in the reign of King John." Henry II had given the Canons of St. Osyth leave to hunt foxes, "vermyn" or "raskalls," and hares, with two greyhounds and four brachets. Other reverend and sporting gentlemen were the Canons of Waltham and of Bicknacre, whose permission to take hare, fox, and wild cat, in Essex, dated from the thirteenth century. The Burgesses of Colchester were not to be left out of any sporting event, and their charter to hunt the same game or vermin was granted by Richard I. Froissart tells of another Richard who

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"in maner as going a huntyng" rode from Havering atte Bower to "Plasshey where the Duke of Gloucester held his house." The King's purpose was to invite the duke, a son of Edward III and therefore his uncle, to visit him in London, which sounds all very well and proper and redolent of filial piety. But complicated family politics were mixed with this invitation. Uncle of Gloucester had behaved as uncles used to do in unenlightened pre-war days, and had upbraided the young King for the company he kept. This has often happened before in the dark ages out of which the youth of the present is leading us. But the Royal uncle had privately arranged for an immediate successor to the King, in case of accidents, no doubt. It was the Duke of Gloucester to whom the "accident" happened, and his dutiful nephew attended the obsequies. Pleshey still enjoys a periodical meet of the Essex Fox-Hunt.

When King Richard II set out to visit his uncle at Pleshey he would make for the Roman road, which was probably the only one recognizable as such in the maze of tracks that tried to link up villages and hamlets and which in bad weather must have dismally failed to do so. It would have taken the Royal traveller, who was not noted for patience, a whole day to thread his way in and out of villages the very names of which suggest that they are happiest when left to their own memories—Navestock and Kelvedon Hatch, Willingale Spain and Willingale Doe, Good Easter, Mashbury and the two Chignalls, Smealy and St. James. This would mean many miles of travel, but as the chronicler declares it to be twenty miles between the King's starting-point and his destination, and that he did the journey between dinner and supper, we may confidently take him down to the Roman road from the higher ground on which stands Havering atte Bower.

The countryside would not have altered very much since Longinus had passed that way some thirteen centuries before Richard. Its general aspect was probably much the same when British Cavalry was more than usually busy in the late eighteenth century. From Noak Hill King Richard would hold eastward to the country beyond the road where the two Warleys lay in a peaceful setting. Yet there must have been military activity down there in the days when the road was kept in good repair for the purposes of Imperial Rome. The name, Great Warley Street, insists upon telling you that a paved road led to a Roman station here; indeed you can follow it still as it leaves the high

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road near Harold Wood and rejoins it at Brentwood. You can, without any undue mental strain, conjure up a picture of Longinus refreshing himself at the mess of the cavalry detachment, somewhere near the site of Warley Barracks, and exchanging talk on the things that matter, horses and the shortcomings of general officers, leaving empire talk to those who fancy they know something about empire building and preserving. In much the same strain, we may assume, cavalry officers entertained each other



BENGAL LIGHT CAVALRY

about 1840

eighteen centuries later when Warley was concerned in vast enterprise without realizing it.

What Alexander the Great attempted, what Rome desired, what Great Britain achieved, the Empire of India stands in direct connection with Warley, for here was the East India Company's Depot for Cavalry. Four regiments of European cavalry were recruited and trained here; light, very light cavalry of men from five foot one to five foot four. This standard was probably on account of an annoying experience in 1782 when the 23rd Light

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Dragoons were sent to India. Drafts were contributed by the 8th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 20th and 21st Light Dragoons, the latter regiment providing also a commanding officer in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel Floyd, who had ridden as a boy of twelve with Elliott's Light Horse at Emsdorf, on which occasion he had his horse shot under him. The long voyage round the Cape in a sailing-ship sometimes becalmed in the tropics was, one would think, a sufficiently severe trial for any officer commanding drafts on board a transport. When those drafts, as on this occasion, were taken from regiments, each of which knew itself to be the last word in all that cavalry really means, the conclusion is admissible that for Colonel Floyd the voyage may not have been entirely uneventful. The 8th had been raised in Ireland and had never known a dull moment since that auspicious occasion; the 15th had distinguished themselves at Emsdorf under the personal command of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, had formed a good opinion of that leader and a better one of themselves; and as for the 16th, the world had nothing new to offer them, they had done all a Light Dragoon could do: they had assisted at the siege of Belle-Isle in the Bay of Biscay, and had gone to the assistance of Portugal against Spain at the pressing invitation of the Marquis of Pombal, thus giving tone to what would otherwise have been a vulgar squabble between neighbours. Count William of Schaumburg Lippe was charged with the reorganization of Portugal's armed forces. It was he who first used colours to denote numbers in military organization; modern Germany brought this to perfection.

The youth of all periods has ever been hard to hold when the hunt was up, and a refreshing instance of this is found in the restrained letter which young Gregory Cromwell, then at school with the rector of Toppesfield, in 1531, wrote to his father:

“ Master Crumwell: Father I beset you when ye meet wyth the ryght honorable lorde of Oxford, to give thanks unto hys Lordchyp for whan he came to a town called Yeldham [Great Yeldham adjoining Castle Hedingham, the earl's seat] to the parsons thereof to hunte the foxe, he sent for me and my cossyns and mad us good chere; and lett us see schuch game and plesure as I never see in my lyfe.”

This Earl of Oxford was a mighty hunter, but a mightier than he interfered with his lordship's sport; it shows the extent of Wolsey's power that he could issue such an order as follows:

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" The said Earl of Oxford shall also moderate his hunteinge and other disporte or haunteigne or useinge the same excessively daily or customarily but onely at such times and seasons as maie bee convenient for the weale and recreacion of his bodie and as by the saddest and most discreeteste of his servantes shal bee advised and thought expedient."

There is among the uninformed and unobservant, an idea that Essex, and indeed all the eastern counties, are flat and therefore uninteresting. This is an entirely false conception of a countryside which, it seems, is not sufficiently known to be appreciated. Why, by the way, should a flat country be uninteresting? There are miles upon miles of flat country in Lincolnshire, but to call it uninteresting almost amounts to blasphemy. There is about it a character at once forceful and attractive. Under the wide, opalescent sky is a never-ending play of light and shade over wide spaces that stretch away to the North Sea from the watershed of the Pennine Chain and its southern spurs, the Northampton Uplands and the Chiltern Hills. There is majesty in the unbroken expanse of land reclaimed from tidal swamp and held by unremitting labour. There is character in each group of trees, each clustering homestead, each windmill that rises from the rich soil to add its accent to this symphony of man's work and nature's gifts, and the parallel borders of the fields merging into the hazy horizon carry you onward to the realm of the things that are to be.

Though Essex may appear flat as seen from a railway train, it is full of pleasant scenic surprises. This country, hunted by the "right honorable Lorde of Oxforth" when Henry VIII was king, is a good example of what Essex has to offer in the way of thoroughly satisfying beauty of landscape. Not sensuous, overpowering beauty such as takes away your breath on emerging out of the tunnel on to the Lago Maggiore with the Isole Borromee floating on their own unruffled reflections; with all the deep tranquillity of the scene you feel the presence of some awful, irresponsible power enthroned upon the cloud-capped mountains, lurking ready to destroy. Now Essex landscape gives you no such sensation. If you feel yourself like wreaking destruction you would set to work upon the new little houses, impertinences in brick and mortar, that run in riband formation along by-pass roads. Or perhaps you would rather have speech of the persons who designed and built those dwellings? Whatever the outcome of such interview, any sensible jury should acquit you.

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However, even the consummate bad taste of man as a modern builder is unable utterly to destroy the beauty of English landscape, and of this the country on the Essex and Suffolk border is a good illustration. It is interesting to note that the motor-coaches which ply between London, Lowestoft and Yarmouth take you through this country. Instead of following the Roman road to Colchester, let us leave it at Chelmsford, which Longinus probably called Cæsaromagus, and take another road that leads through Broomfield and Waltham on to a stretch of Roman road that runs in a straight line over open country through Braintree until it overlooks the valleys of the Colne and a couple of its more important tributaries. Cardinal Wolsey, were he to return to this part which he must have known very well, would probably find no very great change in the aspect or the atmosphere. The neat and pleasant little town of Halstead has still an air of English Renaissance about it, and attracts all manner of homely folk from the surrounding countryside, as it has done for many centuries. It is true that many come in by motor-bus, but then their homes are places with soothing, old-world names that run in couples too because they are so comfortable—Maplestead Great and Little, Colne Engaine, White Colne and Earl's Colne, Castle and Sible Hedingham, two Yeldhams and Tilbury Juxta Clare, but this latter really belongs more to the region of Clare just over the Stour in Suffolk.

The wild red deer, which was hunted as late as the reign of George II in Epping Forest, no longer roams in Essex. It was an essentially Royal pursuit, that of the red deer, from the time when Edward the Confessor hunted it, right through Plantagenet days, when harsh venery laws were strictly enforced. The citizens of Colchester once got into trouble over a doe that had started on the woods of Wildenby and made for the sea. The people of Colchester gave chase, shouting, which so increased the poor creature's alarm that it timbered at a double gate and broke its neck. The city bailiff and the beadle carried the game away, but were prosecuted by the Forest authorities, imprisoned and fined. This must have been in the reign of Henry II, a great king but touchy where his game preserves were concerned.

When the Royal privilege of stag-hunting extended to the people at large, the ladies seem to have taken an active interest; indeed, a day was set aside for the Ladies' Hunt, and in 1748 it proved a memorable one. The chronicler writes that: "A stag

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was routed near the Green Man in Epping Forest, which ran several hours and afforded exceeding good Diversion: There were present a great number of Ladies finely mounted, many of whom kept in view the whole chase and came in at the Death. Several in the chase were thrown from their Horses, rode over and received much hurt."

The last master of the Epping Forest Stag-Hunt seems to have been a Mr. Tilney, related to the Duke of Wellington, and immensely free with his wife's money. There were fifty or sixty hunters in his stables, and, according to local legend, sovereigns were flung about as sixpences were before the war. With this spendthrift gentleman's end as a pensioner, the hunt was closed down in the first half of the nineteenth century.

It was through marrying Miss Long, with a rent roll of £70,000 a year, that Mr. Tilney became master; it was of him that folk said " man wants but little here below but wants that little Long." With all those hunters in the stables he could have a circus on the lawn every day of the week while the money held out. It took no longer than ten years of Mr. Tilney's exuberance to bring that "little" to nothing and reduced him to the position of pensioner on his illustrious uncle.

You may take it for granted that there were cavalrymen from Colchester in that hunt on Ladies' day as related above. Colchester had again become a cavalry station with the advent of more settled dynastic conditions. The Civil War had submitted the city to a siege and to the execution, by the walls of the old keep, of two gallant gentlemen for loyalty to the King. After that event Essex submitted to Parliamentary dictation, and there seems even to have been a good deal of support for Cromwell in the country; he recruited many of his famous Ironsides from this countryside. At the Restoration those troopers who had not much popularity left to lose decided that England was no place for them, and offered their useful swords to the service of Freedom in Portugal. French and German adventurers were busy liberating Portugal from Spain. The people who seemed least interested in the proceedings appear to have been the Portuguese country folk themselves. They were, however, quite content to let others fight for their liberty—it amused them. But unhappily the sense of humour amongst these mixed fighting men showed itself in markedly different ways. The Ironsides, at least, managed to make themselves completely unpopular with everybody; they would obey no foreigners, considering them to

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be sons of Belial; they insisted on a place in the front line always, and if it was not conceded to them they took it, which upset all the plans elaborated by the staff; and as a last straw, they would break out into "hymns and pious psalmody" on the least provocation or on none at all.

Like so many people of great and ostentatious piety, these God-fearing troopers failed to fit into any surroundings. England had provided no "abiding city" for them, Portugal suited their peculiarities even less, more especially the headquarters of that mixed force assembled by Count Schomberg.

Evora Liberalitatis Julia, as the Romans called this place by way of admitting its Iberian character before they romanized it with an aqueduct and a lovely temple—Evora, captured by Geraldo sem Pavor and his fellow-bandits from the Moors and then raised to a knightly order with fearless Geraldo as Master—Evora, where Rodrigues de Vasconcellos lies buried, Rodrigues who led the *Lover's Wing* at the battle of Aljubarrota when Portugal broke free from Spain about three centuries before—Evora must have shuddered when the Ironsides, under a cloud of profanity inspired by their interpretation of the Old Testament, withdrew to their quarters at night and left the place to dream of a past heavy with romance, while its ancient palaces and cypress trees claimed the hours of moonlight for themselves.

The regular military life of Colchester was resumed during the reign of James II and probably as result of Monmouth's rebellion, which provided the King with an excuse for raising a standing army.

Among the regiments of Horse raised on that pretext was that which has since earned renown as the 3rd Dragoon Guards. This regiment seems to have stood from its earliest days, when it was yet the 4th Horse and wore green facings, in peculiarly friendly relations to Colchester. Not even the regiment which was actually raised in the vicinity during the Stuart troubles of 1715, the 11th Hussars of to-day, seems to have held the affections of Colchester so strongly; this is probably accounted for by the fact that the 11th Hussars were less frequently quartered in Colchester. They were probably assembled here and equipped, having been raised by Honywood of Mark's Hall, Coggeshall, a small town in the neighbourhood. However that may be, the 3rd Dragoon Guards made a strong appeal to the good folk of Colchester, and their esteem and affection bids fair to outlive all chopping and changing by those into whose transient trust the

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fate of the British Army is delivered. The Colchester people, having long been familiar with the soldier's spirit, have absorbed some of that *esprit de corps* which lives on even when a regiment has been cut down to the bone. In this case the feeling of Colchester links itself to a good old regiment of Horse; perhaps the Britons of Camulodunum, on becoming civilized, felt the same for the "ala" of which Longinus had been a conspicuous ornament. No doubt Longinus and his doughty Thracians were fully convinced that their "ala" was the last word in cavalry.

This fine spirit lives on even in these days of internal combustion, and is most edifying to contemplate. Ask any man of any regiment in any army to overcome his natural modesty and to tell you straight which is the finest corps in the world, and he will name the one to which he is privileged to belong. Ask this question of men in divers regiments, the answer is the same. The logical conclusion, then, is that every corps or regiment is the finest that this world has ever seen. Now this is immensely satisfactory; add "British" as a qualification, and the issue is raised on to the plane of the eternal verities.

There is no mention of service on the east coast when the 4th Horse returned from Dutch William's wars in Flanders in 1698, but we find them hereabouts in 1719 entering upon the duties that occupied regiments of Horse when they were still Guards in the fullest meaning of the word. Their duty was to escort Royalty to and from Harwich, to find orderlies, dispatch-riders, relay posts, in fact all those picturesque functions which added the glow of a red coat to the charm of English landscape. Travel by road on a May morning from Colchester to Harwich and you will appreciate what a landscape must have gained by the addition of a body of cavalry moving across it in the livery of long ago. You will not find it too great a strain on the imagination. Take a troop of 3rd Dragoon Guards stationed at Colchester in 1752. They would be quartered in the various inns of the town, much to the disgruntlement of the innkeepers, who found this a heavy tax on them. There was none too much room in the narrow streets for a troop to fall in, but though the houses stood close to the castle, yet there was space sufficient for a muster under its eastern front, where is the glorious Norman entrance. From the castle down East Hill and across the Colne, general direction north-east through Ardleigh, under the ancient trees that shade the road junction at Mistley and throw quivering shadows on quaintly Georgian monuments in the graveyard,

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then on over swinging, open landscape. The River Stour accompanies you all the way from Mistley, and with a bold flourish introduces the port of Harwich to you. Here Dutch and Hanoverian Serenities were wont to land, and, upon landing, become Royalty, such is our famous, ungrudging hospitality. In any other country reverse action might have been expected, and a Serene Transparency reduced to a mere Obscure Highness; we do know how to treat distinguished foreigners handsomely.

There is still a Georgian air about the cobbled lanes in the heart of Harwich and the parish church of St. Nicholas. Here are memorials to members of a famous Service family, beginning with Thomas Bridge, for many years senior captain of H.M. *Packets*. As he died aged eighty-five, he must have remembered the coming and going at this port in its busy Georgian days. He was probably too young to have noticed Dr. Samuel Johnson, who came down to "see you out of England," as he wrote to his friend Boswell. There is mention of other Bridges, soldiers and sailors, foremost among them Sir Cyprian of that name. Captain Fryatt is also here remembered. The Three Cups Tavern, separated from the parish church by the shaded church-yard, must have entertained many horsemen in their time. There was a continuous service of King's Messengers, for whom the cavalry at Colchester would have to find mounts. A very important service this, as these messengers were entrusted with the transport of such supplies as went to sustain Serenity in its Royal functions, "leberwurst," boar's head, and "mum" the black beer of Brunswick. The first instance of a regular relay system seems to date back to 1719, when Lord Colchester, Earl Rivers commonly called "Tyburn Dick," Colonel of Horse, escorted his sovereign from Harwich to the capital.

Apart from its usefulness as an ancient centre and road junction near a seaport, Colchester offered good training country all about it, and therefore troops were wont to concentrate on Lexden Heath. The first of these camps was formed in 1741 for troops under orders for Flanders, and these comprised the first three regiments of Dragoon Guards and the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 6th Dragoons. Even at that early stage of the British Army's regular existence there were some well-developed regimental feuds, and it took the ruthless discipline of that time to keep the 23rd Foot and Whetham's Regiment from standing the camp on its head. It is recorded that the wife of John Leach, a private in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, gave birth to four children on the

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regiment's march to some other station. Among those who inspected troops, General Wade had been with the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden and accompanied His Royal Highness on a tour of inspection to Colchester, where the garrison was reviewed. When in doubt, turn out the garrison and review it, was the high principle by which the Great were guided in matters military, and so it happened that practically everybody who was ever anybody in the Army hierarchy, has reviewed troops on Lexden Heath. With such aids and incentive to proficiency it is small wonder that the Hon. East India Company became firmly convinced that British Cavalry offered a standard for Indian Native Cavalry, and therefore acquired the services of Captain Freake after he had served only nine months as Cornet in the 3rd Dragoon Guards in 1759. Four years later Captain Freake was distinguishing himself in the Bengal campaign.

The Hon. East India Company did not intend to rely entirely on troops drawn from the warlike native races; they acquired the services of the 23rd Light Dragoons from the King's Government. This regiment had been made up of drafts from the 8th, 14th, 16th, 20th and 21st Light Dragoons. Of these the last two belonged to an ephemeral number of cavalry regiments that sometimes rose as high as twenty-five, figured in the Army List when war was in active progress, and disappeared from it abruptly whenever peace fell upon the Army with devastating effect. The full twenty-five regiments were much engaged during the Peninsular War, so much so indeed that the Portuguese authorities took careful note of the various indications by which one regiment might be told from another. You will find to this day a schedule showing all the colours and facings of the British Army in the Peninsula at the arsenal in Lisbon.

The Light Dragoons of that period wore uniform as varied in its regimental distinctions as were the pre-war Dragoons of Imperial Germany. The dark blue tunic was adorned with plastron, high collar and cuffs of every attractive hue, scarlet and crimson, pale yellow, orange, light blue and even pink, with braid and buttons either white or yellow. Only the universal white and crimson plume was common to them all.

The 23rd Light Dragoons live on in history as the 19th Hussars with their first battle honour "Assaye" and the elephant badge.

Returning to the 4th Horse, as it was then, they must have hurried off to meet George II, who had landed unexpectedly at

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Aldeburgh instead of at Harwich. His Majesty was pleased to lie that night at the Swan, Stratford St. Mary, a place well known to those who have hunted with the Essex and Suffolk hounds, for there, behind a fine old gabled house of Dutch origin, are the kennels.

It was after the Culloden campaign that the 4th and two other regiments of Horse were changed into Dragoons, and as such the Dragoon Guards came to Colchester in 1751; the Govern-

ment were bent on economy again at the soldier's expense, as the pay of a dragoon was less than that of a trooper of Horse. Then the war of American Independence and the trouble on the continent of Europe again caused troops to assemble on Lexden Heath. The 3rd Dragoon Guards were among the contingent of cavalry, which included the First Royals and the 15th, 20th and 21st Light Dragoons, to which came in 1781 three troops of General Johnson's 11th Dragoons. But it was the threat of invasion by French troops that aroused the most intense martial ardour, and in the last years of the eighteenth century the country about Colchester swarmed with every imaginable kind of light and sometimes highly irregular cavalry, Yeomanry, Fencibles of all descriptions, and a solid foundation of Militia assembled from all parts of the kingdom. To accommodate some of these troops barracks were constructed in 1798, but were pulled down after the Waterloo campaign, when people persuaded themselves that there would be no more war, as they always do when they come to count the cost of the last one. The barracks seem to have been located in the parish of St. James



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and St. Magdalene, where martial names, Barrack, Artillery, Cannon Street, lingered for a space. It is curious to recall that during the Crimean War the 2nd Light Dragoons of the German Legion lived in this quarter. They were offered a fresh start in Cape Colony, free transport for wife and family, and £200 to help things along. This was a striking contrast to the treatment of British-born soldiers after the Crimean War. Many of the Germans took unto themselves wives from among the lasses of Colchester, and some went out to South Africa. But quite a number must have preferred to stay in their adopted home, as German names are still to be found in this ancient city.

During those stirring times of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the display of Britain's martial preparations spread out over all the countryside which has Colchester as its venerable centre. Around the Beacon, a well-known landmark on Tiptree Heath, a large camp was formed, also during the war of American Independence and the French Revolution. Hereabouts, too, are Danbury and the thick woods of Woodham Walter, whence Robert Fitzwalter, Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church, set out to do battle for the liberties of England against the tyrant, John, who had also in his time favoured Colchester with a visit. Recruiting was brisk in those days, even without such attractive advertisement as the notice displayed in tap-rooms and other places where likely lads would forgather. This notice offered to "Men of Character and Figure" such "Horse, Arms, Accoutrements, and every other Appointment becoming a Dragoon Guard." The notice further suggested that "any young man, troubled with inquietude of Mind from association with the Fair Sex, or any uneasy circumstances whatever, may by enlisting in this Corps [3rd Dragoon Guards] find a Release from his Cares, and enter a life of ease and Jollity." This happened in 1770, what year Lieutenant Mansel, of the same illustrious corps, advertised in the local paper the loss of his "handsome Brown Pointer that answers to the name of Pompey," and offered a reward to the finder, who was requested to bring the dog to the Three Cups Inn at Colchester. Even at this distance of time one cannot help feeling some anxiety as to whether Pompey was duly restored to his master. Anyway, Lieutenant Mansel was a sportsman, and found in midst of arduous military duties relief and recreation in the chase. Plenty of opportunity offered, as Sir William Rowley was hunt-

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ing the country from Tendring Hall, Stoke by Nayland, just over the Suffolk border.

Another ardent sportsman of that time was Colonel Montague Burgoynes, who is credited with having revived fox-hunting with Thomas William Coke, of Holkham in Norfolk. Mr. Coke as M.P. seems to have taken his hounds up to Town with him when called there by his Parliamentary duties. This would have given him a line across Essex. His granddaughter, Mrs. Pickering, in her "Memories," remembers his telling how he killed a fox in what is now the centre of Belgrave Square. Colonel Montague Burgoynes being equally interested with Coke of Holkham in the revival of fox-hunting, seems to have acquired a pack from John Archer, a Berkshire squire who owned estates at Coopersdale in Theydon and in the Epping country. This gentleman just hunted, migrating from one of his estates to another with a cavalcade consisting of a six-horse coach for himself and presumably his wife, a daughter of the second Earl Fitz-William, followed by three more coaches drawn by four horses each and surrounded by huntsmen in scarlet and silver, by whippers-in, hounds, pack-horses, stablemen, *et hoc generis omne*. These worthies hunted all over Essex with the greatest impartiality, but those who came after found it necessary to specialize, to restrict themselves to a less generous area than a whole county which offered sufficient sport for at least four packs, not to mention staghounds and harriers.

The northern part of the county was hunted by Richard Newman from his place at Nelmes near Hornchurch. He took over a famous pack from William Russell, and may be regarded as the actual founder of the present Essex Hunt. In his time the anti-sport faddist was already giving tongue, and amongst that pack there is only one name that has come down to an uninterested public, that of Arthur Young, who despised all field sports. This very minor prophet, after the manner of his kind, tried to bolster up his case by means of comparisons, such as this, for instance, that the foxhound is not quite so useful as the cow that supplies you with new milk. No one had thought of that before, neither did anyone care particularly what Mr. Young might think about it. The few who heard his bleatings probably felt that this comparison was at least as odious as most and still more inane.

The farther side of Essex, that shows such a bold front to the North Sea and its many dangers, breeds a singularly handy type of man. He is equally useful on land as on sea, and this

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applies indeed to the whole length of our east coast. Tidal waters cut winding channels out of the coast-line and throw up sand-banks, shingle, mudflats in exchange for the slices of cliff they remove elsewhere. There is slow but constant change in progress, and those who live on this coast must ever adapt themselves thereto. In a race of good, all-round workers you may justly expect to find sportsmen of equal merit, and you will certainly not be disappointed although ideas on sport have changed, and bricks and mortar are limiting the area in which those who take their pleasure on horseback may recreate themselves. For all the inroads of the modern builder, there is still a strong flavour of the old-fashioned sportsman lingering here and there in sweet, retired spots. Here are places the names of which abide in your memory as among the things that matter: Layer Marney, Layer Breton, Layer de la Haye, each compressing its history into a suffix. Here is the country that Sack of Layer, an Essex squire, hunted with his harriers towards the close of the eighteenth century. He hunted between Colchester and Maldon, to the joy of those who dwelt in the Braxteds and Tolleshunts, Knights d'Arcy and Major, and his horn was surely heard occasionally in Tollesbury which, with its Oyster Company and fishing industry, was then a happy and prosperous place. Sacks of Layer had hunted this country for many generations, and because their hounds chased the hare they were called harriers. This description would not satisfy a judge of hounds to-day. Specimens of every known and unknown breed joined in the cry under Sack of Layer, the blue-mottled, the dwarf, the true-bred harrier as well as the beagle, and any odd friends of theirs who happened to be out for the day. From all accounts the hounds were kept anyhow, spreading pretty well through the villages on the chance of picking up some inconsiderate trifles should the hare prove a disappointment. A "bobbery" pack, some would call it to-day, but it must have been a real joy to the countryside. You would feel that you were not intruding when, on hearing the music in the distance, you pulled the old nag out of the stable and joined in for a spell. You would be in excellent company, too, among those hard-riding, hard-working yeomen, who never failed this country when there was a call for active and knowing young horsemen to fill the ranks of the Yeomanry, from the days of threatened French invasion to the end of the nineteenth century and the last war in South Africa.

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Like so many of our best places, these little Essex communities make no boast of their contribution to the story of our island. You will find that Wickham Bishop puts on no airs because a Bishop of London sought rest and freedom from his many troubles at his manor-house there. In the groves and coppices of Woodham Walter the evening breeze still carries whispered memories from tree to tree of Robert Fitzwalter, whom we have seen setting out from here to wage war on King John the tyrant. Yet on passing by you hear no word about those stirring times and their far-reaching consequences. Danbury and Woodham Walter just take it for granted that in common with every other town or village or hamlet, they have contributed their part to the history of this realm and are daily doing so still. Happily there are local historians who record the things of every day which are also the things that matter. Now and again a man of world-wide renown gives publicity to an event that stirred to its depths some peaceful community and provided food for conversation through the long months of winter. Charles Dickens did this for Tollesbury when he told of Mr. Pickwick's awakening in a cage what time that genial explorer had looked upon the punch when it was potent.

Colchester could, but does not, boast of a fine specimen of the genus Army Contractor. This is a hardy plant that flourishes best in war-time; in peace-time it promotes companies. Christopher Potter was the Colchester variant and represented this ancient city for about ten years in Parliament when the war with France was at its most remunerative stage for the unbiased business man. Christopher, it seems, did not always walk circumspectly. He was unseated for corrupt practices; he also managed to become involved in the French Revolution and was imprisoned for his pains. And yet he died just plain Christopher Potter, not even a knighthood to hall-mark him as one who has risen out of the common ruck by his own ingenuity.

Of all the curious happenings—and there must have been many during those stirring times—one of the most astounding must have been that which occurred on Lexden Heath in 1811. The garrison of Colchester was all drawn up for review by H.R.H. the Prince Regent, when up rode a very old but entirely hale and hearty gentleman in a uniform of long ago. He was introduced by the Earl of Chatham, and as consequence of the interview was granted a pension of £50 per annum in addition to his half pay. He had richly deserved it, had Lieutenant John Andrews,

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for his was an astounding record of service. He was one of those who never miss a war if they can possibly help it. Of course he had plenty of opportunity in those days, and he began young. He can have been only about sixteen years old when he joined the army of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and went fighting Turks. The Peace of Belgrade in 1739 put an end to that experience, but we find John Andrews again at Dettingen as Dragoon orderly to George II; he never claimed to have won the battle on that account as any other orderly would have done. In 1745 John Andrews fought at Fontenoy, and in the following year at Culloden. At that period he was serving in the ranks of the 3rd Dragoons, now 3rd King's Own Hussars, when they wore facings and saddle-cloths of Garter blue, which colour was perpetuated in their busby bags when they became Hussars. There is a period of quiet in the life of John Andrews, until we hear of his being wounded in the foot at the storming of Moro Castle on Cuba. He must have been taking a turn with the infantry on that occasion, just to oblige. The surgeon wanted to cut off his foot straightway, but John declared that as he had come into the world with two feet, he proposed to leave it with the same number. There being no hurry about leaving this world, John Andrews retired with the rank of lieutenant, and settled down at Colchester. The Napoleonic War, however, roused the martial ardour of seventy-eight-years-old John Andrews to offer his services to General Sir William Howe, K.B., Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern Division. His last appearance in arms was as already recounted, on Lexden Heath in 1811, six years before his death. His tombstone, setting out the story of his life in headlines, stands in the churchyard of St. Mary's at the Wall at Colchester. It seems fitting that this splendid specimen of a British cavalryman should be resting in Britain's oldest cavalry station. People say that we no longer produce men of this calibre; the same was probably said when John Andrews was young, even when Longinus came to Camulodunum. It always will be said by the older generation, and it will always remain utterly untrue. There is life and vigour and enterprise in old Colchester, and youth in plenty to carry on its glorious traditions and add to them.

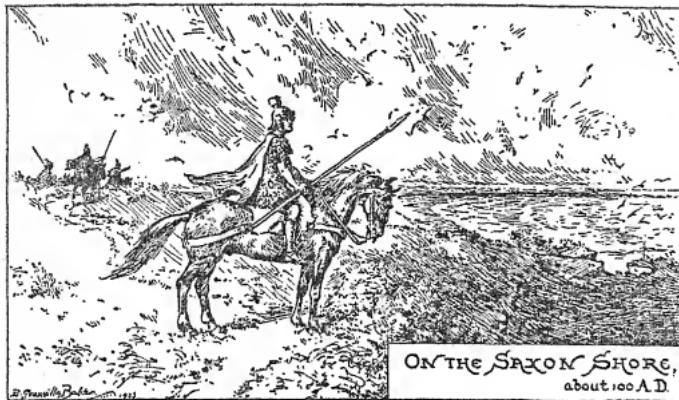
Since the Crimean War one regiment of cavalry after another was made welcome in Colchester, and on occasion Royalty came again on inspection—H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge in 1875 before the 14th Hussars left this ancient

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garrison for India. At the outbreak of the South African War, volunteer activity centred on Colchester, where Paget's and Compton's Horse were formed and trained.

Cavalry are still training here, and in surroundings that breathe the spirit of "the fathers that begat us." Old Colchester adapts itself to the times and changes in matters superficial, but underneath all is the determined spirit of these ancient cities to hold dear the memory of those who worked here, and from here went out to do credit to the place. As I have already remarked, Colchester has no glorious cathedral to enshrine pious memories, but there is an air of remembrance about the Church of Holy Trinity, the bricks of which may well date back to the days of Longinus the Duplicarius. There is much of the old friendly, homely spirit about the "Cups," and the intricacies of the "Red Lion," which seems characteristic of the time when Lieutenant Mansel was advertising for his lost dog, Pompey, and just outside, but still part of the city, stands the beautiful gateway of St. John's Abbey, looking out over the roofs of barrack buildings, placid, but alert to the call of the trumpet.

Though not a city of great size, there is yet something about Colchester which confirms a description of our country by a friend of ours, André Maurois, when he speaks of "*l'immense, l'éternelle Angleterre.*"



IPSWICH

Romans and Iceni, Angles, Saxons and Danes—Burgh Castle and the Stablesian Horse—All about Hussars—Light Dragoons: Augustus Elliott and the 15th, John Hale and the 17th, and Robert Hinde of Hitchin.

BRITANNIA, as she appears on our copper coinage, is seen looking towards the east, sitting in an attitude determined rather than defiant, having set her face “as a flint” against any more nonsense of invasion on her east coast at least. This dignified figure is also most appropriately the badge of the Norfolk regiment identified by Mr. Cardwell with that part of England which stands so boldly out to sea. It is curious to note that Britannia in this instance appears to be ambidextrous, supporting her shield with the right hand and grasping her trident with the left. This may be due to the fact that the artist could not contrive any other composition. He is not to blame; others before him had suffered from the same disability, artists who were called upon to draw attention of latinized Britons to the danger of invasion by searoivers, Angles, Saxons, the destined heirs to the “grandeur that was Rome.” That grandeur was growing dim some four centuries after Longinus had led cavalry across the land of the Iceni—those Iceni who had charged along the front of the Roman line of battle, descending from their chariots to attack on foot wherever they saw signs of weakness, then scurrying out of harm’s way into their strongholds of marsh and tangled undergrowth on

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the banks of slow-swinging tidal rivers. They left their name behind them at Eyke, at Iken, and all along the line they took towards south-west, the Icknield way by Ixworth in West Suffolk, Ickelton near Cambridge, and on over the Berkshire Downs to the sea at Weymouth. None knew better than the Romans that roads are the surest way of leading such people as Iceni into the way of peace. From Colchester, therefore, roads struck out towards those quarters where disturbance of the peace might arise. Some of these roads are to-day as plain and easy to follow as in those early times; they have remained high roads ever since and are now adapted to modern traffic. Of these, the road that secured lateral communication between Camulodunum and the Ermine Street is an almost perfect example. A very pleasant road it is too, with never a dull moment all the way; Coggeshall, where the Romans left many remains lying about, and Braintree, where they threw a bridge over Pad's Brooke that eventually joins up with River Blackwater on its winding way to the sea. It is not known what, if anything, the Romans made of Dunmow, but by whatever name the contemporaries of Longinus knew it, the place must have been one of the sanctuaries of the Celtic spirit. Even in broad daylight, with people obviously English going about their business in its streets, you have a feeling that this is only a blind, that the real Dunmow comes out insistent, in all its picturesqueness, when the day's work is done; but only the initiate may share this feeling. For the benefit of the general public, Dunmow produces yearly the Flitch Ceremony, and this is about as much as you can expect workaday folk to understand in these days of no respect for ancient mysteries.

It looks as if the Romans had been content to ford the river where Bishop's Stortford now stands, and that they did not attach any particular importance to the place. The Saxons, however, displayed an interest in the spot, and here built a stockade which in time became a Norman castle and now shows little more than the artificial mound on which the keep was built, while all about this relic of the past, too insignificant to be described as grim, are stretches of well-kept lawn and flower-beds aglow with gracious colour. A little farther west this lateral communication joins the arterial road, the Ermine Street, near Puckeridge, leaving behind it places with fragrant memories and pleasant-sounding names, Little and Much Hadham, and other villages that are content to look out over bright cottage gardens while the world goes by outside.

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The country north-eastward from Colchester became the special care of the Count of the Saxon Shore, and also his increasing great anxiety. There were no doubt the usual wise-acres and club prophets who cried out "I told you so" when it became clear that the inroads made by Saxon sea-rovers were not merely spasmodic raids but had definite and instructed purpose behind them. "That comes from taking Barbarians into the Army and teaching them all you know. They always turn on you in the end," so the prophets continued, and they were probably not far wrong, for among the invaders were many who had not only learned from Rome, but had also observed the weakening of her grasp on world power. This sort of thing has happened on several occasions and will surely happen again, as the peoples of the world, especially those with great possessions, obstinately refuse to learn anything from the teachings of history.



BURGH CASTLE.

Horsemen from the farthest frontiers of the Roman Empire patrolled this eastern coast. There were Stablesians at Burgh Castle overlooking the confluence of Waveney and Yare and within sound of the sea at Gorleston. None of the learned can tell you where Stablesia was, but are shocked when you suggest that someone may have been attempting a pun. This is not done in serious, scientific circles, and so we may just as well accept the fact of Stablesian Horse and not raise the veil which history has seen fit to draw over their origin. One thing remains certain, that this country of East Anglia had a great attraction for foreigners, and also that its inhabitants have a strong objection to any kind of invasion. They have had so much of it. For several centuries the Danes descended on this coast, despoiled the peaceful inhabitants, killed one of their best kings, Edmund, and settled down in that delectable country known to holiday-makers

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as "the Broads." They settled down for good undoubtedly, for the qualities they brought stiffened the rather happy-go-lucky Anglian character and helped an island race to train for the fulfilment of its mission among the nations upon earth. There were other immigrants of a less decisive kind, when a turbulent Bigod travelled the country with imported Flemish mercenaries. Some immigrants were peaceable though not particularly welcome to the country folk. They brought handicraft with them and settled in small towns and villages, much to the benefit of those places. Anyone with a turn for tempering psychology with recorded history would find interesting study in the relations of Flemish weavers to village communities and the result of boycott, of unfriendly treatment, on the descendants of those Flemings; be it remarked that the eastern counties took kindly to Wycliffe's teaching and provided the strongest adherents of the revolutionary cause in the seventeenth century. Danes, Flemings and others of less importance, even though they showed distinct if minor racial differences among themselves, all united to resist any further invasion such as threatened from France throughout several centuries before the *Entente Cordiale* came about. It was a common belief, based on an old saw, that whosoever would conquer England must make his attempt here on this east coast. This popular belief was backed up by men high in authority and popular esteem: Nelson himself had declared that a landing between Aldeburgh and Great Yarmouth was highly probable, and as an East Anglian himself he would know this coast intimately. Then again in the early years of this century popular opinion arranged for a landing of huge German armies on the coast near Lowestoft preparatory to a march on London.

The curious thing is that the only invasion during the Napoleonic wars, in which a hostile force put foot on Britain's soil, happened at a place almost diametrically opposite to those which were more or less prepared for the attention. It makes quaint reading, that account of "Britain invaded" in 1797. Incidentally the invasion, while doing no particular harm, did definite good in that it gave as battle honour to the British Army an English place name among the many earned in all quarters of the globe, and that honour went to British Cavalry, to the Pembroke Yeomanry, in recognition of the promptitude with which a detachment of that regiment dealt with the situation arising from General Lazare Hoche's enterprise. His attempt on Ireland in 1796 had proved entirely ineffectual; still he resolved

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to send a small force to England, his object being apparently to terrify the populace. There was about the adventure that theatricality which always fails to impress Britons, and had no lasting effect in this instance on the bold invaders themselves. These were, on landing, to be proclaimed "the avengers of liberty and the enemies of tyrants." How this must have impressed the Yeomanry, and in a sense contrary to that intended.

There was yet more of the flamboyance in use by the Republican armies of France: "War to the mansion and peace to the cottage, prisoners shall be set free and the enemy pursued to the death." To ensure the goodwill of the poor and needy, conveyances were to be stopped and plundered, churches and other buildings burnt, and any inhabitant who refused to surrender was to be shot at sight. The carrying out of this civilizing invasion was entrusted by General Hoche to one Tate, an Irish American, who, like other Americans since his time, was some sort of a colonel. Whatever military knowledge he may have had, he had no French, and to the Commander of the "Second Legion of France," as this force was picturesquely described, this lack of a common language must have been a disadvantage. Perhaps Mr. Tate may be considered fortunate in not being able to understand what his troops surely found to say about himself.

Colonel Tate's expedition sailed in four ships, touched at Ilfracombe, destroyed some merchantmen, but on hearing that we were bringing up regular troops to meet it, stood out to sea and made for Wales, finally coming to anchor in Cardigan Bay. The least suitable spot for landing was chosen, and the operation carried out under great difficulties and with the loss of eight men drowned; of the four field-pieces none at all could be landed. A bad beginning. However, the Commander's hopes were fixed upon those thousands of Britons who were downtrodden, starving, exasperated, desperate, and, generally speaking, in that state of mind which in continental opinion is considered inducive to high treason against one's own country. As it happens there were no such thousands to hand in Wales at the time, instead of the seething mass of malcontents there were a number of sensible, law-abiding folk who were observing this peculiar landing operation with calm and reporting its progress to the local military authorities. Lord Cawdor, recently promoted to a captaincy in the Pembroke Yeomanry, was given command of whatever defence force could be scraped together. An entirely enviable position his, that of a young man responsible for the safety of

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this realm and placed in complete authority over all available local resources. These resources were not much to boast of, a total of some three thousand composed of seamen, Pembroke Yeomanry, County Fencibles, and Militia, also an enthusiastic swarm of peasantry armed with scythes, pitchforks and other agricultural implements, hovering about the flanks of the columns. The "Legion of France" marched about a bit, to keep themselves warm presumably, as it was February, and they had spent the night out; they also did some looting but made no display of martial enterprise. In fact Colonel Tate soon found himself in no position to move, and by the third day had agreed to complete and unconditional surrender. Thus ended the first invasion of this island since the landing of William the Norman in 1066. It is this invasion of 1797 that gave rise to the legend of Welsh women in red cloaks and tall hats being mistaken for British soldiers. No doubt the ladies were much interested, but as it was dark when the French landed, the latter could not very well have seen anybody.

The surrender of Colonel Tate's expeditionary force must have afforded the spectators considerable diversion. According to a drawing by a contemporary artist, the troops of both sides were drawn up with rigid precision, the arms grounded by the invaders being in perfect alignment, and those horses that had had to prance for pictorial effect doing so with a dignity becoming to their portly riders. It was after this solemn function that the invaders let themselves go a bit; declaring that they had been betrayed, they tore the tricolour cockades from their hats and danced on them, some of them even shouted, "Au Diable la République." This must have been very impressive and was intended for the edification of the spectators. There are, however, no records to tell how the British troops took this display. Could they conceivably have held the view so tersely expressed in the Bab Ballads, "how quaint are the customs of France"?

The French ships taking part in the Fishguard exploit lost all interest in the proceedings after the troops had been landed, and quietly sailed away. One of these ships, *La Résistance*, was captured some weeks later and brought into the King's Navy as H.M.S. *Fishguard*.

Perhaps the French were satisfied with the result of their excursion into Wales, as showing that a landing was possible despite the vigilance of the Royal Navy. This country, at any rate, believed firmly in the possibility of a successful raid if not

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in a more elaborate occupation of our island. The successful landing in Wales did not, however, deflect public opinion from its conviction that the next attempt would be made on some part of our coast more adjacent to the points of concentration for the purpose on the French side. This brought the east coast into great military prominence, and soon mounted troops were drawing in towards Ipswich among other centres suitable for coast defence.

This was not the first time that the streets of Ipswich had echoed to the ring of iron-shod hoofs; indeed, despite the internal combustion engine, there is still a strong atmosphere of Horse about the town. It is not easy to trace this atmosphere to its spiritual fount, nor to account for it by reasoning. Perhaps the Great White Horse that prances over the ancient and venerable inn so well known to history, has given a lasting horsey tone to Ipswich. Charles Dickens spoke rather disparagingly of this symbol, yet he uses the Great White Horse Inn not only for his own personal comfort and convenience, but introduces his friends and acquaintances to its care, and does it in manner so vivid that they still seem to haunt the place. When quiet descends on the town even at this its hub the corner of Tavern Street, you may without much effort hear the sharp clatter of hoofs heralding the arrival of Mr. Peter Magnus with his brown-paper parcel in which were wrapped his fortunes as a suitor. Or again that little breeze from the river, finding its way by winding streets and always to the heart of Ipswich, will recall that awful night in which David Copperfield hurried from London on his mission of mercy to those dear, loyal friends of his in the boat-house on Yarmouth beach. On its arrival at Ipswich the coach was met by a crowd of anxious folk who wondered that it should have won its way through such weather. Chimney-pots were crashing, tiles were hurtling through the air as the coach drew out from the White Horse to climb up on to Rushmere Heath, where the storm had things all its own way in a scene of desolation.

The landscape has changed in aspect a good deal since those days when Dickens sent the familiar friends he created out on their homely adventures. Nowadays the way up to the heath is just an indistinguishable continuation of the Ipswich streets. In the monotonous row of houses one at least stands out with some shred of character to it, a public-house of pleasant appearance which displays on its sign "The Case is Altered." This does not hark back as far as the Civil War

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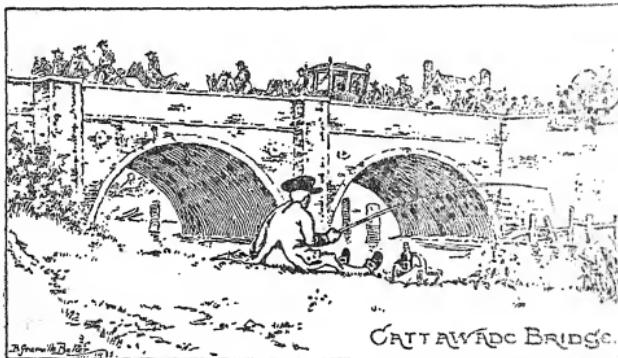
which originally inspired this ambiguous statement as an inn sign, but to the end of the Napoleonic wars when the garrison of Ipswich that used to march past this house of call was reduced to the slenderest proportions. There was good cavalry country all about Ipswich in those days when troops were trained here for active service in continental wars. Nowadays Rushmere and the stretches of heath are being lost to sight among the little buildings dotted about, and the only people who can go exactly where they want to go without bumping into some obstacle not provided by nature are the airmen at Martlesham, who just climb out of the welter and disport themselves in the serener heights above. We all agree that it is a beautiful and elevating subject for contemplation, that of man's mastery over one thing and another that kept our fathers earthbound-in the physical sense anyway; but there were compensations, for the earth had many attractions and among them this, that there was on it plenty of room for a good horse to move in. Good horses and their riders were welcome visitors to Ipswich and reciprocated the feeling. As the local chronicler remarked at the time, "The military are very partial to Ipswich as quarters, for they generally are much noticed by, and associate in a friendly manner with, the gentry of the town and neighbourhood." This expressed local opinion at the time the "Horse Barracks" were completed and at once occupied by the 2nd Regiment of Dragoon Guards in 1795, who were stationed here at the time. To this regiment we may therefore give credit for confirming, if not establishing, the excellent relations that obtained between the people of Ipswich and the military in their midst. It was about this time that the 2nd Dragoon Guards came by their nickname, subsequently recognized as a title, by mounting themselves on bay horses while all other "Heavies" bestrode black chargers, for so it was ordained by Kings of the House of Hanover. As all the public know, His Majesty's Life Guards and Horse Guards still observe this rule, and indeed it hurts to picture them on horses of any other colour.

The war with France that broke out in 1703 brought increasing military activity to the east coast, and aggravated a cause of local complaint against the system of billeting. Indeed this told hardly on innkeepers especially, even in normal times, and became an intolerable strain during the periods of "Sturm und Drang." There had been cavalry stationed on the east coast ever since Charles II instituted his Customs system, its duty being to prevent smuggling. This was before the days of regular

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cavalry when every county put up mounted as well as foot militia folk; there is still a solitary survival of this in the North Irish Horse.

To the credit of the Militia in Stuart days be it remembered that when they did turn out they meant business. There was such an occasion in 1648, a time surely full of trouble for old England. The unsettled state of our country revived the hopes of many who prefer to make a dishonest living to none at all, and set bands of marauders sailing up the tidal rivers of East Anglia. It must have been great and profitable fun until Ipswich wearied of it and turned out its trained bands, horse and foot, and sent them to Cattawade Bridge, there to deal with the invaders. The army arrived too late, which was probably normal even in that unspoilt age, but the noise of its coming had scared



CATTAWADE BRIDGE.

away the pirates; the very mention of "Horse Militia" had that awe-inspiring effect. Whether a local militia even mounted would deal efficiently with smuggling, the favourite pastime of a long-shore population, need not be considered now, but it is interesting to note in this connection that cavalry detailed to assist the Preventive Service did not stay long on the same beat, but were moved about at frequent intervals. The happiest time, as being the most exciting, for those concerned in encouraging or preventing the national pursuit called smuggling seems to have been at the turn of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and well into the latter. Those times produced quite a number of local heroes, even heroines, among the latter being Margaret Catchpole. That Margaret, like all good smugglers of her time, had an eye for a horse, is shown in the following contemporary

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newspaper report of 1797: " Margaret Catchpole, for stealing a coach horse belonging to John Cobbold, Esq., of Ipswich (with whom she formerly lived as a servant), which she rode from thence to London in about ten hours, dressed in man's apparel, and having there offered it for sale, was detected." For this Margaret was tried and sentenced to death by hanging; however, she escaped with transportation to Australia, whence she kept up a correspondence with her former employer's family. One of them wrote her life-story, drawing freely upon his imagination, and there is, or was, a family museum which housed some documents, a letter from " Your poor unhappy servant, Margaret Catchpole," and that damsel's contribution from Australia to the collection in shape of a lyre bird, which sounds appropriate.

Smuggling continued uninterruptedly throughout the war with France, serving as it did to divert the minds of men from taking too seriously the news of the day and its many rumours. Smuggling was considered a gentlemanly pursuit, unlike poaching, which was accounted low-down, mean and ordinary: all classes of the community were engaged in the pastime, thirst being the link which joined them together in this illicit traffic. Just as in some countries it is not considered a grave offence to shoot a policeman and others obsessed by a sense of law and order, so in England of a century ago there was no disgrace in being imprisoned for smuggling. Indeed there was a case of a worthy who, by virtue of suffering bonds for his zeal as smuggler, was brought forward as candidate for churchwarden by appreciative neighbours and fellow-parishioners. It is a pathetic story, and the world at large will be all the better for hearing it. It came to me as so many good things may come to men, at a " meeting." Again as is usual, especially in story-telling, it came about quite by chance, simply because when passing the place of the meeting my irrepressible curiosity drew me in. There was at first some slight feeling of the incongruous between the subject of the lecture announced, namely, " Smuggling in olden times," and the outward appearance of the meeting-place. It was a stern, an austere looking building of that yellow brick which refuses to respond to the glow of sunshine. The long windows of early Georgian fashion fixed their gaze, rather vacantly, on the cloud-flecked sky above, with the exception of one over the double door. This window was round, like a wide-open eye, a baleful eye with a layer of grime, unwilling to reflect anything beautiful, bent only on taking note of cheery sinners who at stated times flocked in

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and out of the cosy pubs down at the end of the street, where at the bank of the tidal river it meets the edge of the great world beyond.

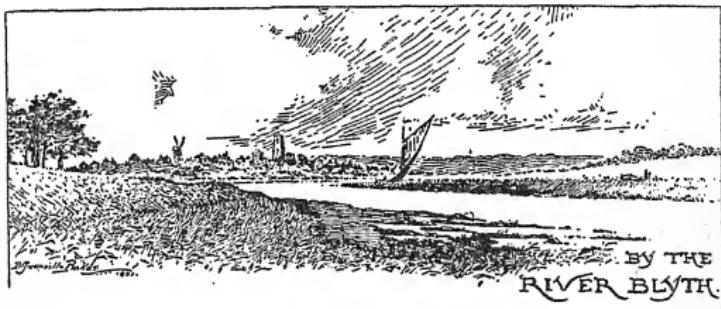
It was a good meeting, good in every respect. There was a good platform, which means that the reverend gentleman who presided had pre-eminently those qualities that should adorn a chairman. In him were worldly wisdom and other-worldliness happily blended, so that with the one quality he went out to meet the lecturer as man of the world, whereas with the other he was still the pastor of his flock, the minister who calls for respect and obedience—and sees that he gets it. And the audience was good too—I had almost called it “congregation,” so strongly did its air of righteousness impress me. But most of all did the lecturer appeal to me. His undoubted goodness—how otherwise could he have got into that galley—was of a different quality. It seemed to rest upon the racy soil of Suffolk and spring therefrom even as did his yeoman forbears, smooth, kindly and indomitable; he had come to lecture and was going through with it. We all, except those whose luck is always out, have met that sort in all the likely and unlikely places of the world. When we meet one we at once know him to be a good man, good all round, on whatever job he may be engaged. And about them there is always something that recalls wide spaces and a high heaven above them, and slow-swinging rivers obeying the call of the tide, and with it all a taste of the sea on the north-east wind. There was just this difference between the lecturer and his audience, that the former was of those who, often in danger, have implicit faith in Providence, whereas his hearers, while collectively insisting on Providence taking a full share of the world’s work, would subject the results to criticism.

The general feeling of the meeting certainly was that everything had been considerably arranged by a special Providence. The chairman of the meeting had encouraged the idea, the lecturer did not gainsay him; indeed his story made it clear that as everything worked out well in the end, it must have happened under Providence, no other agency was capable of such achievement. He told us of Joe Balkettle, who had taken unto himself a wife from among the Stathwicks. These folk had lived at Walberswick ever since the place grew up out of a few fishermen’s huts on the sandy bank of the River Blyth. They had come by sea and continued to have their business on the waters, troubled waters at that sometimes. The Stathwicks owned fishing-smacks

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and luggers, and such-like saucy craft that came in from distant parts with a modest air of high adventure in their sails. This air imparted itself to the wherries that plied to and fro between the port of Southwold and the snug settlements inland even unto Halesworth on the way to Hunting-field and High Suffolk, and Laxfield, where the river rises. But this was a hundred years ago and more, when waterways were highways and used as such.

Now the wherries on the Blyth River proclaimed by their ornate wind vane that Geoffrey Botfield owned them. Jeff Botfield and Joe Balkettle were friends, very good friends, and as such were ever ready to do a good turn to one another and themselves. Moreover, Joe had a horse or two on his farm; you can see to this day where it stood, just above a bend of the river upstream of Haswenston. From this position you gain a good view over the shallow valley and the river winding its way past



copse and meadow. Joe Balkettle was held in great respect at Haswenston and for miles around, so also was Mr. Geoffrey Botfield, even greater, perhaps, if only on account of the extensive storage room on his premises.

In those days when people had things to store, and adequate accommodation for them, then they became entitled to respect and qualified for the friendship of such a man as Joe Balkettle. But one has to tread warily, as descendants of both these worthies still live about Haswenston. Their outlook on life is said to have changed—improved, some would say. In any case you will not find the names of Botfield and Balkettle anywhere in Haswenston chronicles written or delivered orally, simply because they were invented for the purpose of this story. This is a pity, because to those who understand all about the derivation of proper names it is obvious that Balkettle means one of the kith or kin of Balder,

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the god of light and general joyousness, who was expected to succeed one-eyed Wotan, and his truculent colleague Thor, at the dawn that should follow the twilight of the gods. And the name really suits Joe Balkettle better than his own, which expresses no more than one of life's commonplaces. However, memories are long in Suffolk, and there are still people living whose fathers had told them the truth about the death of Nelson, whom Suffolk claims as one of its great sons, a much more picturesque account than any historian can make it, and capable of tender variations. It is therefore better to camouflage the actors in this story under assumed names.

It is a beautiful thing to see friends doing business together, and it is done to this day in Suffolk, even as did Mr. Botfield and Joe Balkettle. It was quite a simple matter. One of those Stathwick luggers had dropped anchor in Sole Bay quite unostentatiously, and yet had provoked a display of lights on shore which, beginning at Walberswick, ran in a chain as it were, by Blythburgh over Black Heath to Haswenston. Haswenston responded, and the chain of lights flickered their greeting across the waters to the Stathwick lugger which, as courtesy demanded, responded by winking a luminous eye at the shore. It was all done modestly and with discretion, no vulgar display about it.

This show of friendliness roused Joe Balkettle to a yet keener interest in the landscape. Next morning his nose pointed upwards; his eyes directed downstream, he discerned a sail gliding among the willows, showing at one time nothing but a narrow, dark-coloured triangle, at another a generous square of warm madder crowned by a glittering vane. Closer at hand a figure moving briskly detached itself from clustering Haswenston, and soon after Joe and Mr. Botfield were in hearty, intimate conversation. "The stuff is coming up in the wherry *Jenny* yonder." Joe's amiable grunt declared that he had thought as much, that he had. "Now look you here, Joe, all you've got to do is this here," and then followed instructions and discussions at great length, the gist of the latter referring to Mrs. Balkettle and a bunch of little Balklettes. Joe did not wholly know what would become of them supposing anything were to happen. But the Norwich dealer wanted the stuff something terrible, therefore before dawn had shown its first streak of pink over the trees on Bulcamp, Joe's wagon was creaking discreetly towards Holton, where it would get on to Stone Street, the road the Romans laid. It was a good long way to carry a load of peat, through Bungay

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to Norwich, but no doubt Joe found it worth while. "And a pound a week paid to the missis, if anything were to happen." This was the really consoling part of the business. If anything were to happen! Why should it? Joe had negotiated the descent into Bungay, had climbed out of that ancient borough on to the higher ground on the Norfolk side, when something did happen. Right away on that open road, within three miles of Norwich, a wheel came off and left Joe to the deliberate process of thinking things out. He had not thought very far before a cheery party came riding from Norwich, three or four horsemen, Joe never remembered how many. They seemed friendly and willing to help.

"How now, mate? What's the trouble?" And seeing what it was, ready hands began to heave, with the result that the cargo of peat decided to become an avalanche and to spread itself over the road. It was a stately movement in its way, but as it gained momentum the "stuff" became free to disport itself, and one tight little cask after another rolled about in joyous but irresponsible fashion. The helpers said "Halloa," and fixed a stern official eye on Joe.

"How came you by this?" asked one. Others repeated the question.

"And who are you?" asked Joe.

"Aha! you fare to get guessing when we've done asking questions. Now then, where does this stuff come from?"

At this point Joe braced himself to remember the yarn which Mr. Botfield had thought out if anyone should ask inconvenient questions. It was a simple yarn. Joe had met another broken-down party same like himself now, only some fairish long way back. As good Samaritan Joe had agreed to carry something for them to Norwich—

"And unloaded all your peat first so as to get the stuff snugly hidden." This struck the Excise men as exceedingly humorous, so much so that they really could not part like this, they would accompany Joe all the way back to Norwich and there he would be handsomely entertained. And so he was, in the castle then used as a jail.

But Joe of the kin of Balder, god of all things bright and joyous, was wont to take things philosophically anyway, and in this case there was that one pound a week for his wife and the little Balkettles, so that really there was nothing to worry about. Joe settled down in this contented frame of mind and would have

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sat through his sentence of two months with unruffled composure had not his wife come along to see him.

The first words of greeting over, Mrs. Balkettle settled down to a good steady cry. Joe the philosopher wanted to know what there was to cry about.

"Simply because me and the children are starving."

"But there's that pound a week."

"What pound a week?"

"Why from Mr. Botfield for sure."

"Mr. Botfield. A handful of spuds and a few swedes, and maybe a chance half-crown, but that's all there's been from Mr. Botfield."

This brought Joe to realize that his attitude was not justified. He felt qualms of conscience. Surely he should see the chaplain. He did so. Joe was penitent, the chaplain sympathetic. The outcome of this beautiful episode in Joe's life was that he changed places with Mr. Botfield, the latter entering upon Joe's tenancy in Norwich Castle. In due course Mr. Botfield also emerged from seclusion, returned to Haswenston, and was soon seen to be again on the best of terms with Joe Balkettle. The explanation of Geoffrey Botfield's apparent remissness was simple enough. As the "stuff" had been captured by the Excise and not sold, there were no profits out of which Mrs. Balkettle's one pound a week could be paid. Botfield had done his best with a few potatoes here, and some other little commodities there.

Joe Balkettle ever after enjoyed great popularity, an odour of sanctity even seemed to envelop him. It is difficult to account for this latter phenomenon; perhaps it was that he had turned to the chaplain in his sore distress, and this being abnormal, was counted unto him for righteousness.

Anyway, his fellow parishioners became fully convinced that Joe Balkettle was a great and good man who had suffered persecution. Then it was that the parish brought him forward as their churchwarden. But this act of generous recognition met with frustration at the hands of Joe himself, he simply would not go to church.

With this the lecture came to an end, yet an air of expectancy still hung about the congregation. Were they waiting for a moral? They were brought up to extract a moral from the tales that were told them, and now they waited for a lead from the platform. What beautiful lesson might be learnt from this story of would-be generous Jeff, honest, plodding Joe, and

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the lights that had twinkled long ago over Black Heath and out to sea.

A breath of air from over the marshes came in at the door, travelled over the assembly and played about the platform. The audience continued to sit in silence. Was it under the spell of sea and marsh and the flickering lights on the heath? The lecturer certainly was under the spell wrought by that breath of air. Then the chairman broke it by offering the lecturer choice of a concluding hymn. He selected "Lead, Kindly Light."

Those who know the attractive country where this historic event occurred will remember a narrow-gauge railway that used to serpentine along a wavy track from Halesworth to the sea at Southwold. The engine showed for years the image of a fierce dragon, reminder of the fact that this train originally carried dear little ladies of the Chinese Emperor's Celestial Court about the palace grounds at Peking. Why this train gave up pleasure for business, why it left its luxurious, exotic surroundings, where it was held in honour and decorated with an imperial symbol, to become the butt of seaside trippers, while the herons clapped derisive beaks when it whistled on entering their grove of firs at Walberswick, all this does not concern this historical treatise; it is on a different plane. The only excuse for bringing in this railway at all is that a cavalry barrack to accommodate a troop stood at Blythburgh on the site where now the out-of-commission railway station is gradually subsiding into the landscape. Toby, the black drummer of Rich's Dragoons, who was condemned by popular opinion some century or so ago to haunt Tinker's Walk where he was hanged for murdering his sweetheart, is probably the only one who does not miss the Southwold railway, which was thrust upon his preserve without any consideration for the feelings of a ghost.

We were not the only people to employ cavalry in aid of a Preventive Service. Frederick the Great, who could get more out of his troops than any monarch of his time, had a long and difficult frontier to hold against smugglers, all that long range of the Giant Mountains with their few passes and the many changing, shifting tracks of those who pursue a furtive business. With a keen and watchful eye on the efficiency of his frontier guards, the great King came one day to visit the line held by a Hussar regiment. When dining with the officers after his inspection, the King expressed his approval of the wine that was served him. Turning to the Colonel the King said: "It is not smuggled, I

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trust." In answer the Colonel winked at the King and said: "What do you think, Sire?" What can you do with a colonel like that? Frederick the Great knew that wine-growing was not the strong suit of the Silesia he had recently acquired. Wine was grown only at Grüneberg, and popular tradition says nothing to recommend it. On the contrary, it is said that the Devil, when claiming the soul of a Grüneberger landlord, accepted a wager to out-drink him in the wine of the country. The Devil tried his very hardest, he and the landlord devoted days to the task, but the latter won; only a born Grüneberger could carry on with his local tipple for an unlimited length of time without serious internal commotion. The Grüneberg vintage was certainly not likely to appeal to the Hussars of Frederick the Great. It was he who was largely responsible for giving those troops status in the military and social life of Western Europe. Up till the reign of this Frederick, Hussars had been considered rather an exotic luxury than as a lively factor in the Gaiety of Nations. Emperor Charles V employed Hussars and they, in return for Imperial favours, captured the Elector of Saxony for him in 1547. Hussars were busy in the Turkish wars of the late seventeenth century, but they were still regarded as assorted wild men that the Holy Roman Empire was wont to collect from its eastern dependencies especially for wars against the Turks, not for civilized fighting. Hussars were recruited from Pandurs, Haiduks, and what some people still call "Balkans" under the impression that the latter are an unruly collection of tribesmen, whereas they are, in fact, a perfectly good, if not very inspiring, range of mountains. It was Frederick the Great's father who added Hussars to his small but highly disciplined army in 1721.

Before Prussia set out on her mission of subjecting unto herself all things German, the Habsburg dynasty was chiefly concerned with the picturesque tribes and races that snapped at its heels in the Near East, as we now describe it. To keep some sort of order, settlers were induced to form a frontier force, a kind of militia. They were mostly drawn from Hungary, were holders of Huzs=twenty, ar=acres, hence the name Hussar, and armed with sabre, carbine and other weapons required to ensure a quiet life on a lively frontier. The world went very well then, people had fewer wants, and they managed without many things which we now consider necessities of life; among these are buttons. Now to the Hungarian, as to many other Europeans

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of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, buttons were a luxury. The "Voivod," the great chief, might have a

HUNGARY,



ESTERHÁZY HUSSAR. 1760.

tobacco, could be carried in a bag or satchel that hung by straps from his sword-belt and was called a "sabretache" by the French, who handed it on to us after having spoilt the original German word "Säbeltasche." However, that is what happens to most things that belong to the domain of fashion where strict accuracy of description need not be expected. The French have always been insistent on setting military fashions, but have as a rule secured a following only in our country. They certainly borrowed not only the idea of Hussar uniform from Austria-Hungary, but it would seem officers as well, for Bercheny is undoubtedly a Magyar name. It happened in 1720 that a Bercheny Hussar regiment was established in France; it survived the French Revolution as the 1st Hussar Regiment, and took its full share of activity in Napoleon's campaigns. Baron de Marbot has interesting things to say about it, for it was into this regiment that he enlisted in 1799. In his "Memoirs" the Baron declares: "So I was actually a Hussar, I was beside myself with joy." Now this is the proper spirit and proves that the Hussar, the latest addition to cavalry, is indeed the

set of buttons, extremely costly ones, of precious stone and curiously fashioned; his followers tied on their clothes with string, braid, laces, which they twisted into fantastic knots. If you had a spare jacket you slung it over your left shoulder, leaving your right arm free to deal with any emergency that might arise; note, the Hussar settler always went about his more or less lawful occasions on horseback, and the slung jacket protected his bridle arm. He probably had few personal belongings, and these, like pipe and

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"last word" in that resplendent constellation. "Mehr wie Husar kann der Mensch nicht werden," say the Germans, and this being interpreted meaneth that no man can be more than Hussar. The Germans are right; I know it to be so, having been a Hussar for most of my life in the saddle, and it is in such matters that personal experience counts for everything. This high estate did not come to the Hussar at once, he had to deserve it, and the way was thorny and uphill. Brought from the distant, untrammelled marches of the Austrian Empire, the Hussar held views that at times conflicted with the conventions of starched and pig-tailed eighteenth-century Europe.

Frederick the Great was a stickler for these conventions, or some of them at least, and though he saw nothing but good in despoiling his Habsburg neighbours of a large province, he pounced upon the simple Hussar with the full weight of his military machine at the least attempt at self-help by one or other of his

FRANCE,



1st. REGT. of HUSSARS. 1812.



PRUSSIAN HUSSARS. 1815.

very light cavalry. Indeed, at Breslau this King of Prussia hanged two officers and some troopers of Hussars just for a little

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bit of looting. Discouraged in this genial enterprise, Hussars, as they moved westward, conformed more and more nearly to European standards, until by the time they reached our shores, they had become so completely respectable that quite a number of the best people were to be found adorning the regiments of British Hussars. Of these there was only one in 1803, the former 10th Light Dragoons, when Ipswich became a centre of great military activity, as everyone in the know or not was expecting Napoleon to land in person and with an adequate army somewhere between the Rivers Alde and Deben. Preparations had been made for this event: tar-barrels fixed to the steeples of churches, beacons were ready to flare up all along the coast and in a chain up the valleys just as it was when Athelstan was king and sitting up for the Danes a thousand years ago. Screened by these defensive measures, British troops were being trained to carry out what is so obviously the strategy of an island sea power, that of striking at the enemy's flank. The Elizabethan's knew all about this; when Europe was banded against her, England's Queen encouraged her merry men to take their little ships to the remote places of the world, to far Murmansk, always feeling their way round the enemy's flank, until detached parties of those adventurers met on the great inland lakes and waterways of Russia, thus completing the out-flanking manœuvre which is as useful in commerce as in warfare.

Ipswich then was one of the centres where troops were trained for overseas war, for Moore's historic retreat to Coruña and Wellington's final advance on Toulouse. Troops of all kinds swarmed in and about Ipswich. In October 1799, we hear that the Cinque Ports Light Dragoons marched into the Horse Barracks from Colchester. All about the town and beyond, in billets and in camps, were a great variety of troops, regular infantry and artillery, much militia and at least, so it seems at this date, an unending variety of Irregulars, Volunteers, Fencibles and others of the Invincible breed. Here were the "Suffolk Gentlemen and Yeomen Cavalry" genteelly dressed in green with leather cap and plume. As Loyal Suffolk Regiment of Yeomanry this gallant corps celebrated its centenary in 1893, having, in the course of its useful and picturesque existence, figured as Light Dragoons, Lancers and finally Hussars. In this instance again it is to be regretted that no history of the regiment has been given to the nation. This is not due to any remissness on the part of the regiment,

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but is owing to a misadventure, in which all the notes collected for an historical record by a former Commanding Officer were lost; the pity of it!

It is interesting to note that the Light Cavalry idea inspired voluntary military effort so profoundly that most of the Yeomanry formations styled themselves Light Horse, Light Dragoons, and Hussars in course of time. They wore the Light Horse uniform, which came in during the time of the Seven Years' War. That lengthy campaign had shown the world



what Light Cavalry could do, especially with Frederick the Great's eagle eye upon it. His father, that martinet of the giant guard, had already begun to say unkind things about his own cavalry. "Kolosse auf Elefanten," he called them, colossi mounted on elephants, and that, allowing for picturesque licence, was no inept description. His son altered all that and set the rest of martial Europe to follow where he led. He found ready followers amongst our sporting people; prominent among them was Augustus Elliott, later famous as Lord Heathfield of Gibraltar, whose 15th Light Dragoons served as model and shining example to horsemen of other armies as well as our own. Their happiest feat, perhaps, was the landing at St. Malo in 1758, "setting on fire upwards of ninety ships, a row of houses, all

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the yards, docks, rope-walks and arsenals"; even the King's Navy could not have done the job more thoroughly.

Another man of mark in this line was John Hale of the 17th Light Dragoons, who had served in the 21st, known as the Royal Foresters, under the Marquis of Granby. All records of this 21st Regiment of Light Dragoons seem to be buried too deep for reference; they were disbanded in 1763. Of John Hale, Fortescue says that he left behind seventeen children and the 17th Light Dragoons. Another father of seventeen children was even more remarkable not only as a Light Cavalry man, but in many other directions. This was a neighbour of John Hale, Robert Hinde, who was born at Chertsey in 1720, but lived most of his years, when not campaigning, at Hitchin. Hinde was, so to speak, a convert from the old to the new cavalry creed. After a few years in the 11th Foot, he joined the 2nd troop of Horse Guards, but rode with the 15th Light Dragoons at Emsdorf, Homburg, Friedberg, and was probably present when the King inspected the regiment on its return home; on this occasion His Majesty conferred upon the regiment the title of "King's Own."

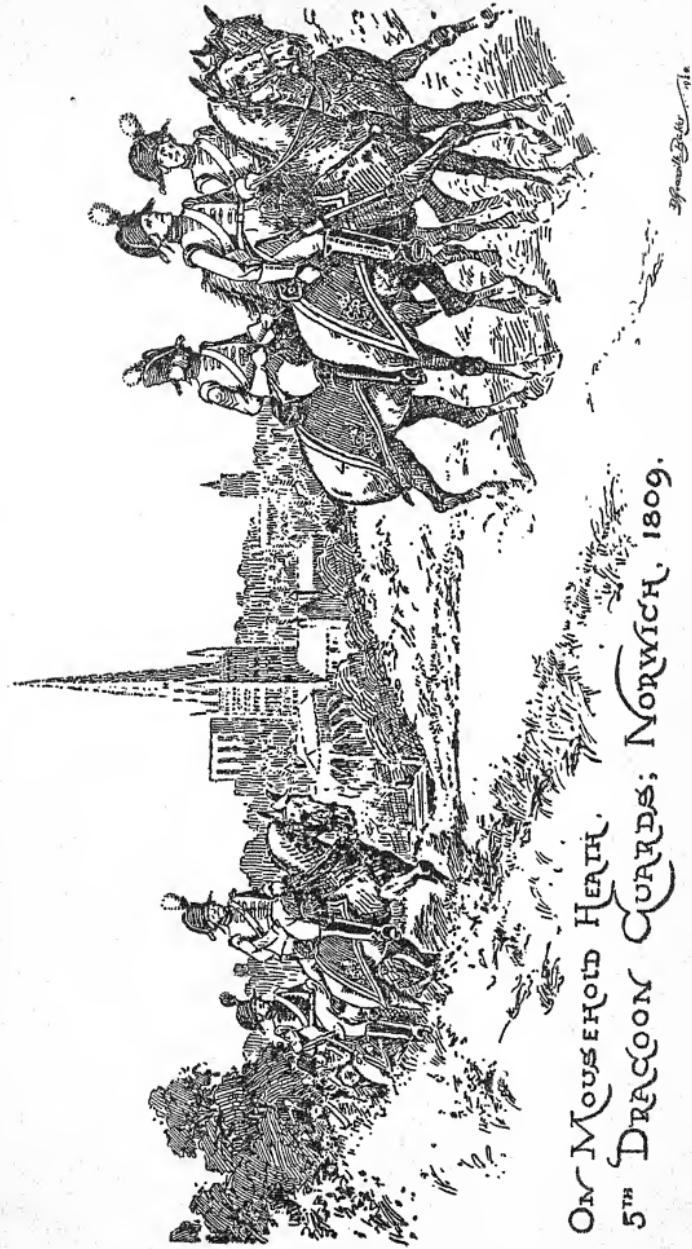
When there was no war to engage his energies, Robert Hinde farmed, calling out his labourers to begin their day's work, dismissing them at the end thereof by the sound of the Light Cavalry bugle. This was an instrument shaped more like a postilion's horn and more in keeping with the costume of the period than the present-day bugle. The pursuit of farming left Robert Hinde sufficient leisure to write a book entitled "Discipline of the Light Horse." With all his manifold activities, Captain Hinde's leading characteristics, idiosyncrasies, perhaps, developed into legendary proportions, but in all gossip concerning him that floated about the small community of Hitchin, there seems to have been no hint of any evil. "Eccentric, full of military habits and recollections, simple-hearted, benevolent and tenderly kind to dumb creatures of the earth and air, Captain Hinde was a veritable Uncle Toby." That Uncle Toby whom the angels "fined five shillings for swearing, and wiped it away again with their tears." The description given above of Robert Hinde is quoted from a pleasant book by Reginald L. Hine, called "Hitchin Worthies." There should be more such books written about local worthies, men and women who offer abundant proof that we are a peculiar people—and very lovable. Books of this kind are wholesome reading in an age when even

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in those country towns that build the backbone of our nation there is hardly enough independent thinking to shape a clearly defined personality. But then, those "Worthies" were not brought up in the trammels of a society that has everything handed to it ready made.

How Captain Robert Hinde would have revelled in the tense military life of Ipswich in the early years of the nineteenth century. His own beloved Light Cavalry was nobly represented by a Light Brigade consisting of the 7th Light Dragoons, shortly to follow the example of the 10th and turn into Hussars, the 9th and 18th who also underwent metamorphosis reappearing as Lancers and Hussars respectively. The 7th Hussars became quite an institution in East Anglia, and were recognized as a model of what is meant by Light Cavalry. They are still Hussars, having escaped the post-war metamorphosis inflicted by a soulless War Office upon some of Britain's best in the cavalry arm. Even when khaki clad for everyday work, the Hussar is still a thing of beauty until the War Office axe descends, and on reincarnation he becomes that ambulant troglodyte, the tank-man, a creature too stern for the pursuit of beauty.

In the very unlikely event of the War Office taking umbrage at being called soulless, I must point out to that institution that nothing looks more forlorn than a tank left derelict in the landscape. There is no loveliness, no poetry about it. Then again the War Office proves its soullessness by depriving the war artist of one of his most effective sentimental subjects, that of a soldier bidding farewell to his horse. How can the poor artist cheat the public of a tear by showing the tank-man fondly embracing the broken bits of his greasy war-machine. It simply cannot be done.



On Household Hearth
5th Dragoon Guards; Norwich, 1809.

Engraved by G. C. & Son.

NORWICH

A story from Blomefield—Horse-cures—John Reynolds the Dragoon—East Anglian cavalry leaders: Sir Edward Kerrison, Michael Barne, John Ship, and the Peytons of Peyton Hall—Volunteer Cavalry and Rangers—Subversive propaganda—Black Brunswickers and the King's German Legion—Loyal French emigrants and partisan leaders—General Sir Robert Harvey—Hunting in Norfolk.

"*GREAT noise was in the city*" declares the chronicler, and many woke up and looked out of window. It was a peculiar sight, unusual even, in the Middle Ages, that met their eyes. Some people recognized the charger, an old stallion that had carried Sir Thomas Erpingham in the French wars and was supposed to be a pensioner. There he was in hot pursuit of a fat little mare over the cobbles and under the projecting eaves. A fat little friar was urging the mare on to desperate flight, while a gaunt figure, armed cap-à-pie, swayed and clattered, and seemed to be urging the old war-horse into a fury of passion. All four met and mixed up violently in a dark corner of the street, and then it came out that the figure in rusty armour, the "launce" tied to its wrist, was that of a corpse, one Friar John of the same order to which belonged Friar Richard, who bestrode the fat little mare. Blomefield gives the story as told with Rabelaisian gusto by Thomas Heywood in 1624. It is said that the handsome Erpingham Gate is the price paid by Sir Thomas of that name for the frolic which roused Norwich at such an early hour. Not but what Norwich was used to the clatter of horses' hoofs about the streets at all times of day and night.

There must have been considerable noise and commotion in the place when the Danes "*horsed*" themselves hereabouts. They had come by invitation of their kinsfolk of the Broads and marshes that stretch away to eastward, and had probably spent some time rounding up remounts from the country about Norwich. A likely country too, in those days, for the heaths and woodlands of West Norfolk surely produced the hardy little animal one associates with folk like the Iceni, and farther south

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a heavier animal, forbear of the sorrel horse, was being brought up to bear the increasing weight of armour. By the eighteenth century this horse had developed its present-day form, and pulling matches had been organized at Harlesdon, which is in Norfolk. This horse is generally called the Suffolk Punch, the latter possibly on account of its undeniable sense of humour. No horse without that gift could have survived the leechcraft of former days. Every household had its store of "simples," as they were called, though the concoction of them can have been no simple matter, especially as certain rites had to be observed—the proper eve of a saint's day, or the state of the moon. Here is a "resait" for a sick horse; any kind of sickness would do. The first act is to blow a pipe of tobacco into his throat; the Suffolk horse, as humorist, would consider this just master's fun. But master was serious, for half an hour afterwards he came with a drink compounded on the following generous lines: "Boyle a quart of newe beere," it said, then you introduce two ounces of "Turptin" and six or eight grey "snailes." "Beat them with a spoonful of sope and a little chack [chalk] beaten all together with the white of an egg."

If after these attentions the horse trod on your foot, here is the remedy: "Take a handful of Nettel crops and a handful of Salt and a quantity of snails and beat them together and apply them to ye tread and drain it well. Then take Turpetin and Tare and white pitch and aply it very hot to the place." Under such treatment horse and man usually decided to recover with what dispatch they could. Yet to this day there lingers a belief in home remedies as illustrated by a conversation between two farmers overheard in a motor-bus.

FIRST FARMER: " Didn't you tell me you gave your old harse tarptine for the staggers? "

SECOND FARMER: " I did, that I did."

FIRST FARMER: " Well, I gave my old harse tarptine for the staggers, and he died, that he did."

SECOND FARMER: " So did mine, that he did."

They are good with their beasts, are the East Anglians, and the term "horse-gentler" for horse-breaker is characteristic. Old seventeenth-century records show that measures were taken to prevent the overburdening of pack animals, according to regulations relating to post horses, "said horses are not to carry any cloak, bags etc., of above 10 pounds weight." The postal service seems to have been maintained half by the sheriffs and

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half by a levy of innkeepers and "tiplers"—whatever these latter were, they were not necessarily the former's habitual customers. The hire of hackney horses in the city was fixed at 12d. for the first day, 8d. for each succeeding day, till their redelivery, for which all strangers were to give security for their return, "and if the horse held not out his journey, the owner was to pay all charges of such default."

Such a commendable interest in and care of horses entitled Norwich to the most appropriate reward: the city became the happy if temporary home in turn of every regiment of British Cavalry with exception of the Household Brigade. In the earlier days these regiments of cavalry were much split up and distributed over a wide area. This was necessitated by the difficulties of billeting troops and also by their manifold police duties, especially those in aid of the Preventive Service. This affected cavalry stationed in East Anglia particularly; troops of the same regiment were scattered about between Norwich and Ipswich, adding life to picturesque little towns like Woodbridge, Bungay, and Beccles, where the register of marriages for 1728 shows "John Reynolds a Dragoon and Sarah Berry" as joined together in holy matrimony. It must have been a pretty sight that of bride and bridegroom coming out of Beccles church by the south porch which "had not yet been reived of its inlaid semi-precious stones." William Dowsing had been busy on the porch removing the cross from above it, breaking the figures of saints from their niches, and chipping the delicate, carved stonework, but by the date of John Reynold's wedding time had a century wherein to lay a healing hand upon the wounds that enthusiasts struck in cold Puritanic fanaticism. The scene is much the same to-day, the terraced churchyard is supported by ancient walls, and buttresses of brick to which friendly plants escaped from neighbouring gardens pay their tribute of scent and colour. The view from the terrace over the marshes into the sunset does not alter. Why should it? It is so beautiful.

Above all, standing apart, campanile-wise, the tower which rang out a blessing on John Reynolds the Dragoon and his Sarah, stands up a beacon to all wayfarers by land and water and a testimony to the eternal verities.

There must have been considerable horse traffic on the roads between Ipswich and Norwich and the outlying stations. Orderlies would be trotting between Ipswich and Bury along the road that took Mr. Pickwick towards his curious adventure among the

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young ladies. The same road saw his master and Sam Weller returning after defeat at the hands of Mr. Jingle and "that there Mulberry." However, we have with us the consoling certainty that the end was "wertue rewarded and wice recompensed."

The headquarters of cavalry were generally at Norwich, but the threat of invasion on the Suffolk coast led to a concentration of the higher command at Ipswich. It was a time of immense and joyous activity, not only at Ipswich, but all over the country. Everyone insisted on doing something, if it was only to get into the way of everyone else. However, there was luckily the level-headed landed gentry to prevent the enthusiasm from running to waste and so conduct it into channels of usefulness. The most popular idea of usefulness was to dress up as a soldier and offer to take on any dozen or so of England's foes. Fortunately, the clubable spirit of the race came into direct voluntary effort towards some semblance of cohesion in the many bodies of Volunteers, Fencibles, and all manner of other Irregulars. Of these, some still survive in their original form and meaning, the Yeomanry Cavalry. The first corps of this kind curiously enough was raised in England's smallest county, Rutland, Lord Winchelsea's Yeomanry Cavalry. Then followed many others, and in this progress East Anglia was not to be left behind. The Suffolk Gentlemen and Yeomanry Cavalry and the Norfolk and Suffolk Borderers, a description which suggests wild adventure. However, the border between Suffolk and Norfolk is a particularly placid river, the Waveney. As its name suggests, it winds its way in broad sweeps over the meadows and marshes of a wide, flat valley. There must have been wild doings on the banks of the Waveney, but they were exotic, not native to the soil, and caused by a turbulent Norman named Bigod, whose chief claim to notoriety rests on a marked disloyalty to his King, at whom he was wont to hurl defiance from amidst his army of Flemish mercenaries in his castle of Bungay.

But that was long ago before Suffolk had become a county on its own and had time to produce its line of cavalry leaders. Of these Sir Edward Kerrison was most active in raising and training irregular cavalry; he it was who launched the Norfolk and Suffolk Borderers. He was one of those thorough cavalrymen who insist on beginning at the very bottom of the ladder. He was scarcely out of his teens when he left his father's home at Hoxne on the Waveney and enlisted into a regiment of cavalry quartered in the neighbourhood, either the King's Dragoon Guards under

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Colonel Howard, or the Queen's Bays under Colonel Townsend, which were at Norwich in 1793, 1794 and 1795 respectively. After allowing him six months of this experience, Edward Kerrison's father bought his son a commission in the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, with which regiment Norwich became peculiarly well acquainted, as I shall presently show. We next find Kerrison as a captain in the 7th Queen's Own Light Dragoons at the time when another Suffolk man, Michael Barne, took over command of them. It is only a few miles from Beccles on the Waveney to Sotterley where this Michael Barne was born, where you may see portraits of him and a clever contemporary caricature, and where, happily, there is a lineal descendant of his, another Michael Barne, now holding possession.

Another Suffolk man, John Shipp, had the unique experience of rising twice from the ranks to a commission, and on each occasion as reward for right gallant conduct in the field. He served in many of those stirring campaigns that laid the foundations of the British Empire in India, and in the story of his life gives us a single-hearted, straightforward narrative, with here and there a note of longing for leafy Saxmundham, his birthplace. The church tower looked out over the tree-tops as John Shipp succeeded in his second attempt at escaping from the harsh service of the farmer to whom this son of a poor widow had been apprenticed. His life tells of that dogged determination to overcome all odds, and they were strong against him; the purchase system, the expenses of life in a cavalry regiment, although he met with the invariable kindly understanding of his better-placed brother officers. It is pleasant to think that John Shipp was not just thrown aside when he could no longer afford to serve his country in peace-time, but that he ended his days in suitable employment and adequate comfort.

There is yet another name that stands high in the story of British Cavalry, though the holders of it have long since severed their connection with East Anglia. Yet the map of Suffolk still insists on maintaining it, showing the Peyton's, each connected with an ancient hall. Of these one stands near the mouth of the River Deben, presumably on the spot where the first ancestor to arrive in England drove in the piles of his stockaded dwelling. The Peyton's widened their sphere of influence, probably inter-married with the kin of some Norman invader, became mighty men and spread farther inland. Another Peyton Hall stands near Hadleigh, and there are records of the family possessions

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extending westward beyond Bury to Cambridgeshire, where from Royston they contemplated the prospect of the New World and whence they sent out members of the family to found a new overseas branch.

Old Cavalry Stations have each a distinctive flavour which seems to express one or other particular brand of that arm. Ipswich became associated for all time with Hussars when the Light Cavalry Brigade assembled there to train under the Duke of Cumberland and the Pagets. Norwich has still about it a savour of dragoon, not only generally speaking, but with special reference to one gallant and ancient regiment. Preceded by a

7th. DRAGOON GUARDS.
about
1890.



visit from the 4th Dragoon Guards in 1688, the Black Horse, so called on account of their facings, and since known to fame as the Princess Royal's 7th Dragoon Guards, came first to Norwich in 1699. Then there seems to have been a long break until 1822, when the regiment returned to what may be described as its spiritual home, and then took its turn in due succession. At one time, in 1871, commanded by Colonel Peyton, whose son but recently "passed over," was probably with the regiment at Norwich in 1882. If you would understand the tie between the 7th Dragoon Guards and the city of Norwich, go and visit the cathedral.

Dragoons express the feelings of Norwich on the subject of cavalry. Though their description Dragoon was unknown at the time, there was already something sedate, serious, dragoon-like about the twenty horsemen who went out to help King Henry VII against Perkin Warbeck. The city of Norwich had raised and equipped them, provided £40 for their maintenance, and the mayor himself had seen them off with a suitable address. "Sirs, ye that be soldeours, I charge that ye kepe governauns amongst

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you by the weye." If any of them should "make frays, or stryves, or variaunces" with his fellows, then should he that "so mysdemened be taken out of his harneys and leyde in prison tyll the Kyng have said his will. And another hyred in his stede what so ever it cost." And with this warning the "soldeours" mounted their horses and rode away, "ruled and governoured" by Captain Thomas Large, assisted in their "Conduccion" by John Gowre. A brave sight they made, surely, in jackets of green and white over their brigandines plated and jointed like coats of mail.

The word Dragoon first occurs in the martial history of Norwich at the time of the Civil War. The city sent out scouts as far as Barton Mills, on the Newmarket road, and raised a couple of hundred Dragoons for the Parliamentarians. This does not mean that Norwich was all for one side, but it seems that the Royalists, being quite sure that all was well, or soon would be, took no heed to consolidate their position, and were therefore suddenly upset by the revolutionary party. This is the way such things generally happen and will happen to the end of time. The Royalists, however, did not take their reverses quietly, it seems, for we hear of Parliamentary volunteers bringing in, by way of political argument, the great ordnance of the city, charged and all, pointed at the Guildhall. It was unfortunate and caused unfavourable comment, that the cannonier, when uncharging one of the pieces next morning, accidentally let it off. By this manœuvre he sustained injuries as he deserved, but he killed and wounded some seventeen people, men, women and children, who were probably assisting as interested spectators.

Before the King came into his own again Norwich had become heartily weary of its soldiery. The Restoration was probably due to reaction from militarism as much as to any other cause. That was the only time this nation has ever had experience of militarism, and then in a comparatively mild form. But the dread of it lingers and shows itself on occasion in outbreaks by pathetic souls who can find nothing right in this world, especially in their own country. This feeling prevailed strongly in Norwich when the barracks were being built. The city had nothing but good to record of the regular troops within its walls, and indeed had reason to be grateful to the 16th Light Dragoons for their gallant and effective aid at a serious conflagration.

In contrast to a certain churlishness exhibited by the sort of citizens whose indignation bubbles over in the Press, the *Mercury*,

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the Norwich weekly paper, took its dignified stand by the side of the armed forces of the Crown. For some seventy years the *Mercury* had been all a newspaper should be to the city of Norwich, faithfully recording its doings. It gives the several changes of date before the 16th Light Dragoons were inspected on Household Heath prior to being relieved by the 7th Light Dragoons in 1792, and that an officer of the former regiment had shot the largest bustard ever remembered in Norfolk; its height was near three feet, and its wings when extended were two yards and a half.

There was indeed a good deal to chronicle in those days, wars and rumours of wars, and their reaction on quiet folk at home. Some people went on with their pet occupation of smuggling to discourage which cavalry acted with the Preventive Service along the coast, while others took a sterner view and joined the Militia. Among the latter the Hon. Horatio Walpole, who had begun life as a Cornet of Cavalry, was gazetted colonel of the Western Regiment of Norfolk Militia. In some cases this sternness of purpose was modified by pleasant surroundings, at least so the King seemed to think when he visited Militia quarters during the period of annual exercises. His Majesty found it necessary to give a hint that the attendance of the Field Officer or captain on duty for the week would be quite in keeping with the "discipline of war" as Fluellen would say. About this time too, when there was fighting to be had for anyone who wanted it, a Colonel Money, "having received pressing invitations from each of the belligerent powers on the Continent, decided to accept a command in the French Army." A year later the *Mercury* notes that General Money resigned his command in the French Army on hearing of the approaching rupture between his native country and France. It would be interesting to know whether any proper use was made of the experience gained by this officer during our country's struggle with Napoleon.

In October 1792 the Norwich *Mercury* announced that "the very laudable and judicious plan adopted by Government of erecting barracks for the accommodation of the military, and the ease of that useful class of men, the innkeeper, we have the pleasure to say, is about to be carried into effect."

Upon this announcement those burghers affected with the militarism complex rushed into print only to provoke this dignified reproof: "How in the name of common sense can it be made to appear that the erection of barracks can, under such a government as ours, promote the view of despotism, even if such an

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absurd intent could be admitted? Are we bound to keep more soldiers on foot because, forsooth, they are commodiously housed; or do these carpers imagine that, in consequence of their good accommodations, they will multiply like rabbits in a warren?" Some of the cavillers argued that the men would become ferocious, having fewer opportunities of effeminating their minds and enervating their bodies, to which the *Mercury's* repartee was "the truly brave are always humane." At this point there was no doubt loud and prolonged applause from all good subscribers.

Norwich began its regular cavalry garrison in barracks at the right of the line, and all regiments of British Cavalry, with exception of the Household Brigade, have as already stated enjoyed the hospitality of this ancient city. On June 2nd, 1792, the paper announced that the 1st Dragoon Guards commanded by Colonel Howard "are arrived," and a week later we hear how the regiment fired a "feu-de-joie in honour of King George III's Birthday, and that his Majesty was dressed in a plain cloth suit as usual on his birthday." In the spring of the following year the King's Dragoon Guards assisted at a cathedral service as part of a general fast with which the nation was preparing to meet the troubles that were coming thick about it.

As usual these troubles were met in the characteristic spirit of sporting patriotism. There was unlimited enthusiasm and corresponding expenditure of energy and, as is bound to happen in extemporization, a certain amount of overlapping. This enthusiastic military spirit became increasingly active as the results of the French Revolution began to tell. But even ten years earlier, before the French put their King and Queen to death, East Anglia was displaying much martial enterprise. We read that while the "Bays" were at Norwich in 1782, a corps of Norfolk Rangers was organized by Lord Townsend, who was in command of the regiment at the time. The fact that these Irregulars were called Rangers leads thoughts of the unpleasant events that had been happening in North America. We had been at loggerheads, indeed in open and undisguised hostility with our own countrymen, the colonists, now for the first time called Americans, with superb disregard for all the rest of those many varied races who inhabit the American Continent. We had beaten the Americans in several pitched battles, had indeed won in the set pieces and scored heavily in much of the lighter warfare. But the colonists got the better of our leaders, and in the end

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obliged Cornwallis to surrender. After that we left the Americans to themselves and turned increased attention on the French, who had aided and abetted our colonists.

There must have been a rankling feeling of dissatisfaction over the whole American business amongst British people, and as that state of nerves generally leads to action, it broke out on the side of martial enthusiasm. The extent to which the American War influenced popular thought may be judged by the fact that "Rangers" became a popular name for irregular formations. Several such formations had played an intensely active and exciting part in the American War under leaders the story of whose exploits soon passed from history into legend. No doubt Tarleton, Simcoe and Ferguson, with the legions they raised and led, did wonderful things. These troops were all recruited in North America, and called Rangers. This description seems to offer more scope for individual enterprise than that of Dragoon, however light he be. This Ranger idea would appeal strongly to the Briton who likes his discipline to be self-imposed and leaving ample room to go his own way on occasion. Even the Peace of Versailles in 1783 did not sensibly abate this martial ardour, for there is no record of any break in the existence of the Norfolk Rangers. They dressed themselves admirably for the part in green with black facings, black caps with green feathers; in fact they gave themselves quite a woodland air. Sir Edward Astley's Melton Volunteers added a dash of colour to the genteel green, and the orange facings that distinguished the Norfolk Yeomanry throughout many generations may be traced back to that date, 1782. East Anglia witnessed a great gathering of volunteer gallantry, some of which helped to fill the ranks of new regular regiments raised between 1792 and 1802; of these the 24th Light Dragoons were recruited entirely in Norfolk.

With all this serious military effort, time was still found for popular pastime; the smugglers put up quite a cheery little affray at Hunstanton, light-heartedly taking on a party of Light Dragoons only to find that they had arrived at the wrong address.

In this patriotic movement our English stage took its lawful place and helped the good cause with a performance of "The Military Pantomime" on His Majesty's birthday. The Norwich critic of such performances considered the show a bit crude, but informed his readers that "the intent is to please"; not a very novel idea, but that is what the pundit said; we must guess of all

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he left unsaid would we arrive at an estimate of the pantomime's artistic quality.

During the protracted war with France a curious incident shed light upon methods which then were probably old, but which were revived in the Great War and held up as the latest thing in science as applied to war; they are summed up now in the word Propaganda. The French, it appears, tried it first on the Marines; perhaps they had been given this as a suitable address to which they might apply fiction. It appears that hand-bills were distributed to troops, and the Chatham Marines felt called upon to reply in dignified periods. "As we do not know who you are that have taken the liberty to address us as brethren, but from the tenor of whose Address we have every reason to disown as such," the answer begins, "You ask, Are we not men? We are men, we know it, and should the enemies of our King, our Country or Constitution ever oppose us, we will prove ourselves. You ask, Are we anywhere respected as Men? Yes, we are not only respected as men, but by many good men regarded as Protectors of our country. You say wrong notions of Discipline have led us to be despised. We as good soldiers, glory in proper discipline." This and more was signed by all the N.C.O.s of the Marines on behalf of themselves and all other ranks; those who know the soldier will recognize this as the sort of language he uses when annoyed.

Annoyance was also shown by the Inniskilling Dragoons at Norwich in less classic style, yet it carried conviction to the offender, who appears to have been making inflammatory speeches. The lecturer heard that the Inniskillings were coming to have speech of him and hid himself. In course of their quest the "Skins" wrecked a pub or two, after which their officers induced them to return to barracks. There is no record of the language used on this occasion. Then also the N.C.O.s and privates of two troops of Norfolk Fencible Cavalry, then quartered at Carlisle, gave practical demonstration of their loyalty. In a letter to Colonel Harbord, their C.O., they offered three days' pay from each N.C.O. and man (on conviction before a magistrate) to any person or persons who shall give information of any wicked attempts, either distributing money, seditious writings, or persuasive language tending to excite or cause any disturbance in the said troops. They worked hard, did all those gallant Fencibles and others, and some got their reward, a word of praise, a medal, a dinner. One Norfolk

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troop, after inspection, dismounted at the request of the General, which was very nice of them. They were then thanked individually for their steadiness and exertion. Then the sporting parson, Thomas C. Munnings, a sergeant of the 4th Troop of Norfolk Yeomanry, was presented by his immediate comrades with an emblematic medal. These warriors could relax on occasion, and there is mention of a most "convivial soldierlike" dinner in the field, following a General's inspection. "After dinner some respectable characters joined the local troop."

Dragoons, Hussars, Lancers succeeded each other in the



barracks under the slope of Mousehold Heath, and performed their military evolutions on the top of it. There were occasional gaps; from 1810 to 1814 there was no cavalry in Norwich, and in 1815 the Brunswick Hussars of the King's German Legion were called out to quell a tumult which had broken out on Castle Hill. This mention of the "Black Brunswickers" could open out a whole long chapter on the subject of "Foreign mercenaries." It would even be quite possible to write a book in several volumes on this subject, a work of the kind produced by plodding, serious dilettanti of the eighteenth century, dignified,

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handsomely bound and relegated to the dustiest shelves in old country house libraries. Not that any English writing man would have found any sufficient reason for giving to the world his views on mercenaries, for at his time the hiring of foreign fighting men was still part of the natural order of things. Your Government had troublesome little wars in out-of-the-way places in which your own people took little or no interest. Anyway, except for a few, a very few adventurers, no one cared to leave a comfortable island home to go knocking about in primeval forests fighting, when you met them at all, bunches of your own countrymen who had a generation or so since taken to the backwoods and there developed absurd notions of self-government. When British troops were not to be had in sufficient numbers they hired foreigners, who were supposed to be less sensitive as to the treatment they received or the wage offered them. Very small was the wage by the time the foreign fighting man touched it; he had, however, the satisfaction of knowing that the Court and State of the little German principality, his homeland, was by his sacrifice maintaining a splendour in keeping with its style and title.

Hessians, renowned as stout fighting men, were much sought after by British recruiting officers, and on some occasions formed the bulk of Britain's expeditionary forces. They were well-behaved troops, as amenable in quarters as they were reliable in the field, yet a bad name clung to them—mercenaries. The Prussians were especially outspoken on the subject and rightly disliked the whole degrading system, and took strong measures to suppress it; any foreign agent caught in the act of enticing the King of Prussia's subjects out of his country was promptly thrown into prison and kept there for three years. The Prussians led the Central European attack on "mercenaries," with special reference to the British Army, during the last South African War, but by that time interest in the question was dead, and the attempt to flog it into life again was in keeping with the German's hopeless inadequacy as a psychologist. There was, indeed, unconscious humour in the self-righteous attitude assumed by German talkers on the subject of "mercenaries." They themselves wanted a huge army for purposes that became painfully obvious in 1914, but as they could not afford to pay each soldier an appropriate wage, they invested their compulsory army service with the glamour of selfless love of country. This was expected to raise the whole of Germany's armed forces on to a

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higher plane than that of Great Britain, which still holds that the labourer, even the soldier, is worthy of his hire. The secret police history of Germany threw a curious light from time to time on the attitude of the German industrial worker to the system of his country's military service. And those who have trained Germans to be soldiers during the three years each one is given in which to become an efficient cavalryman, could tell "with what joy they went away" on discharge to the Reserve.

No doubt the stigma that attaches to the word mercenary has clung to the paid soldier since the days of the *condottieri*, when Europe in general, and Italy in particular, suffered from chronic warfare. The *condottiere* had a very good time until someone thought it time to knock him on the head. He led a carefree life while it lasted, travelled light as he soon lost the loot he collected, and was not burdened by any scruples or moral considerations. He had to be something of a diplomat too, and that in medieval Italy was not consistent with common honesty, therefore whatever reputation he may have had to start with, was soon lying about in rags on the tented field and in the Council Chamber. Sismondi, that candid historian, shows one leader hired by a city republic to fight its battles, conferring with another of some rival city, and arranging to conduct hostilities with the minimum of loyalty to their respective paymasters and the maximum of gain to themselves. It would seem that English leaders alone were accounted incorruptible; they might take whatever money anyone offered, and thank him kindly, but they had never been known to let down their employers.

Norwich had an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with one of these engaging adventurers. He came to this ancient and respectable city as bishop straight from Italy where he had served under his brother in the Company of St. George, of which John Hawkwood was the life and soul. The Bishop de Spencer had occasion to practise his former calling during the peasant risings in the reign of Richard II. John Litester (Lister), a dyer of Norwich, had proclaimed himself King of Norfolk, and was beginning to give a performance of the part as he conceived it, when the Bishop and a party of friends, all appropriately equipped, stirred up Litester and his rabble with their lances and chased them as far as North Walsham. There the insurgents ensconced themselves behind ditch and mound of an earthwork, the outline of which may still be seen. The Bishop and his host took this stronghold at a gallop and with much sounding of

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trumpets, and that was the end of John Lister. Anyone who has been stationed at Norwich will remember that away over the heath to north-eastward there is fine country for the chase. It is superfluous to remark that Bishops are no longer recruited amongst the freebooters.

Of the Black Brunswickers no one could say that they were mercenaries. They began as the "Legion of Vengeance," one of the many partisan corps that were called into being by French military aggression at the close of the eighteenth century. Legions were the prevailing fashion in things military at the time. A Legion was an independent command consisting of all arms which moved about with great rapidity, generally with some definite purpose and invariably with a complete disregard of other people's feelings. The British Government had taken up the idea, but half-heartedly, as indeed it went hesitant into the war, and sacrificed a number of serious-minded persons quite uselessly. These were, among others, the Frenchmen who had been formed into a Loyal French Emigrant Legion. They were clothed resplendently, you might say fantastically, appropriately armed too, and given picturesque description—Rohan Hussars, Hullans Britanniques, York Rifles—and then sent out on that disastrous expedition to the Quiberon peninsula. Their story was short and tragic, and ended in a meadow near Auray, called the Prairie des Martyrs to this day.

The Germans managed their irregular military enterprise much better. A number of Legions under famous partisans—Lützow, Helwig, Schill, all hussars—performed deeds of daring that are still the subject of popular songs wherever German youth is gathered together, notably in the present revival of Liberation ardour. Of these partisan corps that of Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick-Oels, had the shortest but perhaps the liveliest career. Impetuous, romantic and almost unbalanced by his thirst for vengeance on the French for all the changes they were forcing upon the poor old Roman Empire, Frederick William went out from his little principality in Silesia and collected an army. He recruited it chiefly in Bohemia, divided it into Hussars and rifle-men, dressed them in black with white metal skull and crossbones wherever there was room for that distinctive badge, and then started out on conquest. The kingdom of Saxony was very flabby at the time, wanted a little stiffening, so Duke Frederick raided the country and took possession of Dresden, Meissen (where they still make the porcelain) and

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Leipzig. He gave Bavaria a call, which was not answered with any enthusiasm, and then disported himself on the French lines of communication, an ideal pursuit for a partisan corps. He caught the town of Hallerstadt napping, stormed it and took captive a large number of troops, which must have been rather embarrassing, as he had no base to which he could dispatch them.

There was another brilliant affair near Brunswick; the French and their allies were closing in upon him, but he and his corps, by sheer skill and audacity, managed to cut their way through to the coast. Here they were picked up by British ships and carried to England, where Duke Frederick's whole command was taken over by the Government. Thus it was that Black Brunswickers came to Norwich, where, by the way, they had that unpleasant task of putting down some civil disturbance. The Duke himself fell at Ligny; his cavalry returned to Germany and lived on as the 17th Brunswick Hussars, at least until the revolution in Germany in 1918. Their present status and condition is a matter of conjecture. During 1915 those 17th Brunswick Hussars were on the Western German Front. I met one who had become our guest quite involuntarily. He was not happy, partly on account of his captive condition, but largely because he was wearing an infantry helmet with his braided hussar jacket. He did this by order of the All Highest War Lord, the great idea being to render him less conspicuous in the trenches. None of us British or German, whose habitation at that time was in a front-line trench, had any desire to become conspicuous, so this All Highest order was appreciated as a token of the War Lord's selfless, fatherly care. Nevertheless, no good cavalryman is at his best when he knows that he is wearing the wrong kind of hat.

On the Black Brunswickers followed a succession of British regiments with headquarters in Ipswich, until 1822, when Lieutenant-Colonel Burnsby brought the 7th Dragoon Guards to Norwich. In the same year there were detachments of 1st Royal Dragoons and 16th Lancers in and about Norwich, and in the following year two Hussar regiments, the 15th and the 8th, came into garrison.

For some reason or other the 8th Hussars, when giving place to the "Bays" in 1823, left their snuff-jar behind; a lacquered jar standing about three feet high with a crown on top and the regimental crest and motto displayed above its comfortably bulging

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middle. You may see that jar occupying a place of honour and surrounded by other souvenirs of old cavalry days in Miller's tobacco shop. A Highlander stands at the door scrutinizing the folk that pass up and down London Street; he seems to have done so since Miller's was established in 1802, when the 13th Light Dragoons were at Norwich with detachments at Beccles and Bungay.

Again during the Crimean War there was no cavalry regiment at Norwich, their place being taken by artillery. In this connection the *Gazette* of 1854 notifies that the command of the Royal Horse Artillery and Rockets for the campaign had been given to Lieutenant-Colonel Fox-Strangways, who had commanded the Rocket brigade at the battle of Leipzig. For this he received the thanks of the allied Sovereigns on the field of battle. He was wounded severely at Waterloo, and must have reached the age of seventy by the time of the Crimean War.

Promotion was evidently very slow in some branches; of this General Sir Robert J. Harvey was a striking instance. He was born at Thorpe by Norwich, and died at his seat, Mousehold House, in 1860 at the age of seventy-five. There is a memorial tablet to him in the cathedral, but in enumerating some of the decorations he won, it only hints at the varied incidents of his career. Although he belonged to the 53rd Foot, he had passed some time in the 4th Dragoons, and it was the cavalry spirit that supported him on his ride in 1814 from Paris to Lisbon, 1,400 miles in fourteen days, carrying dispatches for Beresford when Wellington was Ambassador in Paris. A characteristic story is told of his arriving at Salamanca after the gates had been closed. He remembered the state of the defences when last he had seen them, rode to a gap in the wall of which he had a lively recollection, and there he found neither sentry nor anyone to prevent him from entering the city once more by the breach.

During the occupation of Paris by the Allies after the hundred days' campaign, the Norwich *Mercury* was well furnished with items of news by correspondents. One told of how a short Captain of British Lancers had been rudely jostled by a tall Captain of French Lancers. The British Lancer, according to national custom, knocked the French Lancer down, as the latter had offered no apologies. The Frenchman wanted to fight it out with swords, the Englishman proposed pistols; as compromise they decided on settling matters with their "native" weapon, the lance. So in knightly fashion they charged each

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other, and as the Englishman, though short, carried more weight, the Frenchman was pulled out of the fray irretrievably damaged.

The Napoleonic wars, like all others, left an aftermath of trouble, distress and discontent, and at times the cavalry at Norwich had to aid the civil power by dispersing riotous crowds. But on the whole the citizens and their cavalry garrison got along very well together; the latter were so useful in cases of fire. As thank-offering for timely assistance at an alarming fire in St. Giles', the corporation presented £5 to the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers. It had previously sent a barrel of beer to the barracks that the men might drink to the King's health. This does not sound any too much beer, but it must be remembered that the regiment was split up into garrisons for Ipswich as well as Norwich, finding outlying posts along the coast, as smugglers were still as busy as they could be. On another occasion the High Sheriff, Lord Stafford, the Mayor, City Sheriff, Corporation, and everyone who was anyone attended the funeral of the officer commanding the Scots Greys, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Thomas P. Hankin, who was buried in the cathedral on 2nd November, 1825.

The ever-watchful Norwich *Mercury*, looking out for anything that should inform as well as entertain its readers, gives of the Crimean period an impression which contradicts some of the views we may hold on the affairs of those days. It seems to have felt that we had been jockeyed into the Crimean War by France, and with the deliberate purpose of holding us up to ridicule as a military nation. The British soldier, especially he of the cavalry, saved the reputation of our race, for no one was disposed to ridicule our Army in view of the deeds done at Inkerman and Balaclava. A curious opinion is expressed in the *Mercury's* columns, as one generally held at the time, namely "that until the Turkish Infantry get a new musket and another set of officers, they will never appear to any advantage." And rather characteristic of Austria, it says that country was still making preparations for taking her part in the war late in 1845.

The Crimean War, as indeed every other, served to bring out the best qualities of the British soldier not only at a professional valuation, but regarding him as a citizen of a wide, perhaps wicked, but undeniably pleasant world. About a score of years ago I was led to inspect an object of veneration at Constanza on the Black Sea shore. The inscription told the tale of

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an Englishman, an Army surgeon, who, having had charge of a hospital at Constanza, stayed on after the Crimean War. The stone said nothing of the man's sacrifice in exiling himself from home because the people about him had learned to turn to him in their troubles, neither were there any written testimonials expressing the esteem of the public. But there lingered still on the hot and dusty air a fragrance as of grateful memory to one of that strange race that comes from out the distant isles in order to serve others.

"Norfolk not a fox-hunting country?" This was a question put to the world at large through the columns of the *Norwich Mercury*, and answered at once by the same correspondent. "If anyone doubts the possibility of seeing stout foxes and good hunting runs, let him throw his quota into the Hon. Secretary's treasury and then forthwith purchase a well-bred nag and get without loss of time to the covert side." This was in reference to the pack established in 1856 as Norfolk Foxhounds and hunted in 1860 when above letter was written by Henry Villebois. The same Henry Villebois it was who gave a stag called Sir Walter Scott to the stag-hunt. A beast of very uncertain and savage temper was Sir Walter. If he saw two or three horsemen together he went straight at them, so they had to scatter in haste. The stag probably knew what little groups of horsemen meant and wanted to "get one in first"; you cannot blame him. As for stout foxes, if all the tales that are told of them in Norfolk are true, then indeed is the correspondent quoted above justified in his statements.

The Church in early days keenly encouraged all sports and pastimes, and the chase was very much the concern of such sportsmen as Bishop Losinga, the builder of Norwich Cathedral. He expressly ordered that the privilege of hunting game at Arminghall and Thorpe was to be reserved for the needs of the Bishop and clergy. Thus hunting of all kinds started under the best auspices. It was as usual of a very varied character; anything that was likely to give a sporting run met with proper attention. In Norfolk this mixed hunting seems to have lasted longer than elsewhere, at least it would be hard to find in the memory of living man a case parallel to that of Charles Chaston. About 1873 this sportsman was Master of Harriers and of Staghounds at the same time. He hunted the country from the Waveney right up to Norwich. Harvey describes the sort of variety entertainment Charles Chaston provided. The meet was

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at ten in the morning, and the Master drove up to it with a large van containing two packs of hounds and the deer, all in separate compartments. The Master arrived wearing a green coat, while a red one was carried on the top of the van. He changed into this at midday, when he would call off the harriers and treat his followers to a stag-hunt. This hunt was indifferently called the Norfolk and Suffolk or the Waveney Staghounds, and seems to have descended more or less directly from several old packs, Sir James Astley's, who hunted the Melton Constable country, and the Westacre Staghounds, who were busy about Swaffham, both in the first half of the nineteenth century.

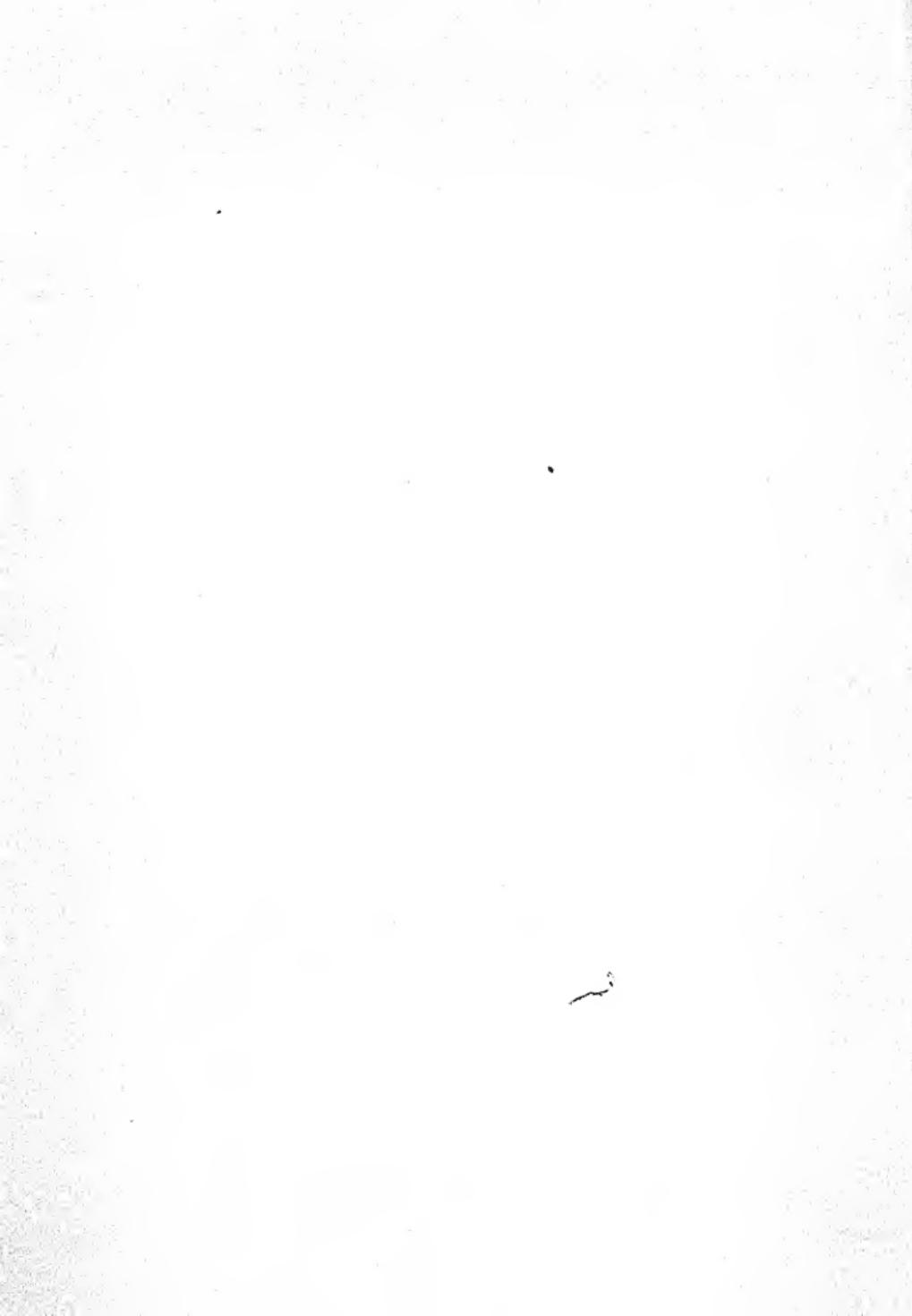
The cavalry seem to have started a pack of its own at about this time, when Jack Anstruther Thomson of the 13th Light Dragoons in 1842 got his Cornet, Gwynne Hughes, to send for nine couples of the smooth Welsh sort, hounds with sharp noses and rather light of bone. "We wore red coats and blue bird's-eye neck-cloths," says Colonel Anstruther Thomson in his "Reminiscences." The Scots Greys took over the pack of the 13th Light Dragoons, but the kennels were, it appears, at Hadleigh in Suffolk, near which place Captain Lord William Hill of that regiment was killed by his horse bolting under a tree. From 1854 to 1856, Lord Suffield's Gunton Staghounds and his Fox-hounds at Dereham hunted throughout the whole county. "I was my own huntsman," said Lord Suffield, "and I went with the hounds wherever I was asked." The West Norfolk Fox-hounds, still going strong, seem to be the descendants of Lord Suffield's Dereham pack.

After the Crimean War, when cavalry again came to Norwich, until 1883, the country within reach was being sufficiently well hunted by several packs, and the regiment in garrison had plenty of choice in this line of sport. In Charles Chaston's heyday the 7th Hussars were at Norwich, and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was doing duty with them. A change came in 1883, when for some sufficient reason the 4th Hussars took over the Norfolk Staghounds, using them first as drag-hounds. The kennels were first at Denmark Farm, Sprowston, and then close to the barracks at Norwich itself. The 19th Hussars hunted this pack for two years, and then followed a glorious period under the 8th Hussars from 1890 to 1893. A sporting parson, Rev. Alfred Fellowes of Shottesham, declared, "I think Peter Clowes (Major R. L. Clowes at the time) was quite the best man we had in any of the regiments that had the

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hounds. The only complaint I ever heard against him was from the 'old slow tops,' all of whom got left behind."

A remarkable run is recorded again in Colonel J. R. Harvey's "Deer-Hunting in Norfolk" from the time when the King's Dragoon Guards took over the pack. The meet was at Haddiscoe station, the run from Reedham Marshes towards Fritton Common, Caldecot Hall, and back again to Fritton. Here the stag swam the decoy, ran on to Herringfleet, through Somerleyton Park to Oulton, back again to Blundeston and on to Corton, where it went over the cliff into the sea. Here the chase was taken up by longshore boats and finished at Lowestoft, where the stag arrived as passenger. The 7th Dragoon Guards had a memorable run in 1895, when the stag ran the field to a standstill on Fritton Common. But the South African War began what the Great War ended, and cavalry passed out of Norwich, never to return to Household Heath, beautiful especially when the gorse and broom are in blossom and the cathedral and castle rise out of the smoke of the city. There is now something pathetic in the loneliness of Household Heath, where many generations of men and horses have gone about their work and pleasure together.



PART TWO
WESSEX, THE SOUTH, AND KENT



WESSEX, THE SOUTH, AND KENT

Cavalrymen in Thomas Hardy's novels—Thomas Maxwell's Dorset Regiment—Some early Georgian characters—A Royal M.F.H.—DORCHESTER and other Hardy cavalry stations—Cavalry in Sussex.

WESSEX conjures up visions of characters created by Thomas Hardy and of the countryside from which he called them to take their place among the Immortals. There are two cavalrymen who figure prominently in Hardy's novels, the Trumpet Major in the novel under that title, and Sergeant Troy of "Far from the Madding Crowd." It would be hard to find a more lovable character in fiction than the modest hero of the first named novel. As setting for the "Trumpet Major," nothing would be more fitting than the utterly English Wessex coast, which Thomas Hardy knew as he knew the secrets of his own heart, the heart that lies buried at Stinsford nigh Dorchester. The Trumpet Major stands out above a host of other simple, kindly folk that live in the broad folds of the southern downs and have their business on the smooth hillsides and in the breeze that comes up the Channel from the blue water beyond. They have their little failings, and some suffer punishment, hard but just, at the hands of their fellows, as did that too talkative yeoman in the story. His share in the excitement of a reported invasion led him into serious trouble with his brother yeomen. The whole episode is told with such fidelity to the probabilities that you feel complete confidence in the correctness of all Hardy's statements concern-

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ing local conditions at the time of which he writes. The "Trumpet Major" is instinct with that calm and curiously impersonal enthusiasm of the Saxon in dangerous times. Wessex and all the south of England were as apprehensive of an invasion as was East Anglia. People took a certain pride in this; the prospect of coming down one morning to find the breakfast-room full of invading Frenchmen gave a distinction to their part of the country not attainable by those who lived beyond the immediate danger of such happening. These feelings, specially reinforced by a sense of a common danger without any personal fear of it, brought out all the good qualities of the kindly folk, and also threw a smiling light on their little foibles.

All this Thomas Hardy of Wessex lays before us as he carries us into his own country. There is the scene in which you see horsemen coming over the downs, first a scout here and there, then small parties followed by a sinuous column winding its glittering way of scarlet and blue and flashing steel down the Roman road from Dorchester. Maiden Castle had watched those horsemen pass even as it had seen Romans come up from the sea to find their way disputed by the Iceni travelling with their herds from the North Sea at Gorleston to their winter quarters about Weymouth. They were not disposed to allow any interference with the customs of their tribe. Straight on north-eastward leads the road, leaving Old Sarum reflecting on all the horsemen it has known, last but not least the sporting band at Tidworth, attenuated in quantity, in quality unsurpassed, a *beau reste* of what was the finest cavalry in Europe and had its home in comfortable English garrison towns. Many of these have been out of commission so long that their activity as such has passed out of man's memory.

Thomas Hardy recalls that activity to us in his novels. In "Budworth" he shows us Weymouth growing into importance under the patronage of George III. You will remember that Fanny Day met Dick Dewey by the statue of the good king who started the fortunes of Weymouth. Hitherto Melcombe Regis had been paramount before ever the Normans came; now Weymouth had set up a row of broad-faced Georgian houses looking out over the heads of bathers as described by Fanny Burney, and had in 1800 contracted for an esplanade wall. There was progress! Wherever Royalty regularly resided there also would you find a proper cavalry escort to accommodate which barracks were built along the Radipole Road in Weymouth.

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The 4th Hussars can claim Wessex as their regiment's birth-place, since Thomas Maxwell raised it in 1685 from among the Dorset Loyalists who had fought against Monmouth and his unhappy army of misguided rebels.

Even before Royalty recognized the amenities of the Wessex coast, Weymouth was developing a gay, not to say frivolous spirit, quite at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Perhaps they were celebrating the death of James II or drinking perdition to his son, whom the King of France had tactfully proclaimed as James III of England. Anyway, the chronicler tells of two gallants that they "drancke punch to a great hight," and then went out to Melcombe to fight with swords. This was the normal climax to a day's enjoyment, and usually proved quite harmless, as the combatants would devote much energy on pinking the adversary who was not there. Swearing was considered just as seriously as drinking, and to the former pastime John Palmer was a local devotee. In 1701 he indulged in an outburst of blasphemous swearing, and again, the year later, he swore four oaths, not handed down for our edification. For this John Palmer was clapped in the stocks, and—it may be merely coincidence—Weymouth began to think seriously about starting a fire engine. This idea materialized in 1792, by which time Weymouth had been blessed with three years of Royal sunshine. Not only did Royalty encourage the local pastime of sea-bathing, but also took an active part in every form of sport, notably that which had long enjoyed a stable place in popular affections. Racing has already been mentioned; its elder brother, hunting, is worthy of all the records that have come down to us concerning it. The trouble is that records, until the latter half of the eighteenth century, are rather meagre. We know little more than that hares and foxes were hunted in Cranborne Chase before Edward III led the men of the Shires to victory at Crécy. The Isle of Purbeck was one of the likeliest places for good sport, as the 1635 Survey declares that "in this island doth range many goodly deere." But Dorset, being in between Royalists and Puritans throughout the Civil War, the deer on Purbeck were practically exterminated. You can easily imagine the damage done to game by a Puritan army hanging about Corfe Castle until they managed to "slight" the ramparts of that ancient stronghold, after breaking down Lady Banke's gallant defence. But even with the disappearance of the red and fallow deer there remained the fox.

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Dorset, like most other English counties, claims to be one of the first in which hunting was carried on under regular conditions. As a matter of fact, the movement to organize fox-hunting seems to have begun in most parts of England at the same time, and was no doubt brought on by the same causes, social and economic. But Dorset may claim the unique distinction of having a Royal master on its roll of M.F.H. When still Prince of Wales, George IV kept hounds at Puddletown and hunted from Crichel. This Royal pack is probably identified with that hunted by the Right Honorable John Calcraft in 1790, as it was also kennelled at Puddletown. Of those who followed this hunt was one, the Rev. Billy Butler, rector of Frampton, who knew all the haunts of every fox in the Puddletown country. All the sporting world, including the Prince of Wales, was a friend to Billy Butler. In the case of His Royal Highness, the friendship began one day when hounds were a bit shy of drawing some very dense cover. Billy Butler picked up the hound Trojan bodily, put him into the middle of the thickest gorse, and drew. The Rev. Billy rode home from the hunt that day on a fine chestnut presented to him by His Royal Highness. It is good to think that hunting is still going strong in Dorset, and that the gunners now at Dorchester are right in the middle of it all.

Where there was cavalry there would you also find racing. We know that Sergeant Troy went over to Weymouth from his garrison of Casterbridge, which is the Hardian for Dorchester. Now demure Dorchester had quite a varied and exciting experience of mounted troops until it settled down to that extremely respectable status of a single battery station Royal Artillery. Danes, having "horsed" themselves, paid frequent calls. It had been made so easy for them to raid the place by the way the Romans had laid out their Durnovaria in four main streets, perfectly straight and crossing each other; you simply had to ride through the place and pick up anything you wanted. King John, also of a predatory nature, called here occasionally with bands of mercenaries, emphasizing his visits with hangings, drawings and quarterings, according to the fine old medieval custom. Where there are troops there is also—at least there used to be—a steady call for beer. Realizing this, the people of Dorchester, after a disastrous fire in 1613, decided to build a brew-house in order to maintain a hospital by the profits on the sale of beer.

During the Civil War, Dorchester seems to have shared the

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condemnation of Meroz, being taken and retaken by contending sides until the nerves of the inhabitants were thoroughly jangled. Even before that troublous time there was occasional discontent in Dorchester, but the town-fathers knew how to deal with it. A man such as Robert Foote, who was charged with being "severall tymes drunke and wishing that fire and brimstone might fall on this town, it being sufficiently proud," was put in prison. In the same year two women who had spent "the most part of two daies in scolding" were "plounced" (ducked), which ceremony was also performed on Mary Tuxberry, who started "a scoulding at the sergeants collecting fines." Out of great consideration the "plouncing" was postponed until the weather was warmer. This was all intended to show how justice may be "indifferently ministered" when entrusted to local authorities who know their own people. But when Judge Jeffreys came to Dorchester he offered a very different version of ministering justice. In 1685 he opened his Bloody Assize, and swore and bullied his way through a couple of hundred victims, some accused only of being "absent from their habitacons from and att the tyme of the Rebellion." However, it was the same rebellion which caused James II to raise a number of cavalry regiments wherewith to garrison county capitals and other important towns like Dorchester, so some good came of all the trouble the Stuarts brought upon themselves.

Hardy gives us also Exeter and Salisbury, under the names of Exonbury and Melchester, as cavalry stations. Exeter would be a likely headquarters for cavalry in aid of the Preventive Service, which leads a very strenuous life on the south coast, and could not always count on assistance from the local authorities. We hear of a mayor of Penzance who obstructed the Dragoons in the execution of their office by all means in his power. He was reputed to be the most notorious smuggler on the coast of Cornwall, and he could count upon the support of an enthusiastic populace. Salisbury, we know, frequently was host to regiments of Horse, and was much in request in that capacity during the dynastic changes in the British Constitution at the close of the seventeenth century. Salisbury seems to have shown a leaning towards the Stuarts, even as Oxford did, for which reason, by the way, George II sent a regiment of Dragoons to that ancient and learned city just to discourage the adherents of him who was described as the Young Pretender. Cambridge, *per contra*, presented a loyal, and probably very long, address to the King, in

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return for which His Majesty bestowed a portion of his library on that seat of learning. As was the custom of the time, the wits of the town treated the occurrence with levity and in verse.

"The King to Oxford sent a troop of Horse,
For Tories know no argument but force.
With equal wisdom books to Cambridge sent,
For Whigs do know no force but argument."

And by way of a harder kick at both sides :

"Dragoons to Oxford have been sent by Royalty,
That very learned body wanting loyalty.
Books he to Cambridge sent, as well discerning
That very loyal body wanted learning."

Mention of the House of Hanover brings into the foreground of this work a very gallant body of men who made their home in this country, being welcomed here as much for their high personal qualities as for the dangers and trials through which they had passed in the cause of Liberty. They came from a Germany entirely distracted by conflicting interests among its many rulers, great and small. Some of these decided to get what terms they could from their aggressive French neighbours in the hope of struggling along somehow; others, especially Prussia, stood out against compromise. To reach Prussia the French would have to cross the territory of many small states and some of greater importance, amongst the latter being the Electorate of Hanover. This was, unfortunately for that country, the time chosen by its Government for effecting economies. The defences were in such lamentable condition that the French saw no need to show consideration to one so ill-prepared. The Hanover Government tried to negotiate, but while diplomatic conversations were in progress, the French took prisoner Lieutenant von Linsingen and his trumpeter with a flag of truce. After this characteristic affair, the French simply overran Hanover as it pleased them, driving the Elector's Army on to the northern boundary of the state. There was, among other shady manœuvres of French diplomacy, a deliberate misinterpretation of a note from the British Government, by which General Mortier felt himself justified in his actions. This was early in 1803. In July of that year British ships were authorized to pick up and convey to England any odd bits of continental armies, if so be they fancied

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a change of air and environment. In the course of this enterprise the King's Navy collected the Electoral stud and an appreciable rest of the Hanoverian Army. These troops formed the foundation of that famous and intensely loyal body, the King's German Legion.

A number of places that have probably forgotten all about their relations to this Legion served it in different ways. Lymingtonians to-day may possibly be surprised to hear that their charming town was a rendezvous for recruits of the Foreign Legion. Landing-places for troops were at Plymouth and Harwich, whence officers dispatched them to the rendezvous. There are memories of the King's German Legion still at Ipswich and Colchester. The cavalry regiments, Heavies and Hussars, are generally heard of in Wessex and the South, at Weymouth, Canterbury, Winchester, Guildford, or as far afield as Northampton, either setting out on some war-like enterprise or returning from a victorious campaign in company with their British comrades, or on some expedition of which the public probably knew little, for which it cared less. There was the expedition that the chivalrous King of Sweden led to Stralsund, a strong city which Wallenstein in his time had sworn to take, even were it bound by chains to High Heaven. He failed, so did the Swedish expedition, but it had the result of bringing more recruits to the Legion from among foreigners serving in the Danish Army. The Danes themselves were much annoyed with us at the time on account of our bombardment of Copenhagen, which they considered distinctly unfriendly; and so it was.

In 1809 we find the 1st Hussars of the Legion embarking for Portugal with the 23rd British Light Dragoons; in the same year, others of the German cavalry regiments returned to these shores, landed at Plymouth, Falmouth, Portsmouth, and thence marched to south coast garrison towns. Of these, Chichester appears to have been one, a very modest one too, while Brighton was rapidly growing up into a fashionable resort, leaving its county capital far behind in material respects. Happily, Chichester has kept its soul, whereas it is an open question whether Brighton has any.

Brighton, like Weymouth, owes its good fortunes to the patronage of Royalty. Its façade towards the sea is still an appreciable part of its whole extent, but the back of it is spreading and sprawling over the lovely countryside, swallowing pretty villages, eating up those downs whereon cavalry trained for its serious purpose. Brighton likes to be considered the Queen of the South

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Coast; no queen ever treats cavalry as Brighton did when it bricked up the open spaces where a horse can stretch its neck and legs; say, rather, that Brighton may be more fitly likened unto the "flaunting extravagant quean" of a song popular when Brighton was young. It is a number of years since cavalry left Brighton, so records of their activity here will soon be lost in the reek of the stream of motors that carry overfed Londoners to the seaside. In its best days, with an unspoilt hinterland, it was a popular station. The 7th Hussars were here in 1815 and marched from here to embark for Antwerp and the Waterloo campaign. This is mentioned in the letters of a gentleman from Bungay who visited Brighton at that time, a Mr. J. B. Scott. Thomas Felton of the 7th Hussars, which Sir Edward Kerrison commanded at the time, had introduced the visitor to his mess. "I was agreeably surprised at the quiet good sense and temperance of their society," writes Mr. Scott, which is very nice of him. His letters have recently been collected and ably edited. They make pleasant reading and are of more than local interest, for he went about the world a bit from his base in Suffolk and saw many things. The crowning events of Mr. Scott's life were "an interview and personal conversation with the great man of the age, with Napoleon himself," and next his election as Town Reeve of his native city. No one who has not lived in Bungay and wholly belongs there can fully appreciate the utter, final importance of this. It appears from his diary that Mr. Scott succeeded General Sir Edward Kerrison in this high office, which they say has not been modified to any appreciable extent since Saxon times. This proves the elders and wise men of Bungay to have been men of a right judgment in all things. Moreover, there is no sign of any falling off in wisdom and misunderstanding; Bungay men themselves will admit this freely when pressed for an opinion on the governance of their ancient burgh.

We will leave Brighton to its self-appointed throne as Queen of the South Coast on a pebble beach, and look for a city to whom every cavalryman will surely offer the devotion due to a queen indeed: to wit, Canterbury. Let us cross over into Kent by the road that runs along the coast wherever it can conveniently do so, over the county border, cutting off that triangle with Dungeness at its apex and isolated Lydd at its heart, leaving behind us Appledore and the Romneys Old and New, passing Dymchurch to Hythe. We will avoid Shorncliffe as the bleakest of all cavalry stations, at least so it feels on arriving there straight from India,

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and take the road the Romans laid, starting at Saltwood Castle. We must be careful of the company we meet: for instance, those furtive horsemen riding swiftly, strangely noiseless, are out for mischief. They rode this way centuries ago against rain and wind, broke into the sanctuary of Canterbury Cathedral and slew the Primate of all England: four knights—their names, Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Moreville, William de Tracey, Richard le Brez—riding through the wild December night to kill an Englishman and give him a name that lives on in our island history and is revered in other countries. It may very well have been one of the many visitors to Canterbury, Leo von Rotzmital, a Bohemian noble sent on embassage to England, who carried the cult of Thomas à Becket back to his own country. Certain it is that there are in Bohemia this day churches dedicated to St. Thomas of Kanterburg or Kandelberg, as old ~~as North~~ chroniclers are pleased to spell the name. Avoid surprise or reflights; you will meet other and better company at Cer'air British. Some of it lives in the hearts of our people rather than in probability; others have found a home in both which is very good; their credit; then there are a host of others who hoverly to ^{or} the fringe of one or other category.

Wending their way down from "a little town,"

" Which that y-cleped is Bobbe-up-and-down,
Under the Blee in Canterbury weye,"

you should see Chaucer's merry pilgrims all a-horseback descending the gentle slopes of Harbledown. The eyes of faith may yet see Betsy Trotwood "insinuating her grey pony among the carts, baskets, vegetables and huckster's" goods of the old Cattle Market, despite the "variety of speeches from the people standing about" who may have been inconvenienced by these bold manœuvres. Meanwhile David Copperfield, who tells this of his aunt, is thinking about Agnes Wickfield at that "very old house bulging out over the road," and which may be identified in three separate streets. This is a generous allowance, but not unique.

Not only as store-house of English history and tradition, but also as the home of England's great game, Cricket,¹ the ancient and venerable city of Canterbury has always had so many things to fill up its days that it could not very well be expected to specialize as a military station. With the exception of Aldershot,

¹ Every other County Cricket Club in the kingdom is expected to rise at this statement.

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no English garrison town does so specialize; soldiers are just part of its social and economic life, and live in excellent relations with the city instead of keeping apart from them, as was so frequently the case in pre-war, militarized Germany. Aldershot is an entirely different proposition. A perfectly harmless little Hampshire village was singled out and gradually smothered under an increasing weight of military formations with all the accretion of those ancillary services that in former times generally failed to function when put to a serious test. A time may come when there will be nothing left of the British Army but the band. What will Aldershot do then?



CANTERBURY

The meaning to England of this beautiful city; the pageantry of history that passed by under the West Gate—The Black Prince, Chaucer and his "Happy Band of Pilgrims," Cromwell and his Ironsides, and the 3rd King's Hussars as first English regiment of regular cavalry to make its home at Canterbury—Trouble with smugglers—Visitors and their cavalry escorts—The Mid-Kent Staghounds and other hunts—The Royal Cavalry Barracks—An old recruiting poster—About Richard Lionheart—Some Pickwickians and other Dickens characters revisit their former haunts.

CANTERBURY as a city has not kept any separate record of its functions as a cavalry station, but cavalrymen who have fond recollections of the place (and any other kind is unthinkable) will excuse this seeming lack of interest, this scarcity of records concerning their own peculiar activities. After all, with a history of a thousand years or so as the cradle and metropolis of England's spiritual progress, Canterbury could not well be expected to dwell exclusively or even at any length on the activities of the cavalry within its gates. Nevertheless there lingers still about the narrow, old-world thoroughfares a spirit of broad-mindedness, a sense of large-heartedness which finds room even in these mechanized days for the horse and his rider. After all, the horse was an important factor in the life of our race; remember Hengist and Horsa, and these legendary heroes are said to have landed on the coast of Kent and made their way inland by the road that leads to Canterbury. For that matter the bulk of the traffic to and from the Continent landing at any Kentish port would converge on the river crossing by the West Gate, and this had been going on for more than five centuries

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before the Saxons took over from the Romans and definitely founded their Cant Wara Byrig.

Even before that early period the horse held high place in the military life of the land. We have all heard how British cavalry and chariotry came down the beach to meet the Romans, how they retreated inland, and how they harried the legionaries when the latter went harvesting where they had not sown. Now Canterbury lies in the north-west corner of a quadrilateral, which must have been of primary importance in the days when invasions of this land were generally made on its south-eastern extremity. At the eastern angle of this quadrilateral was the considerable port of Sandwich, guarded by the strong fortress of Richborough (*Rutupiae*); the south-western angle was at Stutfall Castle, on the border of Romney marshes, where was also the ancient port of Lymne (*Portus Lemanis*). The Romans, of course, appreciated the strategic possibilities of this quadrilateral. They improved the Watling Street, already an ancient roadway, and on it laid the centre of an extended system of coast defence against invaders. The mounted troops were no doubt engaged in patrolling the coast and maintaining touch with G.H.Q., and it is not difficult to imagine the cavalry commander evolving from out his inner consciousness a suitable reply to G.O.C. Legion's demand for "Reasons in Writing" as to the landing of Saxons and other undesirable aliens.

At first it seems, all manner of cavalry doings were attracted to the plain beyond West Gate. Strange pageantry has passed this way and owed its grandeur largely to the horses and horsemen that composed the glittering schemes of colour. Once West Gate in its earlier state, with its traces of Roman work, witnessed the passage of Richard Cœur de Lion and William the Lion of Scotland as they passed into the city, there to sign the Treaty of Canterbury, in 1189 in consideration of 10,000 mark ransom.

Lion-hearted Richard was in his time acclaimed as a great cavalry leader, but modern historians are inclined to discount this virtue by declaring him lacking in finesse as a tactician; in fact some say he was no soldier. This remark has been made about prominent warriors from time immemorial down to the present day, by those who would be hard put to it to answer the simple question, "What is a soldier?" A practical answer to this question was given by one at least of the great leaders of men who passed this way. He went out in martial pomp and

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circumstance to Crécy and Poictiers and came back to be buried here. Above the canopy of his tomb in the cathedral hang the gauntlets, helm and velvet surcoat of Edward the Black Prince, who learned to understand the fighting value of his English soldiery at Crécy and led them to victory at Poictiers. This was the first great English captain since the Conquest. As Biscombe Gardiner says in his book on Canterbury: "We stand by this tomb and all the horrors, brutalities, cruelties of those cruel days are forgotten, and the air resounds with the echoes of the triumph of chivalry."

Chaucer's pilgrims saw the West Gate rebuilt by Simon of Sudbury, much as it is to-day, and his gentle knight must surely have heard of the great tournament that had recently been held in the city. On this occasion one enterprising knight led a wonderful display of cavalry manœuvres. For this feat the gallant was rewarded by his sovereign, Edward III, with a beautiful bit of embroidery, a hood or a scarf, or something useful and ornamental of that kind. No doubt this distinction was as gratifying to the recipient as any O.B.E. awarded to the truly great of our less decorative time.

The day of regular cavalry dawned when Cromwell passed under the West Gate with his Ironsides, and not long after the Restoration, Canterbury became the home of successive regiments of Horse. Records of Canterbury's early days as a cavalry station are scarce, but it seems certain that the first regiment to be quartered here were the 3rd King's Hussars, when as dragoons they returned from campaigning in the Lowlands in 1698. There were no barracks for them, indeed such accommodation was quite unknown in England at the time and very unusual on the Continent; the cavalryman lived the life of a private gentleman in lodgings or billets, which generally had some sort of stable accommodation at hand. In those happy days people were still content with the horse as normal means of locomotion. The 4th Dragoons were thus distributed in Canterbury and its surroundings in 1780, when they had an unpleasant experience. It was probably nothing very unusual, all in the day's work, which entailed amongst other duties that of assisting the Excise in the suppression of smuggling. The incident was sufficiently noteworthy to be recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* as follows:

"As Mr. Joseph Nicholson supervisor of excise in Canterbury having made a large seizure of foreign geneva at Whitstable

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was removing the same to Canterbury, under the escort of a corporal and eight dragoons of the 4th regiment on foot, they were followed by a very numerous body of smugglers upwards of fifty of whom had firearms, who without demanding the goods, fired upon the party by which two dragoons were killed upon the spot and two more dangerously wounded; after which they unloaded the goods and carried them off on their shoulders.

"His Majesty's pardon to the informers with £100 reward from the Commissioners of Excise and fifty guineas from L.Col. Hugonin being immediately offered for apprehending the offenders. John Knight dredger, being apprehended at Whitstable was tried and convicted at the assizes at Maidstone; and after being executed on Pennenden Heath was hung in chains on Borstal Hill, where the fact was committed."

Another duty, pleasant or otherwise according to taste, was to escort Royalty to and from the coast. The East Kent coast has served as landing-stage from the Continent for countless generations of notables, from Julius Cæsar on into the present, though wind and weather had a deal to say in determining the actual port of debarkation. But whichever it was, the notables made for Canterbury as soon as it was endowed with a cavalry garrison and in a position to send out mounted escorts. The wars with France at the end of the eighteenth century caused great activity all along the roads from the coast to the capital; the regiment of Horse stationed at Canterbury gave to such proceedings an air of chivalry well suited to the times and the divers occasions. There was, for instance, one such instance that was entitled to a full display of pomp and circumstance; and the 3rd Dragoon Guards rose nobly to meet it. For the first time within fifty years the Sublime Porte thought fit to send an ambassador to the Court of St. James, and one invested with full powers. Agi Jusuff Effendi landed at Dover from Ostend on 19th December, 1793. The next day His Excellency passed through Canterbury with a retinue of fourteen persons "all dressed in the Turkish habits." Two troops of the 3rd Dragoon Guards went out to meet this interesting cortège and escorted it, with trumpets sounding, to the Fountain Tavern. His Excellency received many military, ecclesiastical and civic dignitaries and their ladies with a "becoming dignity," refreshed himself with a pipe and coffee, and was then seen off with more music. Now this was very beautiful, and it leads you to question whether the

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whole League of Nations, with all its committees, commissions and other accretions, not to mention the League of Nations Union, could have thought of anything more likely to foster friendly relations. It may sound paradoxical, but there are few things in this world that can better atune a multitude to a fellow-feeling than the hearty sound of cavalry trumpets. This was possibly the secret of the Prince Consort's affection for the 11th Hussars. They had gallantly escorted him on his arrival among us, had at once established pleasant relations, and have been "His Own" ever since. Relations such as these are not killed even by mechanization in its most drastic form.

The Forest of Anderida came well within reach of ancient Canterbury until recent times, and even to this day wooded hollows and hillsides sloping down to slow-flowing rivers tell of the days when a man, a horse and a pack of hounds could find something to chase all the year round. Chivalry hunted the deer for preference, and Mid-Kent Staghounds do so to this day. They started as a private pack in 1868 under the mastership of Tom Rigg, who was in time followed as Master by Colonel J. T. North of Eltham in 1888; this brings one within living memory of those who have ridden to hounds from Canterbury. Even in the Middle Ages there was a tendency, due to necessity, towards game preserving, and bishops of Bayeux held at Chart Sutton a park for beasts of the forest. Many of the higher clergy were mighty hunters in their time, and it is said of Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester from 1274 to 1277, that he hunted the stag and did little else. Indeed, on reaching the age of fourscore, he decided to make hunting his sole employment. Probably this right reverend gentleman hunted anything his hounds put up and, *faute de mieux*, might even have got a run out of some churl or varlet who would probably have been caught anyway for offences against the many laws of venery, forestry and such-like. The Mid-Kent Staghounds had their kennels at Wateringbury, not far from Chart Sutton and also south of Maidstone, but more towards the Weald. In Elizabethan days William Lambard considered this district nothing else but "a desert and waste wilderness stuffed with hearded Deare and droves of hogs only," also "Parkes of fallow Deere and games of coneyes," the one for pleasure the other for profit, were maintained in Kent, but no mention is made of the fox until the nineteenth century. No doubt here as elsewhere hearty old squires would take out a bobbery pack and hunt anything that was game to get away,

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but the first organized hunt in the northern part of Kent dates back no further than the early years of last century. Sir Edward Knatchbull kept a pack of foxhounds at Provender and hunted the country between Maidstone and Canterbury.

The Tickham Hunt is descended from a pack started by Lord Sondes at Lees. It was known, under the mastership of S. R. Lushington, as the Lodge Hounds for a little while until the kennels were removed to Tickham in 1825.

Fox-hunting suffered like other forms of sport from lack of financial support, but was nevertheless carried on by such hereditary devotees as the Rigidens. Father and son hunted their pack from 1871, when William Rigden was thrown and killed while out cub-hunting, until well into this changeful century.

Then again the East Kent Hunt has a fine record that goes well back to early days, to 1828, and the pack of Sir Henry Oxenden of Broome Park. But James Drake Brockman of Beachborough Oxenden must be considered as the real founder of the East Kent Hunt. It is recorded that his country was short of foxes and he had to introduce bagmen from France. After thirty-seven years of mastership, J. D. Brockman resigned in favour of Dudley Francis, seventh Earl of Guildford, in 1870; in his reign new kennels were established at Waldershare. There followed within living memory of sportsmen Captain F. Fitzroy and Pescot Westcar as masters among others, until at the beginning of this century the hunt was taken over by a scion of one of our most famous fox-hunting families. A Selby-Lowndes has hunted the Whaddon Chase since the end of the eighteenth century, the one who took over the East Kent Hunt had begun at thirteen as Master of Harriers and had hunted the fox on two continents, in America as well as at home; the low country in the Ashford Vale seems to have offered the best sport.

The site for the Royal Cavalry Barracks was chosen on the side farthest away from the best hunting country, to the north side of the city, probably because that was where the only land was available for military purposes. It was high time that proper accommodation was found for the troops which were concentrating in this south-east corner of England on account of the war in Flanders. Innkeepers and publicans were protesting loudly against the burden of billeted troops and were among the first to petition for relief. The first brick in the foundations of the new barracks was laid in May 1794, and on the 1st October of the following year Colonel Cholmeley Deering, with his new regiment

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of Romney Light Dragoons, marched in as first occupants. They had just missed a certain liveliness caused by a militia regiment. Parties of men from this unit of our ancient Constitutional Force now defunct, went to the meat market and tried by force to get the vendors to sell at prices that obtained in their own county. There was every prospect of serious trouble till the G.O.C., Kent district, General Grimfield, "sat out" from Dover for Canterbury "with a readiness which cannot be too much praised." He made such excellent arrangements with patrols, posts and other military observances that peace was immediately secured. The local papers reported this with great satisfaction; they also, as is their duty, imparted useful information to their readers, thus showing that things are much the same in times of war whatever epoch happens to be affected. Under the heading of "Useful Information" you would find the recipe for acorn coffee and the method of making potato bread. In 1794 the Kentish Register prepared the nation for war by giving a series of "Tactical Illustrations." Readers were told what is a glacis or a parapet, and that "Counter Approaches" is a term sometimes applied to trenches, advancing so forward as punctually to meet the besiegers' line of attack. Also "Sortie" is another word for Sally.

On 23rd May, 1794, "an almost incessant heavy firing like peals of thunder, was distinctly heard at Blean, Hardres, Waltham, Brabourne from 7 a.m. to 9 a.m." These were occasioned by the tremendous discharges of artillery in the engagement which took place between the Allied army under the Emperor of Germany and the Duke of York and the French under their commandant Pichegru, near the city of Tournay in the Austrian Netherlands. This was indeed "bringing the war nearer home" to the good folk of Kent.

At first sight the Royal Cavalry Barracks do not look so very different to-day from the new ones depicted in an old print, which it is true only shows the two brick buildings flanking the officers' quarters, and in the former leaving out the balconies and iron staircases leading up to the barrack-rooms above the stables. Behind the buildings the artist shows the tree-tufted hillocks out of which subsequent generations carved rifle ranges. And those ranges have grown tufts of trees again of late, bringing the present nearer to the past as shown in the old print. Again another point of resemblance, the print shows no sign of life. To one who, like the writer of this, revisits Canterbury after forty odd

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years, this lack of life and colour is painfully apparent. It was afternoon, yet in the old days there would have been something going on, if only a few unhappy ones each carrying a pack about under the direction of a bored orderly corporal. And failing defaulters there was always the multi-coloured mainguard, representatives of Britain's deathless chivalry in all the panoply of war. Dragoons, Lancers, Hussars, each telling in distinctive facings, plume, busby-bag, some story of great deeds performed on many battlefields. Another sign of the times; just outside the main gate, a large garage occupying the site once occupied by "The Gallant Hussar." It was a cheerful haunt in its way, and if at closing time it became unduly lively, there was always the guard-room just across the road, so handy. It was at least some consolation to be spared the sight of tanks wallowing about on the cricket ground.

What the rank and file were expected to think of Canterbury, and probably did find there, is expressed in this old recruiting poster:

"A HORSE. A HORSE. MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE.

Now, my lads, for the 14th Light Dragoons or the Duchess of York's Own. All you who are kicking your heels behind a solitary desk with too little wages, and a pinch-gut Master—all you with too much wife, or are perplexed with obstinate and unfeeling parents, may apply to:

Sergeant Hammond, Rose and Crown, Whitechapel.

You are quartered in the fertile County of Kent, where you have provisions remarkably cheap, luxurious living to the brave and ambitious mind is but a secondary object, else thousands would repair to the Standard of the gallant 14th, could they obtain the honour of being received.

Those of address and education are sure of preferment, your comforts in this Service surpass all clerks or mechanics, an hospitable table and capacious bowl of punch that will float or sink the little Corsican Chief.

N.B.—Four Farriers are wanted and a Master for the Band.

GOD SAVE THE KING."

The date of this poster is about 1803 to 1812.

Let us take the road again, in company with the countless

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host that has passed up from the sea and out by the West Gate of Canterbury. We must wait while Richard I passes on his way, for he is not the sort of man to be kept waiting. Neither would he stand any nonsense from foreigners, and those of our fellow-wayfarers from abroad, who hold the medieval notion that Englishmen have tails, had better not express this view just now. Remember what happened when the Spaniards spread the report that as punishment for the treatment to which Thomas à Becket had been subjected by a few of his countrymen, all Englishmen must wear tails for ever after. This report spread to Mediterranean ports in advance of the English crusaders on their way to the Holy Land. When Lion-hearted Richard heard it uttered by some facetious foreigner he saw red at once—this was normal—seized on Messina, and when he and his troops had quite accomplished the time-honoured rites of Sacking and Looting, burnt it to the ground. This object lesson proved very effective, but did not make for popularity among Richard's mixed and variegated fellow-crusaders.

Our road does not suggest that you should hurry until you have looked out from Harbledown over Blean towards Whitstable and the sea. Even then, though the road be straight and smooth, by hurrying along it you miss much delight in this Garden of England. Men of Kent declare that this country about Faversham and Sittingbourne is the Garden of England. Worcestershiremen place that garden in their own county, so do several neighbouring shires, while Suffolk can show you something that is said to make all other gardening efforts pale. In fact there is no county in England that does not claim to be some sort of a garden—flower, fruit or vegetable, even rock, marsh or moor garden. The obvious conclusion is that all England, leaving out the black spots, is a garden; this impression will be with you until you have crossed the Border and seen the Prince's Street Gardens at the foot of Edinburgh Castle. You have only to travel a little farther north to discover that no one in England knows what gardening is unless he has learnt it in Aberdeen. Now there remains the comforting fact, "that the glory of the garden occupieth everyone." You may say that all this talk about gardens has nothing to do with Old Cavalry Stations; then kindly note how readily soldiers will allow the severe outline of uniform livery to be broken by floral decorations. Not lightly, of course, but on special occasions such as the celebration of a great victory, on which you may see bunches of roses, leeks or other vegetable

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matter, waving incongruously from the hats of soldiers in their serried ranks. But we really must hurry on, pausing to watch Mr. Winkle trying to mount his horse on the off-side at Rochester, where the keep of a battered castle looks down in sorrow on the unlovely state to which its own activities have reduced Chatham. And so on to Woolwich, which everyone who knows anything about soldiers instantly associates with Gunners only, not suspecting that until fairly recently bodies of cavalry were wont to disport themselves on the famous Common.

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the times of authenticated history. Glittering hosts of chivalry passed this way—Richard the Lionhearted and his paladins, and crusaders of Edward I returning from Palestine. And yet another Edward, the Black Prince, with the heroes of Crécy and Poictiers, bearing King John of France a prisoner to the Royal Palace at Eltham. It was in the reign of this Edward's son that Geoffrey Chaucer brought his merry band of sinners, all a-horseback, on their pilgrimage to Canterbury and to immortal fame in the pages of literature. Richard II was king in those days, and much inclined to festivities at Eltham. Here again Henry V, with his victorious army fresh from the field of Agincourt, camped out on the open spaces, ready to form up on Blackheath for his triumphal entry into London. With such favourable precedent, the way was prepared for the reception of regular cavalry in Woolwich. The first visits were at irregular intervals, and not very well recorded. It is doubtful indeed whether one should include in the term "regular cavalry" the mounted Yeomen of the Guard that attended Henry VII on his visit to these parts in 1485, when the warship *Great Harry* was a-building in Woolwich dockyard.

His son, Henry VIII, is said to have understood the value of Light Cavalry and to have recruited "moss-troopers" and "border-prickers" for his campaign against the Scots. It was probably a matter of policy to give the Border gentry a legitimate occupation suited to their taste. It is unlikely that he employed those levies as his bodyguard, and the escort that rode with him while he watched the building of his palace at Greenwich was that respectable body, the Honourable Band of Gentlemen Pensioners that survives to this day as the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. There were fifty of these, they kept their own horses, were beautifully arrayed and were probably men of great respectability, especially those who lived long enough to attend on Elizabeth as her "Queen's Guard." Shakespeare refers to them in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" under the old description of Pensioners, so that this mounted bodyguard may have survived into Stuart times. But the Stuarts seem to have had little to do with Woolwich, and the Commonwealth did not bring any cavalry life into the place either.

After the Restoration a noted cavalry leader became concerned with Woolwich, Prince Rupert, not in his original capacity, but as Lord High Admiral. He seems to have been able to manage his business from Windsor, which perhaps was

as well, for Woolwich was by no means
Samuel Pepys speaks with feeling of an
Woolwich in September 1662. "Went a
Yarde, and so till 9 at night." Those were
our own. Pepys, in his character as "the
seems to have taken them as philosophically
to-day. He continues: "The great trouble
forced to begin an ill practice of bringing down
servants, which I do not love." However, he w
unpleasant job "fortified by a cold pullet," and
brave moonshine," taking with him an escort of th
our
armed men. Prince Rupert shared with Pepys and other pro
found thinkers the great anxiety about the doings of the Dutch,
and hurried down from Windsor, with an escort of horsemen
about him, to superintend the construction of batteries against
attempted invasion. When James II, the last of the Stuarts,
departed from England, there was no cavalry escort to see him
off.

The yard which had caused Samuel Pepys so much concern
continued to be a cause of trouble, and in 1739 occasioned a visit
by cavalry and Guards from London to suppress a mutiny
among the hands employed there. Woolwich had in the mean
time increased in importance, for in consequence of a devastating
explosion in Moorfields, the gun-foundry of the Realm had been
moved to this bank of the river. From that time onward Wool
wich has been the home of the Gunner, and any cavalry that
passed this way came as birds of passage, as guests, and as such
were warmly welcomed by their genial hosts. How could any
horseman fail to feel happy and at home in the company of
the gunnermen that Woolwich has produced? Major-General
William Phillips, who was complimented by the Marquis of
Granby at the action of Warburg in 1760, on which occasion guns
first came into action at a gallop. Another achievement of this
gallant gunner was to establish the famous Royal Artillery Band
while he was in Germany. Then there was General Robert
Lawson, who raised the first troop of Royal Horse Artillery in
1793. There are many more, too numerous to mention, and
some are happily with us still.

With all this increasing activity at Woolwich, the time had
come to find accommodation for its garrison; there were, besides
its native Gunners, Royal Engineers and Royal Marines, and a
resting-place had to be found for visitors. The lack of accom
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the timeon, then almost exclusively in billets, must have been passively felt when George III came to inspect the Royal Arsenal in 1773, and brought an escort of Light Horse with him. It is not stated from which regiment this escort was drawn, but it must have given the village a rather crowded feeling. Anyway, two years later the first half of the Royal Artillery Barracks was built. The Royal visit itself must have been a picturesque affair, for besides the troops in gorgeous attire escorting him, the sovereign was preceded by twenty-four "rope-makers dressed in white with round hats decorated by ribbons." Again in 1830 there is record of cavalry, the 8th Hussars, escorting William IV and Queen Adelaide on a visit to Woolwich. There must have been other occasions less pleasant, when cavalry were called to this riverside for duty, but records are not available. They should make curious and stirring reading, for the hulks lay in the river, and from time to time convicts would mutiny and escape, and were hunted down on the marshes. A hulk named the *Justitia* lay off Warren Lane for many years.

Woolwich did not become a cavalry station until 1851, and then only intermittently for half a century or so. The 17th Lancers came over from Newbridge in Ireland to Woolwich under command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Lawrenson, and were to remain stationed there during the time of the Great Exhibition of the year 1851. They were at first quartered in the Royal Marine Barracks, stabling their horses in East Square, and later in West Square. The reason for this move was that room had to be found for four companies of Royal Artillery, which were being brought home from North America. This, in the light of modern developments in the Empire at large, seems to hark back into ancient history. The Empire, which has now passed over into a state described euphoniously as "Commonwealth," was still in the making. The 17th had taken their share in the making of it, especially in North America, and seem to have brought their badge of skull and crossbones from that country. They came to Woolwich in the colours the regiment had worn at its raising, as blue coats had been changed for red. The white facings remained, but the plume was of black cock's feathers. There was much gold lace about the officer's uniform, and noticeable was the so-called "waterfall," a strip of fringed bullion which connected the top buttons at the back of the waist. It is curious how such utterly useless bits of ornamentation survive. Austrian Uhlan officers still displayed this "waterfall," in gold or silver

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according to the colour of their buttons, up to the outbreak of the Great War.

The 17th probably came over from Blackheath, and would cross Woolwich Common from the south-west to the north-east corner, where a row of comfortable bow-windowed houses looks out over a drinking fountain, the gift of a retired officer of Royal Marines. This little row of houses is Kemp Terrace, and at No. 1 was born Charles George Gordon, three years after the 17th Lancers first marched across the Common. Those houses of Kemp Terrace still retain their early Victorian aura, despite the clanking trams and hooting motor-cars that make up the mass

17th. LIGHT
DRAGOONS,
1775.



of traffic passing along their front. Those windows see less and less of the things that they once used to observe in their young days, and surely must brighten up at the sight of guns still drawn by horses, or the pack of the Royal Artillery Drag-Hunt being walked across the Common. Those sedate-looking houses are probably not old enough to have seen field-guns drawn by horses in single file and driven by ploughmen on foot, wearing smock frocks and carrying long whips, which happened still in 1779, but they lived through times as stirring as those of the twentieth century neighbours, did those old houses of Kemp Terrace. To begin with, the reason for bringing cavalry to Woolwich at all seems to have been the fear of rioting and upheaval on occasion of the Great Exhibition

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in 1851, of which the sorrowing remains still stand high above Sydenham. All the world attended this wonderful, glittering show, representatives of many countries, some of them entirely forgotten as political entities to-day: the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the Hansa Towns, Northern Germany, Rome, Sardinia, Tuscany and the Zollverein, Tunis and Turkey.

"By heavens" (said the poet) "it was a glorious sight to see,
Their various scarfs of mixed embroidery."

To protect these sumptuously upholstered dignitaries, many troops had been drawn together in and about the Metropolis: 1st Life Guards at Regent's Park, 2nd at Hyde Park, and the Blues quite handy at Windsor. The 1st Dragoons were at Hampstead and Highgate, the 4th at Uxbridge, 8th Hussars at Hampton Court, 16th Lancers at Hounslow and Kensington, and, as already reported, the 17th Lancers marching to Woolwich via Blackheath, where they were met by the band of the Royal Horse Artillery. By this courtesy on the part of the Gunners were established those cordial relations that still bind them to the regiments of cavalry which they entertained at their Woolwich home. And Woolwich, being still some appreciable distance from London, had other attractions to offer. The garrison races, which had been got up earlier in the century, but had lapsed for a space, were revived in 1849. About the same time a rural retreat, or at least so it was considered, called Rosherville Gardens, was opened to the public. There were lawns, walks, parterres, richly wooded aviaries filled with birds, music, dancing, fireworks, balloons and refreshments. All this for an entrance fee of sixpence.

It is pleasant to reflect that we as a nation are never easily deterred from our innocent amusements by the doings of the world outside. Therefore we may suppose that Rosherville, at Woolwich, was bravely patronized by the garrison and its guests, whatever the troubles of other countries, and they were many. In Italy the Pope's territories were so infested by brigands that this was becoming their normal condition; Prussia and Austria were bickering, yet any idea of a reconciliation between the two filled lesser states with alarm; Danes and Holsteiners were skirmishing on their frontier, and France, being not particularly happy, was determined to let the rest of the world know all about it. Added to all that, as a purely personal affair of ours, the Cape Kaffirs were showing signs of unrest. But that latter difficulty was far away, and could probably be settled by the

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usual handful of troops, assisted by the sporting contingent which always enrolls itself freely on such occasions. The most serious feature of foreign affairs was certainly the attitude of France towards this country. Something unaccountable had proceeded from that country, namely, praise for the British Army. This was considered abnormal, suspect, as coming from a country that still professed loudly to be the last word in all things pertaining to the art of war. Some French speakers had recently declared the British Army to be the best in Europe. A serious publication, *Jones's Woolwich Journal and Army and Navy Gazette*, treated this matter editorially and with great seriousness. While accepting the statement of those French speakers as quoted above, the editor takes a view of a world outside this island that was seething with discontent, aching with suppressed revolution. The oracle continues: "Whilst almost every other Army has oscillated between its duty and its temptations, and has been discredited alternately by treason or ferocity, ours alone has shown the most determined resolution to discharge its duty, combined with the most exemplary forbearance towards those deluded masses against whom it was called upon to act." "In fact," concludes the editor, "our Army, whatever may be its theoretical imperfections, is at least so good as to be deservedly an object of envy to other nations." About the same time the Chairman of the House of Commons Committee on Army and Navy Ordnance Estimates was being told that the Royal Horse Artillery was practically immobilized for lack of horses, while France and the Neopolitan Government were busy buying them in Suffolk. That things did not appear quite as rose-coloured as the French speakers had painted them to the people of Woolwich, is suggested by the fact that the West Kent Yeomanry had raised a detachment here, with Park Gate as meeting-place. Woolwich had already contributed a troop which, with another from Greenwich, had been known as the "Blackheath Volunteer Cavalry," formed for internal defence of the Hundreds of Blackheath, Little and Lessness, both under the command of Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson. They were a select body and dressed themselves with becoming restraint in colours less striking than those of other similar corps. Their jacket was blue with collar and cuffs of Kentish grey, and laced with silver braid. In full dress they wore white breeches, in undress grey Frys' overalls, and as crowning glory a helmet with black bear-skin crest, leopard skin turban and silver or plaited bars and

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chains. Candidates were proposed by a member of the troop, and had to be elected by a majority of the same. They provided themselves with uniform, and might offer no excuse for absence from parade but the plea of illness or parochial duty. When called up to active service the trumpeters rode about sounding "to horse," whereupon every gentleman would don his regiments and turn out. Particular care was bestowed on the hair, which had to be worn short at the sides, with a ten-inch queue and rosette, the whole effect sprinkled with powder. Thus



A YEOMAN OF KENT. 1897.

arrayed, the West Kent Volunteer Cavalry felt themselves a match for any invader.

With an army so handsomely dressed as was ours in those days when cavalry came to Woolwich, it was only natural that there should be reviews. Sometimes there was more behind the review than just the desire to see something beautiful. In a world that was rather unsettled it was considered advisable to display an army that not only looked lovely, but was doing wonderful things in divers foreign parts. Moreover, France was

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doing the same thing, making great display of martial splendour at Cherbourg that year of 1851. Therefore the newspapers urged that it was not enough to show foreigners just our Household Cavalry and Foot Guards, but also other regiments as well. "Foreigners have very false ideas of our Little Army of the Line," said the papers, "and fancy that it is not fit to be seen." There was further outcry against the habit of treating military manœuvres as an entirely private affair. The populace was disappointed and insisted on having some show for its money. Thereupon the public-spirited Woolwich command ordered a display of drill and evolutions by the garrison. The five thousand spectators were much impressed, but regretted that no Royalty was present on the occasion nor, it seemed, any of the nobility; the show therefore fell somewhat short of completeness.

A review is no doubt as old an institution as a fight, and must surely have preceded or followed one, right back to the days of the Trojans and even earlier. Reviews on the commons about Woolwich do not date back quite so far, but surely Hengist King of Kent must have held something very like it after having handsomely beaten his foe at Crayford. Four thousand slain on that occasion, and the remnant of the hostile host fleeing to London. That was not only excuse, but reason for a review. However, legend does not mention the fact; it was probably considered too obvious. Subsequent reviews on Woolwich Common are better authenticated. There was a very grand affair in 1851, shortly after the 17th Lancers arrived at Woolwich. All the troops turned out in light marching order, even the Woolwich and Deptford districts of Chelsea Pensioners. Only the Marines for some reason or another took no part, and they must have missed a great deal of fun. Lancers and Royal Horse Artillery performed all manner of complicated manœuvres at a gallop, plenty of blank ammunition had been served out to all, so that even the Chelsea Pensioners could join in the riot. It must have been a spirited rendering of battle *à la Chinoise*, and what is more, by noon it was all over—just three strenuous hours of it. By the way, it seems that George III set the fashion of early parades in the summer season of 1788, when His Majesty arrived on the field at six-thirty in scarlet coat and riding a cream-coloured horse.

The Queen's birthday was always a legitimate occasion for martial display, and Woolwich Common again burst into a blaze of colour in 1851. This time the Royal Marines joined in. The

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same General, Sir Thomas Downman, C.B., K.C.H., was in command, two Field-Marshals attended, the Marquis of Anglesey, then Master-General of Ordnance, and the Earl of Cardigan. Both of these were cavalrymen, the former with honours thick upon him, the latter with distinctions yet to come. On this occasion there were no exciting manœuvres, it is said, because the Master of Ordnance was either tired or bored, anyway, had had enough of it and was going back to Town. Hence the popular displeasure already mentioned. The arrival of another distinguished regiment, the Queen's Own Light Dragoons, to replace 17th Lancers, at the end of 1851, was another occasion for display. The regiment was duly inspected on the Common and then marched past in "open order of threes."

After describing this event, and telling us how the Staff Sergeants and Sergeants of the Light Dragoons were entertained to dinner by their opposite numbers of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, the editor of the *Army and Navy Gazette* breaks out into levity by quoting an advertisement from an American paper. This was the method by which four young American ladies were seeking a husband each, and in their own land apparently. "Widowers need not apply," said the ladies, "as we do not deal in second-hand goods."

This little waft of air from over the Atlantic comes as light relief in a record of serious happenings. The world was full of trouble, much of it caused by France, where Louis Napoleon was pictured as trying to settle comfortably on a bed of bayonets.

Woolwich then began to consider the possibilities of a war against France, and invited officers of the Light Dragoons to witness experiments made with rifled cannon on the marshes. The experiments proved not entirely successful until a light three-pounder rifled gun was brought within 300 yards of the target and loosed off. As nothing was left of the target, or of anything else near it, the conclusion was considered satisfactory, and everyone went home with the comforting knowledge that the Fatherland was saved. Indeed, people began to ask themselves and others whether there would ever be another war, for among other novelties the Minié rifle had been introduced. The Pacifists of that time, the so-called Peace Society, were warned that their occupation was slipping away from them, no one could go to war again, so certain of wreaking destruction were the weapons lately invented.

In another couple of years British troops, allies of France,

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were setting out for Turkey *en route* for somewhere in Russia, and no more cavalry came to Woolwich until 1860. At that date it was again supposed that there was no more immediate prospect of war in Europe, though signs of further struggles were not wanting. Italy was smouldering, Garibaldi had made his expedition to Sicily, and no one quite knew then what Herr von Bismarck was aiming at. There was also a small war in slow progress, but that was far away in New Zealand, and trouble was expected in China "with what ultimate result we need hardly predict," as the *Army and Navy Gazette* most wisely remarked. France was again causing anxiety, and Woolwich was beginning to be alarmed at a possible invasion up the Thames despite the new fortifications that were to be fixed on Shooter's Hill. It had almost been decided to plant an auxiliary arsenal at Channock Chase. Into the midst of all this trouble and anxiety came a squadron of 10th Hussars. It came quite modestly and cheerfully took part in the military revels of Woolwich, as when the Prince Consort paid it a visit, or H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge inspected the garrison. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, of the 10th Hussars, was at the time touring the "British Provinces in America."

With all these heavy matters on hand it is pleasant to think that time was found to decorate Sergeant H. Hartigan of the 9th Lancers with the Victoria Cross awarded to him for gallantry in the Indian Mutiny; this happened in July 1860, not so very long after the deed by which he earned the great distinction. In the same year the Duke of Cambridge brought Grand Duke Michael of Russia to see the Woolwich garrison, with Lieutenant-General Yorke-Scarlett attending as A.G. to the Forces. A squadron of 16th Lancers graced the occasion, the regiment being divided between Woolwich and Hounslow at the time. There were 16th Lancers at Woolwich again in 1880. Then again the 5th Lancers were concerned with important events while at Woolwich. Their first visit was in 1862, in which year the nation mourned the death of the Prince Consort; Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Portal was commanding the regiment at the time. When next 5th Lancers were at Woolwich in 1879, they furnished an escort to the body of the Prince Imperial on its passing to Chislehurst where the Prince's father, Emperor Napoleon III, had died six years previously.

By arriving at Woolwich so late in time, the cavalry missed many of those little events that go to make up the atmosphere of

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a place, though it is acknowledged that it entered into all the pastimes the place had to offer. It won a good many events in the races, for instance, that began in 1860 and were superseded by ~~steeplechases~~ two years later. But no cavalry was represented at the opening of the Rotunda in 1820, nor present to blame as a road-hog the driver of the Tally-ho, a Woolwich coach and probably a pirate, which upset on Blackheath Hill with its fifteen passengers in 1822, and injured all of them, some, indeed, fatally. Still more important, but little noticed at the time, was the running of the first omnibus from London to Woolwich by Shillibeer and Wheatley. This was the first step towards killing the rural sanctity of Woolwich, binding it by rail and tram service to London, tearing it from its native Kent to merge it into the Metropolitan area. Farewell, then, to the days when a local jury could find a verdict of "died by the visitation of God" on a marine who had perished under a hundred lashes. Old landmarks were vanishing, and in 1861 the old Arsenal bell cracked; it had done duty since 1699.

Meanwhile the new police had been introduced into the borough and had even, on occasion, to be reinforced by specials, as during the epidemic of Fenian fever in 1867, the year before the 17th Lancers came again to Woolwich, though only for a two-months' stay. Again it was during a gap between the visits of cavalry that one Murphy had elected himself an apostle of Protestantism. In that capacity he had offered to lay down his life and nearly succeeded in doing so at the hands of some Monmouthshire colliers. The apostle then came to Woolwich where there were many Irish zealots of the old faith most willing to make a martyr of Murphy. It took a squadron of mounted police and a battalion of constables on foot to settle this little matter. The 9th Lancers just missed Mr. Murphy's diversion, as they did not come to Woolwich till the following year. They were then relieved by a squadron of the "Bays."

In the meantime France had been badly beaten by a united Germany, and as one of the consequences Louis Bonaparte, the Prince Imperial, had joined the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, to pass out as a full-fledged gunner in 1875. Others of high estate visited Woolwich at this period: the Shah of Persia, and in 1874 the Czar of Russia. The Scots Greys, of which a later Czar was to become Colonel-in-Chief, were in Woolwich on that occasion.

Reviews went on as before, if anything, more strenuously,

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as the Army was to become efficient, a term discovered about that time. As a step towards efficiency certain changes in uniform were being considered, and it was eventually decided to change the soldier's hat—at least, that of the gunner and the ~~infantry~~-man—into an inconvenient and unlovely imitation of the Prussian “pickel-haube”; the Prussians having been largely responsible for winning the war against France, this was a pretty compliment to the victors. The cavalry experienced little change in uniform at the time, only trifling matters such as the removal of badges of rank from the officers' collars to their knotted shoulder-cords. Possibly the cavalry were considered efficient enough to be spared a change of hat. Anyway, the 18th Hussars distinguished themselves while quartered in the Red Barracks at Woolwich by heading the list of cavalry regiments in shooting with the Martini Henry carbine that had superseded the old Snider. By way of reward the 18th were privileged to send a squadron, with the band, under Major Malet, to take part in the Lord Mayor's Show. Troops left barracks at 7.15 a.m. and returned at 7.15 p.m., the distance covered being thirty-nine miles. This may have been great fun, but it is a pity that there is no record of the language used by the troops in describing this treat.

Other regiments came to Woolwich from time to time—5th and 16th Lancers again, 10th and 20th Hussars, and one or other regiment of Dragoon Guards, but the early spirit of Woolwich, which made it possible as a cavalry station, was steadily being killed by the inroads of brick and mortar. The West Kent Hunt and the Mid-Kent Staghounds, whose master in 1888 was Colonel F. T. North of Eltham, were more and more disinclined to meet near Woolwich. There is, however, a bright spot left in the disappearing vista of hunting from Woolwich, and that is the Royal Artillery Drag-Hunt. Major M. H. Dendy, D.S.O., M.C., R.H.A., gives some interesting notes on this hunt in the 1924 June number of the *Royal Artillery Journal*. General A. H. Williams, when a captain at Woolwich in 1866, collected some £450 in the garrison for kennels that were built at the top of the Common by the Remount Establishment. “A pack of 15½ couples was got together by drafts from various packs of foxhounds and this number has never much varied.” Captain Williams was content to be whipper-in to a Mr. Thacker as Master. This gentleman had formerly been in the 10th Hussars, a small, spare man who had had nearly all his bones broken one way or another, and carried many scars as evidence of successful

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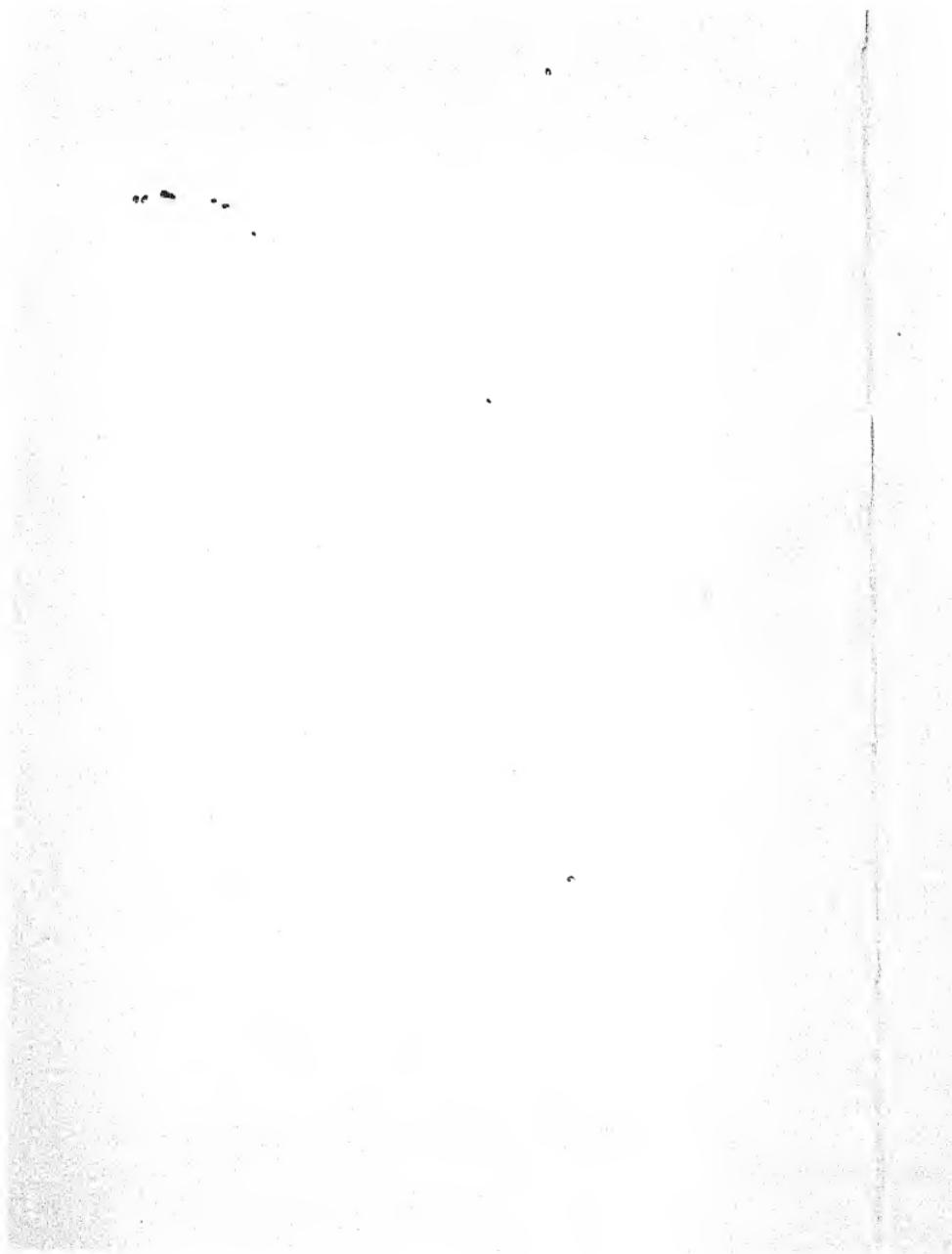
dealings with young or vicious horses. His fifteen-hand pony could jump anything, and he used to put her over the chains on the Common. "He also kept a pet fox whose kennel was used as a drag." "Since then this method has always been employed.". I quote Major Dendy.

Mr. Thacker, then senior Veterinary Surgeon at Woolwich, was afterwards Principal Veterinary Surgeon in India. His hunt lived at Woolwich, its lines being at first in the immediate neighbourhood. But the steady expansion of the metropolis drove the drag-hunt farther afield, and in 1869 it ran, by invitation of the Household Brigade Drag-Hunt, once a week in the Windsor district. A few years later hounds were taken over the river into Essex, and some new lines were also started in Surrey. By 1887, when the 20th Hussars were at Woolwich, the hunt had lines as far south as Sevenoaks and Westerham, and still went into Essex occasionally.

The Royal Artillery Drag-Hunt is still going strong, and any old cavalryman who has enjoyed Gunner hospitality at Woolwich will be glad to hear this. The hunt has to travel by train and other means into Kent or across the river into Essex, but being still, as ever, in the best sporting hands, the trouble of transport is always worth while.

There may still be some cavalrymen left who harbour pleasant recollections of a Woolwich in Victorian days, a Woolwich now passed into the limbo of things forgotten that nevertheless served a useful purpose in their time.

PART THREE
LONDON AND THE HOME COUNTIES





LONDON AND THE HOME COUNTIES

The unhappy situation of "Meroz"—Royalists and Parliamentarians—Little garrison towns: UXBRIDGE, HOUNSLOW, KINGSTON and others—Something about King John and his "Opposition"—Reading and the South Berks Hunt—A note on the ancient glories of Reading—The Dicksons of Beenham—Old Basing and the Royal Regiment of my Lord Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford—The landing of William of Orange—More about Yeomanry Cavalry—Reviews on Hounslow Heath—The Sovereign's earliest Guard and how it developed—Thackeray's Esmond—Dick Steele as trooper and poet—The Household Cavalry in London.

"COME, curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof." This invitation, not necessarily emanating from on high, was repeated by clerics of all hues and persuasions during the days when the Civil War was preparing. The clergy of both sides, both Royalists and Parliamentarians, were noisily partisan. "Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic, was beat with fist instead of stick," as Butler, describing those times, declared in his "*Hudibras*" after the King had come into his own again. What was worse, the cleric was not content to deliver his sermon with drum accompaniment, but sent a fair copy of it to his friends and well-wishers. There are such copies still to be found in the cobwebbed closets of old manor-houses. There is one, for instance, that takes the stirring text quoted above and enlarges upon it, in the Royalist interest, over many pages of beautiful script; the whole production is carefully bound in parchment, stamped with a gold design of ecclesiastic aspect, and dedicated to a local magnate who, thus encouraged, did his share of cursing and handed the process on to others. And we talk of Propaganda as one of the terrors of modern warfare! Anyway,

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curse they did, all of them, Royalists and Parliamentarians alike, they cursed all those little towns and villages which lay in the strip of country between the King's army and that of his enemies. They likened all that neutral zone unto Meroz of old that resisted being drawn into the trouble between Israel and its neighbours. A belt of such towns and villages stretched right across England, and its inhabitants suffered such annoyance from both parties that they were eventually constrained to commit themselves to definite action on one side or the other. Comfortable little towns like Uxbridge, Hounslow, Kingston and other riverside settlements, Egham, Staines, and right away upstream to Reading and beyond were all drawn into a like condemnation, were all labelled "Meroz" and freely cursed by both contending parties. Being within easy reach of London the Parliamentarian stronghold, and all of them on the highroads that led into the loyal West country, these towns were stirred out of their habitual contentment and plunged into a sea of trouble. You cannot say that the trouble began nor that it came to an end with the Civil War that gave rise to it. As early as the days of King John, not to mention ancient Romans or even more ancient Britons, the roads that went out from London with all sorts of ideas, in return brought up from the countryside supporters of those ideas. Movement of this kind soon develops in a capital the assumption, sometimes justified, that it represents all the best of the country, and where the best of the country is, there would you find cavalry either *in posse* or *in esse*.

The role of cavalry in the days when the horse alone provided swift means of locomotion was to see to it, among other things, that ideas were spread abroad and carried to some conclusion if feasible. On the other hand, if the countryside gave out a bright idea it had to be taken up to London to be tested and passed for general use, so to speak. It was the simple custom of those days, which at this distance seem to lie in a golden haze, to instil your ideas into others by means of lance, sword, mace or other relatively harmless weapon. London was perhaps more ready to impart ideas than to accept those of others, especially when they came, a cloud of witnesses, armed and on horseback. To restrain too full a tide from breaking upon the capital at odd times, London was forced to take protective measures besides her stout walls, and therefore became a cavalry station. Of the earliest hosts that moved on London with a fixed set of ideas, the body led by Robert Fitzwalter was surely the

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most important in its mission. King John was at Oxford, guarded by foreign mercenaries; his opponents lay at Brackley, some twenty miles away. The conspirators who had organized the Magna Carta campaign held the interior line on what seemed to be a race for London. They were held up for a fortnight by the castle of Northampton that refused to surrender; they then captured Bedford, probably making it feel like Meroz, then struck the Ermine Street near Arrington and arrived via Royston before the North Gate of London. A body of "some 2,500 armed and mounted gentlemen," as Mr. Belloc points out in "*Historic Thames*," was a fine effort out of a population of four or five millions. Add to this a host of some 25,000 infantry and you will realize that London was duly impressed by the display, and prepared to consider the idea that inspired the demonstration. By the time the Civil War threatened to break over England, London was fully alive to all the requisites of a capital city—amongst these, and of first-class importance, a garrison with its proper proportion of Horse, and thus London became one of England's oldest cavalry stations.

On its outskirts, taking a wide and strategic view, lay a girdle of little towns guarding the roads that have taken their determined course over England since the Romans laid stone streets over prehistoric tracks. With London holding one set of ideas and the country beyond its immediate sphere of influence holding another, it is evident that someone would be made extremely uncomfortable whenever it came to an open clash. This is exactly what happened at the outbreak of the Civil War, as will be shown presently. Then again, there had hardly been time to recover from the Civil War before the Dutch Army of William came up from the West, and "Meroz" was again called upon to play the uncomfortable part of buffer. One's sympathies go out to Meroz. Take Uxbridge, a quiet, pretty little town in the midst of a typically English landscape, obviously a place marked out as haunt of ancient peace. It still retains its air of old-world wisdom, its poise, even though large double-decker buses fill up the narrow streets about the Market Hall as they manoeuvre for position to start the return journey to Town. Yet this was one of the spots chosen by London as a suitable centre for the city's trained bands to be transformed into cavalry. That is how Uxbridge became for a while a cavalry station and had to put up with being cursed by Cockneys who, in the intervals between falling from their mounts, fancied themselves as Children

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of Israel and carried on in the spirit which led Deborah and Barak, the son of Abinoam, to burst into the violent song that bids you curse Meroz. Here one may raise the question whether it was at Uxbridge that the saying "swearing like a trooper" originated. . There was every facility, and indeed inducement towards acquiring and perfecting that accomplishment, as both sides in the contest met here to exchange ideas. That in itself must have been a picturesque event. The Cavaliers rode in from the West, over the ancient bridge of Saxon foundation, to treat with the King's enemies. Their meeting-place, the Crown Inn, still stands, as it has done since 1575, within sound of the gently moving waters that wind their way, fringed by willows, across fat pasture-land to join the Thames at Staines. The attempted Treaty between the King's Commissioners and those of Parliament came to nothing and the parties separated, still cursing, no doubt.

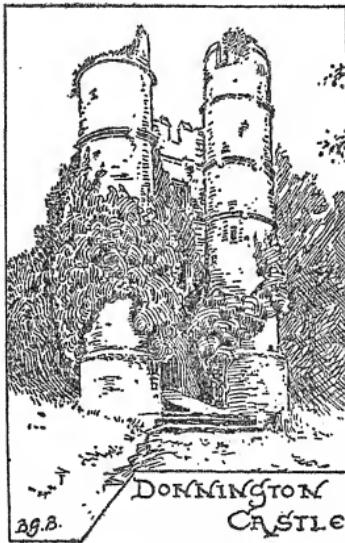
It is interesting to note that the Cavaliers disported themselves as if Uxbridge belonged to them, whereas it was the Parliamentarians who remained in possession of that strategic point. To their credit be it said that they did no lasting damage to the place, and the alabaster tomb with its effigy in St. Margaret's still stands much as it was at its erection in 1638. Uxbridge seems to have held a flank guard position to the military movements that were in progress farther to south-westward where Reading was involved in siege operations, and Newbury had all the trouble of picking up the pieces after two battles in its immediate vicinity. It was a very different Reading to look at from that which crowds about the confluence of Thames and Kennet, then overflowing in all directions, swishing up the green slopes of Redlands and eating its way into the South Berks Hunt country towards Purley. Poor Purley, the real Purley, or what is left of it, has retired behind the deep G.W.R. cutting; its village street of little brick houses with their pretty gardens slopes rather sadly down to the river. There is, however, a lingering air, as of those that know something about horses, in the old part of the village, an air that is dissipated as soon as you cross the high road with its heavy motor traffic, and plunge into a country lane in search of the kennels. They are quite new and no doubt thoroughly up to date, and they seem quite at home among the modern residences that are shooting up all about them. But to him who remembers the Old Berks when Seymour Dubourg was Master, about forty years ago, and the cosy place—

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the "World's End" at Purley—that housed him, his hounds and his horses, the newness and up-to-dateness of the present kennels does not bring consolation.

Up to the early part of last century Reading was a self-contained city occupying little more than the spit of land over the possession of which Saxons and Danes waged battle fiercely in the days of Alfred the Great. Stone walls replaced stockades, the Abbey threw its reflections on the slow-flowing Kennet, and there settled down upon Reading a glamour of romance from which echoes still the sharp ring of horses' hoofs on cobble pavement as kings and queens pass by; Stephen and Empress Maud on their disturbing course, Henry I and Queen Matilda to be buried in the Abbey, John of Gaunt to be married here, and Richard II to proclaim himself of age—each one in a resplendent cloud of warriors armed and horsed.

It was not till the Civil War that Reading became definitely a cavalry station, permanent at first, then intermittently, the while London more and more drew all things to itself. With the Restoration and the formation of a standing army, Reading became if anything more important as a military centre, and had to maintain a body of Horse in order to keep up communications with Portsmouth, Southampton and Salisbury. There was the new Preventive Service which took the King's mounted Guards on one occasion to Gloucestershire in 1662, where some enterprising agriculturists were illicitly trying to cultivate tobacco. This would never do, as thereby vested interests in the Virginia Company might suffer. It is curious that James I, who loathed tobacco and used horrible language on the subject, was very keenly concerned about the prosperity of Virginia, and this depended largely on tobacco. Then again, convoys had to be found by cavalry for the purpose of carrying specie for the payment of troops. There was also much escort duty. The



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Infanta of Portugal, the King's bride, had to be met on her way from Windsor to Bath, picking up a fresh escort at Reading. Travel went by easy stages, Reading to Newbury being considered quite a good day's journey. At Newbury the Royal lady, and all who came with her, were right royally entertained by Sir Thomas Dolman at Donnington Castle.

It is a pleasant road to travel, even now when so many landmarks are disappearing; among these it is said that the old Swan Inn is doomed to destruction by way of "road improvement." It has stood at a bend in the road with one eye towards Reading, the other on Newbury, for many centuries, and could tell some racy tales about the country that lies north of the Bath road between Reading and Newbury. Winding by-ways take you through woods and over heath-land to places that lead a retired life, a life of contemplation; places with names that give forth



an old-world perfume—Bucklebury, scattered about and loosely linked up by leafy lanes; Chapel Row, with its broad grass avenues under stately oaks; Beenham, with memorials in its handsome little church to former cavalry leaders. Here lies General Dickson who, with the 6th Madras Light Cavalry, took part in the siege of Seringapatam and the conquest of the Isle of Java. His son is buried and remembered here, Lieutenant-General W. T. Dickson, who commanded the 16th Lancers from 1862 to 1869, having served in the same regiment for twenty-two years.

The air of ancient peace that pervades this countryside recalls pleasant days of soldiering in the late eighties and early nineties. You can easily people the woodlands with bodies of cavalry in war-paint of old but minus the plume just to show that they were in earnest, sending out reconnoitring patrols, eyes and ears of the Army. This proceeding would be accompanied

by enough clatter and shouting as to warn the opponent of their presence and designs had he not been equally vocal at the same time. And in spite of all the noisy furtiveness of troops engaged in woodland warfare you would, in course of the day, come across little parties of honest foot soldiers detached from their units for some deep, tactical reason, so detached, indeed, as to be lost to the world until the "Cease Fire" gradually awakened them.

It must have been from Reading that a troop of the Royal Regiment of Horse set out to meet another distinguished visitor, Cosmo III, Duke of Tuscany, who was making a tour of Europe.



*Madras Light Cavalry.
about 1840.*

He tells in his "Travels" of a troop of "Horse excellently mounted of the Royal Regiment of my Lord Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford." On his leisurely way from Plymouth to London Duke Cosmo met this troop of the "Blues," as they came to be known, a couple of miles or so on the London side of Basingstoke, which would bring them out of by-ways on to the high road near old Basing. We can trace the probable route of that troop from Reading by Swallowfield, over the wooded heathland about Strathfield Saye and across the Devil's Highway, parts of which help to delineate the country boundary, then out of Berkshire into the broad valley of the Loddon. The general

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look and atmosphere of that countryside has probably not changed much since 1660, when that troop of Royal Horse rode over the lovely country that the Garth has hunted happily for many generations. The Loddon River is no more hurried in its course than it was when Charles II was king, and Sherfield mill, as it is now, was relatively new. There must always have been a mill-wheel working at that propitious bend in the river ever since the idea occurred to men that leisurely creatures like Loddon River should prove themselves useful. You can fancy the troop of Horse, having sent out scouts to look for signs of the

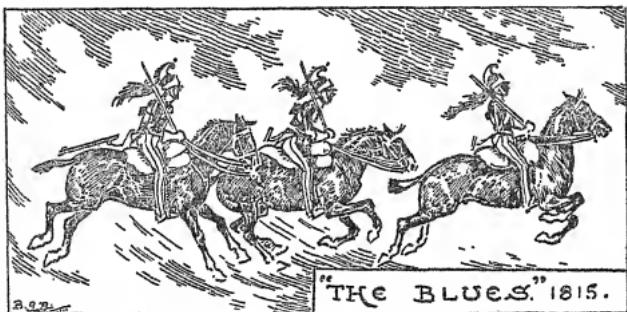


distinguished visitor's approach, would settle down under the broken walls of Basing Hall to wait. Escorts always are kept waiting, and it is often their own fault for parading earlier than the occasion demands. And escorts, while waiting, are prone to say things about those for whom they wait, things that do not bear repetition, least of all in cold print.

For all the joy that found expression when the King came into his own again, there was a good deal of dissatisfaction and unrest assiduously kept up by foreign agitators who, it seems, are always with us, and this occasioned a distribution of cavalry

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all about Middlesex and the Home counties. The only cavalry available was that of the Royal Household, and of these the Royal Regiment of Horse seems to have attended to matters from Reading, while the Life Guards moved about as far afield as York in the Rebellion of 1664. These troubles were brought to a head by the manner in which James II was pleased to rule, and thus the country, which had been likened unto Meroz and heartily cursed by both sides, again found itself under compulsion to arrive at a decision in high politics. Again the roads that run up from the West to London were bringing disturbers of the peace, for William of Orange had landed, was at Torbay, and about to try conclusions with the troops that still remained loyal to King James, commanded by the Duke of Berwick. This meant a good deal of anxiety for the inhabitants of Meroz, but, fortunately, the flight of King James prevented bloodshed.



William of Orange advanced on London, and the detachments of loyal troops, left to themselves, had no choice but to submit to the new order. Lord Feversham, in command of the Horse at Uxbridge, took King James's order that no further resistance should be offered as a command to disband the Army, and this for a time brought about a gap in the relations between Uxbridge and the cavalry arm. On their return from Flanders in 1745 the "Blues" were quartered at Uxbridge, Aylesbury, Wendover and thereabouts, but it was not till the wars of the French Revolution that the former town became again a centre of cavalry life. Reading likewise lost its cavalry garrison, but was visited occasionally by regiments on the march, and notably by the "Blues" and 7th Hussars, which regiments recruited here vigorously and successfully for the Waterloo campaign. It is said that a whole troop of Berkshire Yeomanry enlisted into the

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7th Hussars together and rode knee to knee in the cavalry actions of that significant campaign.

And this brings us to the subject of Yeomanry Cavalry and the history of the many regiments that compose the force. It is distressing to find how few good and comprehensive histories have been written about our regiments of Yeomanry Cavalry, hardly more than you can count on the fingers of one hand. To find out the beginnings of the Yeomanry movement ~~features~~ ^{is} to search for records, and they are not always easy to can fanyou must wade through the files of local newspapers asgn^s of tck as they will take you, and in many cases it is not fa^{h.} Nevertheless there is a deal of good material to be ga^{om} such sources, and there is a delightful variety innd manner of recording it. Every place in Engl^{sed} a body of Irregulars did so in its own way, and in a ^{irit} peculiar to itself; as human documents those records are invaluable. Then again, they never fail to give full accounts of all that concerns hunting, racing and similar pursuits of those who love the horse.

There is plenty of good material concerning the martial history of Reading to be found in the files of a local paper, which are preserved in the Municipal Library. Strange to say, with all the material available, there appears to be no work dealing with the history of the Berkshire Yeomanry, certainly nothing of the sort is to be found at the Royal United Service Institution or in the Reading Library. This is a great pity, for the Yeomanry Cavalry of the Royal County has a long and distinguished record from the days when a party of good sportsmen met at Hungerford to offer their services to a country that never treated any of its armed forces with overmuch consideration. Very different is the case of the county of Middlesex. This brings us back to Uxbridge again, and to the year 1797, when the movement for assisting the standing and constitutional forces of the Crown was given strong impetus by the ominous happenings across the Channel. Beginning at this period, when the Earl of Berkeley still hunted from London to Bristol, the "Historical Records of the Middlesex Yeomanry" give you not only a clear account of the doings of a right gallant corps, but also a fascinating reflection of the times that have passed, and the homely English atmosphere that still broods over all the modern traffic in the High Street of Uxbridge. These "Historical Records" were fully and sympathetically reviewed in the *Cavalry*

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Journal a couple of years ago. The reviewer remarks that, "It is hard to say what uniform was worn, but they were armed with sword and pistol." It is curious that so little seems known about the first uniforms of Yeomanry Cavalry, but there is in existence still a table printed about 1798 showing the cut and colour of the coat worn by the new volunteer formations. Throughout the colour of the coat was red, the facings generally yellow, though in this respect the troop commander seems to have been guided by his own inner consciousness, so, for instance, the Flixton troop of Suffolk Yeomanry Cavalry wore yellow, the Henham troop sky-blue facings. Here again is a case of a fine regiment with its past history left unrecorded; there is no book to tell of all that the Loyal Suffolk Yeomanry have done, the many changes through which they have passed, as Light Dragoons, Lancers, Hussars and finally Gunners.

But to return to Uxbridge and its Yeomanry Cavalry, the historian takes those times that seem so far away, and yet to us survivors they were reality, whereas the present is nightmare. There were men of well-known names in all such matters as pertain to national service and sport (which two worked well together when the horse was the connecting link). There were Charles Newdigate Newdegate, and Hubert de Burgh who brought the Uxbridge troop to such a state of efficiency as to earn the thanks of Royalty for its services as escort. There was frequent intercourse in the thirties of last century between Windsor and the neighbouring seats of the mighty, and cavalry escorts enjoyed a full share of the hospitality extended by noble host to Royal guest. The Uxbridge Yeomanry certainly did so on the occasion when they took King William IV to visit the Marquis of Westminster in 1834. It must have been a grand occasion and one of great goodwill, which was not even ruffled by a digression from the straight, the narrow way on the return journey. In fact, escort and Royal cortège found themselves, to their surprise, in the middle of a ploughed field. The O.C. escort, a man of resource, simply brought his circus round in a circle and so took it out again "by that same gate wherein he went." Possibly the fact that the road which they had inadvertently left, and the ploughed field were much alike as to surface; the goodwill mentioned above may also have caused this digression to pass unnoticed, at least there is no record of any remonstrance, and as it is distinctly asserted that none of the coaches were overturned, you may conclude that the incident passed off peaceably.

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Something was probably said about this unusual manœuvre when the troop returned to Uxbridge, as it had a reputation for

conversational gifts; indeed an inspecting officer had occasion to remark on this accomplishment, and to suggest that it be kept in abeyance while troops were on parade, this being considered the right thing in the best cavalry circles. The "Historical Records" of this distinguished corps take the reader through a century and more of devoted service, *pro aris et focis*, down to the present day, in which it continues to do good work as the Signal Regiment for the Yeomanry Division.

With the increase in the regular armed forces of the Crown came the need for a greater concentration of troops; this was also neces-

sitated by the policy which James II pursued. That monarch, a capable soldier, by the way, seems to have delighted in reviews and inspections, and this brought Hounslow into the position of military importance which it still enjoys. Not but what Hounslow has an interesting civil history of its own, into which enter visions of highwaymen lurking on the Heath. Hounslow Heath was certainly a most suitable place for the concentration of military force; Cromwell found it so, and is even credited with having "knocked it about a bit." James II frequently reviewed his newly raised regiments here, and handed on the tradition to those who came after. Owing to the proximity of the Capital, the Guards were the most frequent visitors to the Heath. In 1722 the Royal Horse Guards were in camp here; in 1740 Sir Charles Wiles commanded another camp of Horse, Grenadier and Foot Guards. By 1783 Hounslow's military importance had increased to the extent of warranting the building of the cavalry barracks; it is curious that people whose only rapid



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means of locomotion was on horseback should have fixed the stable doors to open inwards. Review on review followed in seemly order. In 1817 the Prince Regent attended an inspection, of the Household Brigade; in the following year he did so again attended by the Duke of York and Prince Homburg. Again, two years later, a brigade of Royal Horse Artillery joined the Household Brigade and 12th Lancers, and so Hounslow Heath, despite its diminution in size, under the Enclosures Act of 1812, continued to afford this course of military spectacles, among the brightest of which must have been the review of 1825, at which the 1st Dragoon Guards, the Greys, 7th Hussars, 12th Lancers and a brigade of Horse Artillery assisted. The Dukes of York, Sussex and Cambridge, as well as many nobles and general officers, attended this function at which "battle manœuvres were executed on an imposing scale, and the precision of the troops received unqualified approval." This martial tradition of Hounslow Heath was carried on by the old Constitutional Force upon which James II had drawn so freely in forming our fine old county regiments. Ever afterwards militia battalions camped on Hounslow Heath in summer-time, and recalled old days by performing archaic evolutions, forming squares (or was it rhomboids?) that you would consider irrefragable until a rabbit broke cover when a face of the formation would dissolve and its component parts join in the chase with much noise and flourishing of waist-belts.

Hounslow, then, has been an important military centre since the latter days of the seventeenth century, and still holds its place as a station for cavalry in support of the Household Brigade as it goes about its arduous duties. These duties were naturally concentrated on the capital of the country, and are concerned with the personal safety of the Sovereign. A glittering pageant it is, too, for the sentry looking back from his box in Whitehall down the ages to the days of the first Tudor king. Henry VII seems to have felt none too secure upon the throne, and this caused him to raise a bodyguard of Yeomen. As the King was careful to make the rich merchants pay for the blessings of peace he had brought them, he was obliged to live in London much of his time, and as Londoners were ever inclined to express their views with some emphasis, Henry VII certainly needed some sort of escort, there being no police force to soothe an agitated populace as in these days.

With the constant growth of the Capital spreading out and

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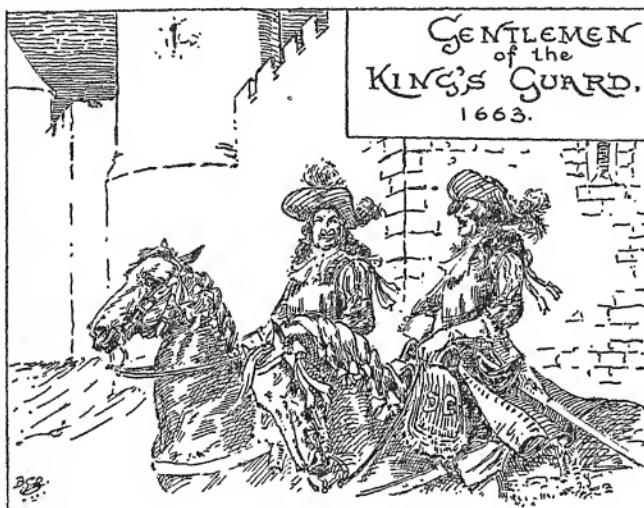
absorbing the surrounding townships, villages and hamlets, the military aspect of its life became subordinate to, and almost extinguished by the activities of its business existence. Nevertheless the Londoner knew how to appreciate the note of colour and romance that the sight of well-appointed horse soldiers lent to his city. They were sumptuously appareled, those earliest Guards, the Honourable Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, fifty of them, and mounted on their own horses when Henry VIII was king, the Queen's Guard, on whose liveries £2,880, equal to £12,000 of our currency, was spent in 1602. It is not definitely stated what was the dominant colour in which these Guards appeared, but it may be accepted that red was already established as the prerogative of Royalty. It is distinctly recorded that provision was made of red cloth for the "rich Coats of the Guards" together with "Embroidery to same, fine Gold and Silver for Spangles." There is, it seems, no ground for tracing the red coat of the British soldier back only as far as Cromwell's Model Army. Red cloth was freely worn by all and sundry, and there was little difference between the general fashion of dress worn by the civilian population and the soldiery until towards the end of the eighteenth century.

However, the soldier's coat was already becoming a vehicle for all sorts of decorative trimmings in the reign of Charles I. The "Life Guards," who mustered in Tuttle Fields in 1656, and were described by Cromwell as "the best Horse and properst fellows I have seen," were probably more soberly caparisoned, as became men who had to live up to their lofty principles, and their coats may have been plain buff, a material, by the way, which was still worn in 1685 by the Household Cavalry when in fighting kit. But Cromwell also laid it down in his regulations for the Model Army, that troops should be clothed in "good, red Suffolk cloth," among the varieties produced in the country.

There was probably no insistence on strict uniformity in the bodyguard which accompanied Charles II on his return to England. He was hardly in a position to clothe and equip those six hundred men who had rallied round him in exile, and their outward appearance must have been in marked contrast to that of the stern Cromwellian soldiery drawn up on Blackheath to meet, if not to welcome, the King as he came into his own again. It must have been a curious meeting, and its success was probably as much due to the King's urbanity as to General Monk's tact. The multitude that attended the function numbered some 120,000,

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according to the opinion of contemporaries, and that they were not all of one mind was demonstrated by the Fifth Monarchy riots which broke out in the same year. However, on this occasion the King's bodyguard and Monk's Life Guards placed themselves between the people and His Majesty and thus introduced him safely into his capital city. In the following year the Guards were definitely established, a new regiment, Lord Oxford's



Royal Regiment of Horse, being raised in Tothill Fields and dressed in blue coats with red facings in contrast to the corps of Life Guards. It is recorded that Mr. Mannocks of the Strand made the coats, while Mr. Goslins of Paternoster Row supplied the hat trimmings and cravat strings for the new regiment. The colour of the coat need not cause comment, for although red was becoming universal in the new standing army, the old Constitutional Force, the Militia, disported itself for years after in coats of other colours—blue, green and yellow; there is also some vague tradition of a bodyguard clad in blue that constituted itself at Oxford at the time King Charles I held his Court in that city at the outbreak of the Civil War.

The coronation of Charles II on St. George's Day in 1661 gave Londoners an opportunity of showing their admiration of

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His Majesty's Guards, and the latter were worth it. They wore buff coats under white armour, and their horses were furnished with hoooses. This was a saddle-cloth which went through many transformations, was called a shabrack for a while, and then dwindled away as leopard-skin or sheepskin, until nothing is left of it except in the Household Cavalry. It is interesting to note that the crimson sash dates from this time of reorganization. All this finery was well displayed at King Charles's coronation, and people had plenty of time to take it all in, as the ceremony began at seven in the morning. Then began for the Household troops that life of resplendent usefulness which is bound up with the doings of the Court and the affairs of the State, together with the duties of a police force. The custom of employing Household Cavalry within the precincts of the Royal palaces dates from a Court ball on February 22nd, 1664. In the same year, by way of a little diversion, the King's Life Guards had a turn at sea and seem to have taken to it kindly, though it cost the regiment the life of the distinguished officer who commanded the Duke's troop. It appears that reports of such events were kept out of the *Gazette*. It was to be regarded as quite a private affair, when in 1665, the Duke of York having fought a successful action against the Dutch, that a party of gentlemen, Deputy Lieutenants, Life Guards and Volunteers, should go out in a galliot hoy to have a look at the battered Dutch fleet. The galliot picked up a Dutch ketch, chased her and came in for quite a cheery little scrap; "and so to bed," as Mr. Pepys would say.

Foreign countries sent ambassadors to the Court of St. James, their retainers fought each other for precedence, and Life Guards had to see them safely lodged in separate compartments while the genial Londoners threw a brick or two into the fray by way of encouragement. While this, of course, was always a pleasant pastime for the onlookers, the real purpose of the Guards, so it seemed to the populace, was to provide a pleasing spectacle under frequent reviews. The general effect of such display upon the more thoughtful is expressed by Mr. Pepys, who writes: "When I come to St. James' I find the Duke of York gone with the King to see the muster of the Guards in Hyde Park; and their Colonel the Duke of Monmouth, to take his command this day of the King's Life Guards by surrender of my Lord Gerard. So I took a Hackney-coach and saw it all; and indeed it was mighty noble and their firing mighty fine and the Duke of Monmouth in mighty rich clothes; but the well

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ordering of the men I understand not." This was written before 1678 when gorgeous dress was introduced for the musicians with banners attached to their instruments; some years later the "musick" was mounted on white horses. There always has been a tendency to distinguish trumpeters and other makers of music from their fellows, probably because they accompanied a flag of truce or a parley, or some other obsolete occasion of that nature. It was therefore considered "bad form" to shoot at a trumpeter, who could be plainly distinguished. Nevertheless the temporary Chaplain to the Forces, when writing from the Front, who told his bishop that "the soldier's life is hard and not unattended by danger," spoke for the trumpeter as much as for any other warrior of all ages. In 1685 drummers and trumpeters were given the Royal cipher to wear on back and breast of their gorgeous coats. As the uniform of the troopers had not diminished in splendour, it must have been a brave sight for the Londoners to see the King's Life Guards turn out from their quarters, the King's troop in the Strand at the back of St. Clement's, Drury Lane, Holborn, St. Giles, Gray's Inn, Long Acre, Covent Garden and St. Martin's Lane. The Queen's troop lay about Horseferry, Mill Bank, Peter Street, Stable Yard, Petty France (now York Street, Westminster) and St. James's Street. Finally there was the Duke of York's troop in Tothill Street, King Street, Charing Cross, Haymarket, St. James's Market and Piccadilly. These troops must have added a good deal more life to the neighbourhood than a whole division could accomplish in our sober-minded days, our military police being so determined and effective in their efforts to suppress too free a flow of animal spirits. Spirits, animal or otherwise, ran high in Stuart days, everybody, Army and all, entered with zest into every controversy, and most men were ready to point their arguments with the sword. His Majesty's Guards were peculiarly handy at this form of self-expression, and duels between troopers and civilians were of frequent occurrence. Those were stirring times in which everyone could take a more or less intelligent part.

King James II, a good soldier as well as an experienced sailor, provided plenty of matter over which his subjects could quarrel amongst themselves, and a standing army was one of the chief causes of friction. It was perhaps on this account that the large permanent camp was formed at Hounslow, in which eventually some thirteen thousand fighting men were assembled. The Tower of London had contributed twenty-six pieces of artillery

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to this martial assembly, and all London came out to see it on holidays. But London Town had given something far more decisive even than pieces of artillery, namely, its own spirit and outlook on affairs. Macaulay, dealing with this period, says, "He (the King) had hoped that his army would overawe London, but the result of his policy was that the feelings and opinions of London took complete possession of the Army." This statement is overdrawn, or perhaps over-compressed, for it is certain that His Majesty's Guards remained faithful; Lord Feversham was taken prisoner from Uxbridge to Windsor Castle, and Life Guards escorted King James on his flight through London. Deserted by their Royal commander, the troops would take up the attitude of most other Englishmen, and which is tersely expressed by Colonel Frank Esmond in Thackeray's "*History of Henry Esmond*": "The P. of O. said Colonel Esmond was a man at least, of a noble courage, and his duty and as he thought, every Englishman's, was to keep the country quiet."

Thackeray evolved these characters out of his rich and fertile imagination. He was careful to hold closely to recorded history and allow his fancy a free vein only when setting his creatures on to play their parts against an historic background. But of all those whom Thackeray puts into his story of Colonel Esmond, rich as it is in its imaginative quality, there is no one that for sheer romance reaches anywhere near a real character of that thrilling time "*Bonnie Dundee*" of Walter Scott's ballad, set to the stirring tune that sets horses galloping without aids. Stirring, too, is the story of John Graham of Claverhouse, Captain of the Horse at thirty in the Scottish establishment with a record of service of the armies of France and the Netherlands, Colonel of a Dragoon regiment formed of detached troops, one of which had been his command by 1682, and Privy Councillor for Scotland the year after. In another two years he had risen to the proud and comprehensive rank of Brigadier of Horse and Foot, and in 1688 was created first Viscount Dundee. For all the distinction he gained in politics and as administrator, he was above all a cavalryman of the noblest, highest order. Not that he gained any outstanding distinction as a commander of armies, his lasting fame rests more on his quality as a leader of men during his short life. He was only forty-one when he fell at Killiecrankie, having been proclaimed a rebel by William III, whom, as Prince of Orange, he had served in his youth. While engaged in fighting for James II he was for a while stationed in London with his

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regiment of Dragoons, and from there joined the King's forces at Salisbury. It was not the fault of men like John Graham of Claverhouse and the men he led that the cause of the Stuarts went under in a morass of indecision and incompetence.

There are other references to those times in the story of Henry Esmond. Those who still read that fascinating book will remember that the author tells of attempts to overthrow the rule of William and Mary, and concentrates Scots Greys and other cavalry at Newbury, with much coming and going of intermediaries, orderlies and general busy-bodies between the conflicting interests. Thackeray introduces in an atmosphere that is thoroughly convincing, a figure well known about Town in his time, one whose name has come down to us while the names of many who stood much higher in their day have been utterly forgotten. This was Richard Steele, whom Thackeray introduces as Scholar Dick, so nicknamed by his comrades of the King's Life Guards, in which he held the rank of corporal at the time described. Though Thackeray could not be expected to repeat Dick Steele's *ipsissima verba* in describing the interview between trooper and lawyer at Castlewood, yet he gives a clear notion of the respect which the Gentlemen of His Majesty's Life Guards deservedly enjoyed. Dick Steele may be considered more fortunate than some as he met recognition in his own time which was admirably suited to the development of his peculiar gifts, for Society found nothing abnormal in a trooper who could swear like one, who, to an immense capacity for drink that he never neglected, added a steady eye and hand when it came to sword-play. These much admired qualities probably helped to reconcile his friends to the sermons Steele used to write for their edification. He was thought to have excelled himself in a poem called "The Procession" on occasion of the Queen's funeral in 1694. This work was dedicated to the Right Hon. the Lord Cutts, and in it the Queen was described as a "Lady that was served by the Sword and celebrated by the Pen" of the noble Lord. From this poem it is evident that the custom of leading the deceased's horse behind the bier was firmly established. Of the horse Steele says:

"The generous Beast looks back to's Purple side,
And now laments what was before his Pride:
No more at Voice of Warring Musick bounds,
He feels new Passion as the trumpet sounds;
Nor knows what Power his Courage stole away,
But heaves into big Sighs when he would neigh."

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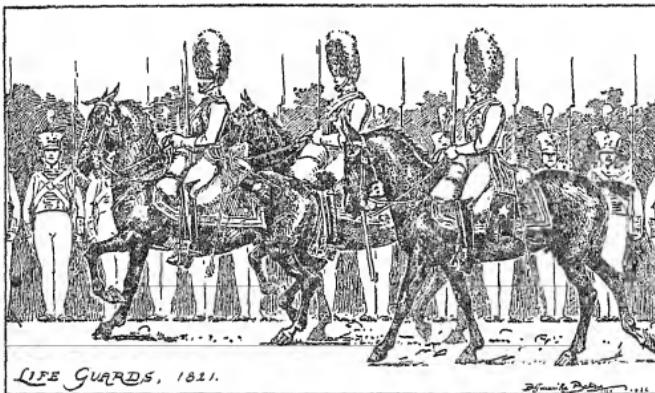
By this time the 2nd Troop of Life Guards had been entirely mounted on black horses.

British Cavalry no longer turns out poetry like this, nor does it compete in the output of sermons, but it has produced able writers and does so still. There is, for instance, a book which may be taken as a model for any regimental history, the material has been carefully collected and sifted, and so well used that interest in the book never flags; this is Sir George Arthur's "Story of the Household Cavalry." Here is a story that shows the relation of the Sovereign's bodyguard to the life of the Capital of the Realm. A quick-witted populace, always ready to comment on anything, especially when unbiased by any knowledge of the subject, could be ready to appreciate the distinctiveness of "Oxford Blues" as against *ces autres*, the Dutch Guards that ousted the home-grown troops for a while. However, after the Peace of Ryswick in 1697, the Household Cavalry resumed their proper functions about the Sovereign's person, and also those uncomfortable police duties when rioting broke out in the reign of George I. Anyway, it was some comfort to the rioters that interference in their pursuits came from native born soldiery, and not from aliens whose presence in the country had always been fiercely resented. On account of this liveliness in country districts, cavalry moved about a good deal, and London was the obviously convenient centre from which to support outlying stations such as Nottingham, Leicester and other Midland towns where rioting was for a time endemic. And the headquarters of the military system would obviously be at Whitehall; these again must be defended against anything likely to disturb the Olympic repose of the "Brains of the Army," therefore barrack accommodation for troops of Horse Guards was provided on the ground floor of headquarters. Two mounted sentries took up posts on either hand of the gateway into Whitehall, and there they remain to this day, changing as one generation of soldiers succeeds another, in little but externals.

The cocked hat of King George II's day, a really sensible hat to start with, became quite absurd towards the close of the eighteenth century, whereupon many changes in head-dress followed each other. Military fashions were set by such foreign countries as were considered, each in its own opinion, as qualified to lead by virtue of some more or less successful campaign. The Danubian campaign of Prince Eugene introduced the fur busby and Hussar trimmings from Hungary, and bearskin caps from

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the Transylvanian forests. At the coronation of George IV, Life Guards paraded in Grenadier caps ornamented with the Royal Arms in front and a white plume of feathers drawn from the left side across the crest of the erection. Cuirasses were reintroduced on this occasion; old prints, showing this conjunction of cuirass and bearskin cap, make the latter look rather incongruous, but probably the Life Guardsman of 1821 was every bit as pleased with himself as he had reason to be. An additional attraction to Royal pageantry, the cream-coloured horses were first attached to the State coach at the opening of Parliament in 1812.



LIFE GUARDS, 1821.

—Engraving by D. H. —

At about this period too, increased barrack accommodation was provided for troops. The oldest cavalry barracks in London appear to be those that were built in 1801, and they still serve an excellent purpose, for to-day they house the headquarters of the British Empire Service League. At Empire House in King Street, Portman Square, you can still see the actual pegs from which His Majesty's Life Guards took down saddle and bridle when "Boots and Saddles" sounded for the Waterloo campaign. Those who survived returned to these barracks, and some of them may have been serving still when the buildings were evacuated in 1820. Looking at the spick and span front to-day, you would not easily visualize the many different uses to which it has been put. From barracks to waxwork show is a long step down, then from cattle market to skating-rink seems a further descent into the underworld, until in 1850 as the Horse Bazaar, a popular Society rendezvous, it achieved an unenviable distinction for the general misbehaviour of its *habitués*. The British Empire

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Service League has raised this building, which is getting on towards venerable age, out of its murky past into the high places from which it fell for a space.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the 2nd Life Guards marched from these barracks on to Wimbledon Common, in 1803; there they were joined by the 1st Life Guards from Knightsbridge and the Royal Horse Guards from Croydon. There seems to be no record of any more or less permanent accommodation for troops in Croydon, so they were either billeted or encamped there. Neither is there mention of any cavalry barracks at Knightsbridge; the buildings near the south-east corner of Hyde Park were not begun till 1830. The Regent's Park Barracks, which in the popular mind are more closely associated with the "Blues" than with the other regiments of Household Cavalry, were built in 1812 at a cost of £138,000.

There was a good deal of uncertainty in the popular mind at the time, probably due to the lack of confidence that the Ministry seemed to feel for Wellington, and news from the Peninsula came slowly and was heralded by many false reports. Such conditions bring the cranks amongst us into the front line of the chorus, and as they almost invariably profess to be anti-militarist, they became exceedingly vocal over the building of Regent's Park Barracks. To illustrate their complete ignorance of the meaning of "militarism," they shrieked about a "Prætorian Camp" in London. However, the "Prætorians" had come to stay and added a new, rich note to the harmony of colour which vibrates in London life. There were the great occasions when foreign potentates had to be escorted about the Town and were privileged to review British troops, a crowning glory to their visit, as did the King of Würtemberg when he came to attend the funeral of George IV in 1830. Then there were more intimate matters to interest the Londoners, notably the question of "mustachios," which seems to recur in cycles of a century at a time. Whatever side popular opinion may take, "orders are orders," and therefore in 1830 no cavalrymen but those of the Household and several Hussar regiments were allowed to leave the upper lip unshaven. In 1854 greater latitude was left to the individual and was taken by most soldiers, if one may judge by the portraits of very hirsute warriors who saved the reputation of the British fighting man in the Crimea and throughout the Indian Mutiny. Then followed years of glittering peace, punctuated by Jubilee celebrations. There were wars and rumours of wars, but only

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the picturesque side of them was presented to the public, chiefly by means of the illustrated papers. The Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry that went to Egypt in 1889 charged knee to knee in the colours worn by the King's Guard for over two centuries. Their Colonel-in-Chief, King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, had volunteered for service on that occasion and again for the Gordon relief expedition, and though his offer had been turned down for reasons of State, the people of London felt drawn into closer contact with the splendid troops that lived a useful and ornamental life among them. It became the right thing to understand such a picturesque event as the passing of the Royal Horse Guards standard in 1887. This Royal standard had gone before the regiment since 1832; it was carried for the last time by Corporal-major Instructor of Fencing, G. McLaren, on the return to Windsor of Queen Victoria after the Golden Jubilee celebrations.

The drab days of khaki came upon us; they found their most dismal expression in the South African War; the Great War, however, raised khaki on to the higher plane of symbolism and established its place among the traditions of our race. Of the colourful uniforms that belong to the old tradition, His Majesty's Guards are now the only wearers, but they are equally at home and competent in the workaday khaki, and therefore entirely in sympathy with the spirit of that incomparable centre of old-world wisdom and modern progressiveness, London, the heart of Old England and of the British Empire.



ROYAL WINDSOR

The Knights of St. George—What Froissart had to say about The Round Table, also Mathieu de Paris—Early history of Windsor and Clewer—Hunting at Windsor—The Parliamentarians in the Royal Borough—The King's Household Cavalry raised—Sham fights in Windsor Park—The dignity of Windsor Town—The castle in the days of the earlier Georges—Lord Combermere—Escort duties—Reviews—The Cavalry Staff Corps—A “Voice from Scutari”—How the *Windsor Express* noted and recorded the coming and going of the Household Cavalry and other matters of importance.

WHEREAS London is the political, commercial capital of the Empire, its head, so to speak, from whence proceed those brain-waves that are expected to regulate our ordinary, everyday existence, Royal Windsor has a different, a higher purpose. Here is the shrine of all that St. George stands for; here for generations his knights have made their spiritual home:

“ For God’s Pleasaunce
And his Mother, and in Significaunce
That ye been of St. George’s liverie,
Doth Him Service and Knightly Obeisance;
For Christ’s Cause is his——”

Thus Chaucer wrote, and in doing so helped to cleanse our English language from foreign impurity. It is a pity that Chaucer did not tell us something about Windsor. However, Froissart did, tracing the chivalric glories of this Royal Borough

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back into the legendary mists of King Arthur. He dates the institution of an Order of Knighthood, the Round Table in fact, to the sixth century, and declares that ever since that time Windsor has been the scene of martial exercises called Hastiludes, Tilts or Tourneaments. Mathieu de Paris agrees and adds this lucid explanation, "Potius ludus militaris, qui Mensa Rotunda dicitur." Another learned chronicler, Dr. Thomas Dawson, D.D., adds to our lore in his "Memoirs of St. George, the English Patron and of the Most Noble Order of the Garter," printed for him by Henry Clements at the Half Moon in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1714. Dr. Dawson shows us how reasonable it is that "so Military a Nation should choose the name of such a Soldier Saint," and of one to whom the ancients so often gave the peculiar name of "Tropæophorus" or "Victorious." This was made the more obvious at the time by the deeds of English troops on the continent of Europe. About the time that the author was writing, two English knights, Sir George Rooke and Sir Clodesley Shovel, went off and took the Rock of Gibraltar. Dr. Dawson is content to go no further back into history than Saxon times for the first sign of Windsor's activities as the heart of English chivalry. St. George, he finds, was also the Saxon's patron saint, and head of an "Heroick Order," instituted here in Saxon Windeshores, Windleshora, or whatever archaic form of spelling was then in use.

The Saxons, according to their wont as those who arrived by water, probably began their settlement on the river's bank and worked inland, carving their fields out of the primeval forest. They surely found that Thames Street of to-day had been in use for more generations than anyone could count. Many ways converged on Windsor, green tracks leading down from the forest to the riverside and then getting lost among the trees on the farther side. One or other of these tracks would be marked down by the Romans as a useful line of communication, and traces of improvements made by these invaders remain to this day.

That Windsor was a place of importance in earliest Saxon times is beyond doubt. There was probably a moated, stockaded hall to southward of the hill on which the present castle stands. A hunting-lodge at first, but later it acquired greater importance and became a Royal residence for Edward the Confessor. History also tells us that Earl Godwin, of whom the Confessor seems to have been rather afraid, died in the village of old Windsor. It

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is a pity that history is so vague about the place where those two famous Church Councils were held in A.D. 747 and 803. We are told that the place where these councils met was somewhere near London at a point where Mercia, Wessex, Kent and Essex met. This description might very easily fit ancient Cloveshoe, or Clivora, as it is called in "Domesday Book," the Clewer of our day and, after all, only a pleasant walk's distance from Windsor along the winding river's bank. Whether there was an order of knighthood centred in Windsor at that time is still a suitable subject for research, but it may be taken for granted that the Church Councils of that time played their part in forming the character of our people towards reaching the ideals that were ever before the eyes of English chivalry, and thus began to bring up a race of gentle folk. Let those who had business with other nationals during and after the war remember the many indications which showed the foreigner's opinion of the British soldier, as one who could be trusted above all others to do that which was seemly, knightly, chivalrous.

What with the castle beginning to grow up on the site chosen by William the Conqueror, leaving old Windsor rather neglected, and the unrest there was all over the realm, demanding the construction of fortresses, there must have been much martial life about this countryside. A few years after the Norman Conquest the Earl of Northumbria was brought a prisoner to Windsor. A century later the Knights Templar, from their Chancery at Bisham, would be busy with the rights they had acquired hereabouts, and again a century later all that was bravest and best was preparing to set out on crusade to regain the Holy Places of the East, neglecting for a while the equally holy places at home. When the importance of these latter were at last realized, thanks to the complete failure of the crusaders, then ancient Windsor entered upon a period of great and romantic glory all inspired by St. George and the ideals for which he stands. England had emerged from the disastrous gloom and disorder of Edward II's reign, had won victory at Crécy, had taken Calais, and held the King of Scots a prisoner.

It may seem chance or accident that the most Noble Order of the Garter was instituted at this juncture, but it does look like a link in an ordered sequence of events. England held high place in the councils of the Great, her King had been offered the Imperial diadem and declined it, his grandson was to marry the Emperor's daughter. Clouds of glory, moving across the

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heavens like an army with banners, soared over the embattled towers of Windsor when Edward III was king. In the early days of his grandson's reign the Knights of the Round Table assembled here from time to time, then there were great doings with joustings and elaborate tournaments. No doubt Sir Bernard Brocas, Lord of the Manor of Clewer and many other places, rode over in great state to take part in the rejoicings. He was a contemporary of William of Wykeham, of Wycliffe, and of Froissart in that stirring epoch of England's history; he had ridden by the side of his close friend, the Black Prince, in the French wars; he lived to see his friend's son, Richard II, marry Anne of Bohemia and thus link up the interests of England with those of the Holy Roman Empire. He lived to see the decline of the later Plantagenets, and was buried close to the tombs of the kings in Westminster Abbey. He must have been well acquainted with Sir John Brancastre, one of the Milites Pauperis, Knights of Windsor whose order was instituted by Edward III. Sir John was appointed to this Order by Richard II for good service to his father, the Black Prince.

After many changes the Order of Military Knights still survives, and the story of these knights alone makes thrilling reading. Many of them had given all their worldly goods as well as a faithful sword in the service of the King. Among these most notable was Thomas Baskerville, who "faithfully served King Charles I, of glorious memory maintaining a Troop of Horse at his own charge." It is pleasant to find that these most worthy knights enjoyed the peace and dignified leisure of this their last refuge, in some instances for many years; Captain Baskerville lived on happily till 1711. As he had reached the age of a hundred and six, this takes him back to the early days of King James I, when the glamour of Elizabeth's reign still survived to call out all the best in Englishmen. He was a man of rank and standing when Charles II's troubles began, and some years before death took him over gently, he had heard of Marlborough's pencilled letter to his wife, dispatched on the field of Blenheim, asking her to give his duty to the Queen, and let her know that her army had gained a glorious victory. "Mr. Tallard and two generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest," by which he meant that his cavalry were hard on the heels of a routed enemy. Only one other knight, John Baynes, beat Baskerville's record for longevity by attaining the age of a hundred and twelve.

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The golden age of Plantagenet Windsor faded away with the decline of Richard II. But they were glorious days while they lasted. It was here that the young King heard of Wat Tyler's revolt, and from here he rode out to have speech with the malcontents. That very gracious little lady, Anne of Bohemia, the wife of Richard's youth, brought additional glamour of chivalry to Windsor, she the granddaughter of John, the blind King of Bohemia, who was considered the mirror of all knightly virtue. Both her father and grandfather had fought against her adopted country, the former having made a hurried exit from the trouble at Crécy, hustled off the scene of action by his staff. Her grandfather, as we all know, succumbed almost immediately to the damage he had received in that fray, and folk were the better able to appreciate his highly romantic quality. His going must have been a great relief to his country, for of all the bad kings that have misruled Bohemia—and there were quite a number—he was the worst—and the best-intentioned.

In the days when Lancaster and York took turn and turn about to rule over England, Windsor served only fitfully as setting for romantic pageantry. The year after Agincourt had been won, and England had thereby become great again in the Councils of the Nations, Sigismund, King of the Romans, came to Windsor and here was invested as Knight of the Garter. But on the whole the growing town of Windsor was thrown upon its own resources for entertainment. The town had risen to the dignity of representation in Parliament as early as 1302, which must have afforded the gossips some diversion. Then there was the popular pastime of nosing about for sorcery, magic, and such-like practices; the famous witch of Eye, imprisoned here, no doubt added to the attractions of the place until the last wisp of smoke lost itself in the hard, unfeeling atmosphere of the time and place. Hunting, of course, was a joy for all time, though the populace was not encouraged to join in the pastime without very special Royal permission. William the Conqueror was very strict on this point and brutally unkind to those who transgressed his game laws. But then he always went to Mass at Clewer church before hunting, which makes not only for righteousness, but also for an insistence on that quality in others.

That pleasure-loving monarch, Edward IV, often hunted from Windsor. On one occasion, in 1472, Louis de Bruges, Governor of Holland, assisted him in "slaying half-a-dozen bucks

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which they coursed with greyhounds and buckhounds." The day ended (and probably the next began) with a great banquet at which the guests were regaled with such delights as " greene gynger, divers Cyryppes, Comfyttes and Ipocras."

The Tudors were great lovers of sport under the greenwood tree, and Henry VIII often visited Windsor to recreate himself, playing and exercising at the " recorders, flute, virginals, in setting of songs and making ballards." He even " did set two full masques, every one of them with five parts which were sung oftentimes in his chapels." But for all this musical enterprise he did not neglect his hunting, for we are told that " His Grace euery afternoone, when the wether ys anythyng fyne, dooth ride further on hawking or walkyth in the Parke, and cummyth not inne ageyne till yt be late in the evenyng." His great daughter was also devoted to the sport of kings, and entertained right royally John the Duke of Finland, whom her suitor, the King of Sweden, had sent over as his ambassador. To show how we do things in Merry England, the Queen killed with her own fair hand a " great and fat Stagge." Ever mindful of her loyal subjects, the Queen sent the game to the Archbishop of Canterbury, after having had it parboiled for better preservation, the weather being warm " and the Dere somewhat chafed." Let us hope it made no long tarrying by the way. King James, also a persistent huntsman, had a specific cure for his gout, result of his own ruminations, they say; he used to " bathe his feet in every buck's and stag's belly in the place where he kills them."

Windsor, where Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham swam every evening in the Thames near Eton, but " so attended with choice company and a boat or two that there could be no danger," turned from a pleasaunce in the late years of James I, to a place of disappointment and unhappy memories. Windsor town took sides against the King; eventually the castle itself fell into the hands of the rebels and became the headquarters of the Parliamentary Forces under Essex. It was at Windsor that the new Model Army came into being and was trained by Fairfax in the Great Park. From here twenty-one regiments of highly trained troops marched to the West, leaving a strong garrison behind.

The earliest mention of a standing garrison in Windsor seems to be the information conveyed by Mr. Bagshaw, Member for the Isle of Wight, to the House of Commons in January 1641-42. " As he went to Windsor he saw several troops of Horse," and

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further, "that there were about 400 Horse in the Town, and close about 40 officers." The King had sought refuge in Windsor Castle at the time on which Mr. Bagshaw reports, but he and his garrison had to make way for Parliamentary troops in the autumn of 1642. Colonel John Venn, later one of the regicides, was the first O.C. Troops of Windsor as a regular garrison. There was war outside, there was mutiny within the walls of Windsor Castle, and the first years of this military station as such were probably the worst it ever experienced. For all their high-sounding principles and loudly stated convictions, the Parliamentary, levied soldier became a very uncomfortable neighbour unless his pay was rendered to him punctually. Having once broken his faith with his King, he would probably not scruple to mutiny against his new employers—he probably considered them to be no better than himself. Possibly he was right. At any rate, there was a most uncomfortable state of affairs at Windsor while Colonel Venn drew the neighbourhood for money to pay his troops. He succeeded in raising some £300; nevertheless, there was further disaffection, and a contemporary declared that "the soldiers had been in great want." The officers, too, had their grievances, and in 1646 they combined with the soldiers in a petition "that a certain bronze statue be sold for £400 and the proceeds devoted to the needs of the garrison." Some think that this was a statue of St. George set up by Henry VIII and his Knights Companion of the Garter. Two years after the disappearance of this statue the Sovereign Head of the order was brought to Windsor Castle for burial in St. George's Chapel. It was another twelve years before Oliver Cromwell followed his Royal victim to the grave. By this time the Military Knights had been selected from his following and they all attended the Protector's pompous funeral? In another two years' time the Mayor of Windsor with his Aldermen and surely the best of the populace, rejoiced over the King's return and proclaimed him Charles II at the Market House and on Windsor Bridge.

Charles II loved Windsor in the summer months and found plenty of gentle distraction here from the mazy intrigues that courtiers spun about him. The King went fishing at Datchet, and there also he encouraged the races held annually on St. Bartholomew's Day by founding the Ferry Cup.

No one could accuse Charles II of being "militarist," and a deal of his popularity, the ease with which he found himself

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happily restored to the throne, may have been due to this fact. A standing army was intensely unwelcome to the greater part of the nation, especially those who were soon to be classified as Tories. This dislike extended down to all the ranks of the Army, and lingered on well into our time. The Great War seemed to have killed it, but our cranks have lately been trying to revive it. These are they who prate about "militarism" without the faintest idea of what the word implies. It would be good for them to live for a while under such military dictatorship as supported Oliver Cromwell. Nevertheless, whatever King and people thought of a standing army, it had come to stay. The King himself had brought a small contingent of regular Guards with him on his Restoration. Indeed, there was need for them, considering the possibility of rioting by such fanatics as Thomas Venner.

It was shortly after this, in 1660 and 1661, that first the "Blues," Lord Oxford's Regiment of Horse, came into being, followed by "His Majesty's own Troope of Guards, His highness Royall the Duke of Yorke his Troope of Guards, His Grace the Duke of Albermarle His Troope of Guards." Concerning the latter, better known, perhaps, as General Monk, it is interesting to note that the King, as reward for the help given in the Restoration, presented the Manor of Clewer to His Grace, in whose family it remained until 1719. A further troop of Guards was raised in Scotland, and by January 1661 the Earl of Oxford's Regiment of Horse must have arrived at its full complement of eight troops. This regiment is more intimately related to Windsor than any other. We find it taking part in the gorgeous St. George's Day celebrations of 1661, when all the Guards appeared resplendent in new uniforms. It was James I in 1603 who, quite contrary to his habit of spending unwisely, found the money for "Liveries for the Guards." What that uniform looked like is not recorded, but we know that the weapons carried were a sword, a carbine and two pistols. Probably the "Livery" was of red, the Royal colour, and so it remained throughout all the vicissitudes through which the British Army had to pass on the way to Fame. It appears that scarlet, or blue, and gold was reserved for ceremonial, whereas a buff coat was worn for lesser occasions. To this add a cuirass back and breast, buff breeches and gauntlet gloves, a sash worn round the waist by all ranks, and crown the whole colour-scheme with a pistol-proof helmet or "Pott," over which waved a plume of feathers. The aiguillette still worn to-

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day began as a shoulder-knot of ribbon worn on the right side only.

A famous cavalryman was often seen at Windsor during the reign of Charles II. This was Rupert, Prince Palatine, a very gallant blade. He was an accomplished gentleman, it would seem, for not only was he Constable of Windsor Castle, but he also took a hand in administering the King's Navy from here; this shows you what cavalry can do when put to it. It is not recorded that he took any part in the Sham Fight, the first of its kind, perhaps, in our history; hitherto the fighting had been intensely real. On this joyous occasion, in 1674, an elaborate presentation of the siege of Maestricht was staged in the meadows below the Long Terrace one night. Bastions, bulwarks, ramparts, palisadoes, graffs, horn works, counter scarps, and moat twelve yards wide, completed the *mise en scène*, mines were sprung, big guns fired, in fact all the fun of a military fair was displayed for the delectation of some thousand keenly interested spectators.

There were other more serious duties: that of escorting Royalty, as on the occasion of the King's nuptials with the Infanta of Portugal. Unpleasant duties, too, such as assisting the Preventive Service, but newly instituted, and that of quelling disorders in various parts of the country. There were Life Guards in attendance when the King greeted Monmouth on the latter's return from crushing a rebellion at Bothwell Bridge, 1679. The Court itself had the habit of moving about between Windsor and Newmarket, and cavalry found escorts on these occasions. This was a wise precaution considering the fact that some of the Whigs, angry and disappointed at the King's friendly feelings towards the Catholics, had plotted to waylay and murder him and his brother James while they were travelling along the Newmarket road.

After being proclaimed King at Windsor in 1685, James II started his habit of reviewing troops. Setting out from Windsor escorted by Life Guards, the King visited seaports and carefully examined the coast defences. This, unhappily for him, did not serve to avert the danger that threatened from within his realm, nor did it prevent the landing of William of Orange. The town of Windsor we find most zealously in favour of the Revolution, its garrison, loyal to James II, dispersed at tactical points—Maidenhead, Staines, Egham, Chertsey, Colnbrook—to meet the advance of the Dutch, and to cover the King in London. Three

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years after his proclamation there, King James II left Windsor alone, and shortly afterwards William of Orange, with Count Bentinck, entered into this regal possession. The Household Cavalry of the former King, not being *personæ gratae* to the new regime, were exiled to the provinces from Windsor, leaving the Dutch Guards to carry on the duties they had so gallantly performed. Lord Feversham, commanding the 1st Troop of Life Guards, was held prisoner in Windsor Castle. After a certain amount of political unpleasantness, which found expression in occasional disorders, England returned to its normal occupations, and the life of the nation flowed on in rhythmic calm. It was this period that brought to perfection the peculiarly English outlook on things in general. It was rather parochial, perhaps, but it was soundly patriotic and helped to strengthen the structure of a national character built up slowly during the centuries while rival dynasties contended for power. English towns took their full share in fostering the spirit that forms character; indeed, each little town seems to have had a *cachet*, a fragrance of its own, and who will say that it has not survived even unto these days of undue haste, in that happy air of "Cranford," and in the humour portrayed by Caldecott.

The history of Windsor shows that this happy town was always to the fore in the things that matter. As a community that had long been represented in Parliament, and had been guided by "the substancyelst and wysest men of the towne" elected from among the Gild Brethren of the Holy Trinity, thus Windsor early arrived at poise and dignity. It had an important market and even a gaol in the thirteenth century, the latter institution being considered a distinction. The City Fathers that carried on after the Gild of Holy Trinity had been dispersed, knew how to do things handsomely: a double gilt cup for Queen Elizabeth on her first visit, and in 1637 a gift of bugle horns and scarves to Prince Charles and his brother. To atone for the lapse from loyalty during the Civil War, the Mayor, escorted by a troop of Horse, proclaimed King Charles II "with all ioye." Ten years later Windsor and London were connected by stage-coach service. This was real progress. After the Revolution peace settled down upon Windsor, enabling it to develop along its own genial lines undisturbed by events passing outside. The dignity of the town was enhanced by handsome buildings, some of which you may still see in Church Street and Peascod Street where George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, had built him a

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house later famous as the Duke's Head Inn. The Town Hall, begun in 1687, dates from this period of building; it was completed by Christopher Wren, who, in 1715, was one of the Members returned to Parliament for Windsor. Peace settled down upon Windsor in the days of the early Georges, peace with just that dash of mild excitement caused by the echoes of stirring events abroad. Accounts of the King's gallantry at Dettingen came to Windsor, news of Plassey and the capture of Quebec; all this acted as filip to the pleasant life in and about the castle.

Windsor was much frequented in the days of George II, and there was a constant coming and going between the castle and the summer residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, at Cliefden, as it was then called, across the river in Bucks. A curious fact emerges from some of the Household accounts that mention a customary allowance for Riding Charges, and a suggestion that some of the Yeomen of the Guard who performed Orderly Service, were mounted men. There was not much evidence of military activity at Windsor during the reign of the Georges, and the castle had more the air of a simple English gentleman's residence. In the meantime its normal garrison was busy checking the exuberance of France in many distant battlefields, and when it seemed to be all over in 1814, and Household Cavalry returned to Windsor, the trumpet sounded for the Waterloo campaign. It was not till 1816 that the "Blues" returned safely to their barracks at Windsor. The building of those barracks was begun in 1805, the year of Trafalgar. It is considered that the central block of the present officers' mess is still older. There is a choice of two traditions concerning the origin of these barracks, one declaring it to have been an old farm-house of no particular definition, another insisting that the original building had been a country house belonging to Lord Combermere, whose name still attaches to them. This is only right, whichever way the legend may turn, because Lord Combermere was himself a distinguished cavalryman; as Sir Stapleton Cotton he commanded cavalry in Wellington's Peninsular campaign, and thereafter was Colonel of the 1st Life Guards from 1829 for over thirty years.

Even in the days before barracks the Horse Guards had made their home, or homes, all about Windsor, either encamped in the park during the summer, or billeted about the neighbourhood for the winter months. In 1804 the headquarters of the regiment was definitely settled in Windsor town, and here they remained in permanence until in 1821 the system of annual reliefs

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was instituted for the Household Cavalry. It was largely due to the affection King George III had for his Royal Horse Guards that this regiment became, as it were, a part of Windsor's daily life, indeed, the "Blues" were so much at home that many of them became landed proprietors by buying plots of land in the neighbourhood. It was therefore certain that many men of the regiment, when "tired of war's alarms," would return to Windsor and retire each to his own vine and fig-tree or their local equivalent. Among those who returned to Windsor and lived in useful retirement until 1857 was "Old Sam Morton," who had been armourer to the 2nd Life Guards when that regiment was serving in the Peninsula. He passed the remainder of his days in repairing guns, fishing-rods and metal-work generally, and was a well-known character in his time.

For the cavalry when at Windsor, there were years of routine duty of the kind that Household troops are privileged to perform. The chief duty was to the Sovereign, obviously, even as it is to-day, but there were other duties besides guards and escorts in the days before the mails were carried by rail. There was a regular relay system, a string of posts under non-commissioned officers, along the road to London, and these maintained a postal service for the Court between Windsor Castle, Kensington and St. James's. The first of these posts out from Windsor was at Egham. As to escort duty, especially to foreign potentates, this is a subject upon which opinions differ widely, even as do those for whom the escort is provided. One of these was the King of Spain whom the "Blues" escorted on his landing at Portsmouth to visit Queen Anne at Windsor, and back again to Portsmouth where he re-embarked for his own country. This, it appears, happened in 1703, a year before the battle of Almanzar, from which British troops, for all their gallantry, came out very badly mauled. It can have been no other than Philip V of whom England did not approve in his pretensions to inherit the vast possessions of Spain. However, the Royal guest was entertained with great pomp and circumstance. The same courtesy was extended to Donna Maria da Gloria, a little Royal lady of tender years to whom her father, Dom Pedro, had entrusted the governance of Portugal while he kept on being Emperor of Brazil. This visit must have taken place as Donna Maria was on her way to Lisbon in 1833 where her uncle, Dom Miguel, had prepared all sorts of unpleasant surprises for her. However, even wicked uncles die if you allow them time enough, and thereafter Donna

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Maria da Gloria lived as happily as might be with her Coburg husband, the man who built that lordly castle at Cintra; you can see from board ship the Pena Castle as you pass down the coast of Portugal. It stands high on the Serra of Cintra, rising up out of a forest of umbrella pines to catch the sound of the breakers as they roll in from the Atlantic. The "Blues" escorted the body of young Princess Charlotte from Egham to Windsor, and in the following year, 1818, that of Queen Charlotte from Kew to Windsor, a duty they shared with the Life Guards and a regiment of Lancers. In this connection it may be noted that Windsor served as garrison not exclusively to the Household Cavalry, but that others, Dragoon Guards, Dragoons, Lancers and Hussars, have soldiered here from time to time.

It is recorded that the King's Dragoon Guards were here in 1701 and again encamped at Swinley close by in 1797. Scots Greys were encamped in Windsor Forest on three occasions, in 1740, in 1798 and again in 1830. The year 1798 was full of military excitements, especially at Windsor, and as no gathering of a martial nature is complete without a taste of the brogue, the Inniskilling Dragoons enlivened the Royal residence with a visit encamped all under the greenwood tree. The thirties of last century were also full of happenings that led to military activity. France began the decade with a revolution and, as many people remembered, anything might happen in consequence of such proceedings. One consequence was that a deposed monarch, Charles X of France, sought refuge in England; this has become a habit among ex-sovereigns. After a short stay at Lulworth, King Charles of France accepted the King of England's hospitality, and took up his abode at Holywood House. This would entail a certain amount of escort duty for the cavalry. Revolution spread all over Europe. Its effect on Great Britain brought statesmen to the conclusion that something ought to be done. Many things were suggested, some attempted, some even accomplished while the populace showed its appreciation by burning ricks, breaking up machinery and generally behaving with an exuberance proper to happier times. There was also a certain liveliness in Tipperary, requiring the presence of troops. The Duke of Wellington was very anxious as to the safety of the King on the latter's visit to the City in 1830, and this again meant much wearisome escort and relay duty. In the year following there was more evidence of discontent at measures intended to make everybody happy, therefore, as was customary in times

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of trouble, there were impressive reviews of troops in different parts of the country, and among these surely that of Household Cavalry in Windsor Home Park must have been the most resplendent even though sabretaches and sashes had been laid aside some years previously. The 9th to 13th of August, 1832, were days of special splendour for Windsor; on this occasion the 3rd Dragoon Guards were privileged to escort Their Majesties, while King William IV presented his standard to the Royal Horse Guards. The Queen's birthday celebrations were included in this period; in her honour troops paraded in the Home Park, their right on the castle, their left towards Adelaide Cottage. In 1833 the 17th Lancers took part in another review at Windsor, held, one may presume, not so much in appreciation of the Emancipation Bill, concerning which the cavalry may have had no very definite opinion, but rather to encourage a good old custom.

A curious idea was started early in the nineteenth century, namely, that of creating a "Cavalry Staff Corps." The first thing done was to design its uniform: red coat, blue facings and plastron, buttons, lace and shako-lines white, red plume, white cockade with black centre and white button, overalls grey with double blue stripe down to booting; waist-belt of blue and red stripes, white shoulder-belt. Surely the War Office could not have made a more resplendent contribution than this to the gaiety of the country's martial spirit. What seems to have been overlooked was the *raison d'être* of this *corps d'élite*. Perhaps someone thought of it and forgot to write it down. If, as is probable, the idea sprang from the brain of a cavalryman, he probably had in mind a body of horsemen at the disposal of G.O.C.s who, especially those who rise from other arms, are very free with their cavalry, demanding orderlies, patrols and sending them chasing all over the country, leaving only the squadron commander and his trumpeter to deal the *coup de grâce* so important as a dignified ending to a very sham fight. It does not seem likely that there was a deep political design at the bottom of this Cavalry Staff Corps idea, such as called into being a curious addition to the German Cavalry about the year 1896. There also one heard frequent complaints about the way the squadrons were decimated by Generals who like to have a swarm of orderlies constantly hovering about them. These complaints became peculiarly insistent at a time when the German Army authorities wanted more cavalry, whole regiments

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of it, whereas the Reichstag refused the money for the purpose. Thereupon the Ministry of War did some hard thinking from which resulted a squadron of Light Cavalry called "Melde Reiter," which can be interpreted as Orderly or Mounted Messenger. This body was raised in Alsace and formed part of the XVth Army Corps. The men were recruited from among Alsatians, they were dressed in the colours of Alsace, and when turned out in their very best, put the soldiers that take the stage in Carmen completely in the shade. Other squadrons of these "Melde Reiter" were formed and attached to different Army Corps, they increased and multiplied until eventually the German Army had achieved the additional number of cavalry regiments that had been refused by the Reichstag. No longer were these horsemen described as "Melde Reiter"; they had become "Jäger zu Pferde," incongruously covered with the Prussian cuirassier helmet.

The short reign of William IV seems to have been marked by no outstanding events in Windsor. The town just developed quietly along its pleasant lines, and was fortunate enough to find an able chronicler of its doings and its reactions to outside events in the *Windsor Express*. The title of this enterprising publication varied slightly from time to time as other neighbouring towns sought connection with it, but the name "Windsor" remained, as it were, to hall-mark it. The *Express*, first published in August 1812 and still flourishing, was founded in an England that was emerging slowly, as it seemed reluctantly, from the stage-coach age. Of course people offered a certain amount of tribute to those folk up north who invented steam engines and such-like contrivances. Young bloods had been known to race their horses against a railway engine, others, quite staid, elderly gentlemen, having tied their hats down tight to their respective heads, bid a fond farewell to wife and child and ventured on a run in an open railway truck. All these things and more did the *Windsor Express* note and impart with seasoned judgment thereon, to its readers in Berks, Bucks, Middlesex and West Surrey. The world was full of wonder with all sorts of inventions cropping up almost daily. There was that machine which could turn out parts of the bayonet formerly made with great labour by hand. This might not have aroused such interest at other times, but just then the Crimean War was in progress and folk liked to talk with knowledge about such things as bayonets; there is something of sinister attraction in the word bayonet, and the *Express* had

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been much concerned^{*} about the war and was fortunate in its correspondents. Their letters shed gleams of light upon an affair that reflected little credit on anyone but the fighting soldier. The Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne, as a "Voice from Scutari," declares that "History may, I know not that it can—tell of deeds of courage equal to those our Army has done in the Crimea; history cannot tell of any such deeds following in rapid succession, worked in the same daring spirit, on the same scene, but under daily increasing, almost appalling difficulty." The reverend gentleman goes on to say that till he had seen English soldiers in the field—and in hospital, he never till now knew what a soldier really was. This was entirely his own fault, but he does make some amends. One who did know what a soldier really is, a smart cavalry subaltern, writes in the vein which became so familiar during the Great War. Describing his costume he says: "A pair of large sailor's boots, a pair of coarse sailor's trousers, a pea-jacket with anchor buttons, and my own old forage cap."

There were others interested in the conduct of the war and the well-being of Her Majesty's troops, even our intelligent legislators of the time. A question was asked in the House of Commons: "Why are dying men jolted in springless wagons over unmetalled tracks, so-called roads?" And the Secretary of State for War answered triumphantly "that he had inquired and had been assured that there were actually in Gallipoli forty medical panniers for the conveyance of the sick." The House was satisfied.

When peace came again to release the troops from their sufferings in the Crimea, there was no great celebration of the event. All that happened was that somebody let off fireworks while the churchwardens had dinner together. These worthies may have had a word or two for the returned soldier, but the only mention of practical help comes from Slough, where the Taplow Troop of Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry, assembled for an eight-day tour of duty, subscribed £28 to the Patriotic Fund. There were many other things to interest Windsor; there was a feeling of change in the air, change in national outlook owing to expanding Imperial responsibilities, change in matters that concerned the Army. However much the conservative minds guided the fortunes and sometimes caused the misfortunes of the Queen's Army, there were a number of things that called aloud for revision. One of these was the system of enlisting foreigners into a Foreign Legion. This arose out of the earlier Hanoverian

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connection, and not only continued after the Governments of England and Hanover had separated, but was expanded to take in all and sundry. Depots were established in Spain, Holland and Hamburg under the direction of British officers. Public feeling was rising against this usage, abroad at first, and particularly in Prussia. There the Governour of Posen called the attention of recruiting officers to the Prussian Criminal Code, under which anyone inducing a Prussian, civilian or soldier, to enlist under a foreign state was liable to suffer a term of imprisonment of three months to three years. The Foreign Legion had been giving some trouble of late, there had been an affray between German Jäger and men of the Rifle-Brigade at Aldershot. Queen Victoria and other members of the Royal family frequently took that familiar road by Bagshot and Farnborough, and in July 1856 Her Majesty, in a scarlet habit, richly laced, and wearing the riband of the Garter, reviewed her troops, among whom were the 1st and 2nd Light Dragoons of the German Legion, regiments that had won great distinction in the service of this country.

But the old order was passing, and with it many who had taken a very active part therein. Among these was one who had seen and done about as much as any man could expect. This was Sir John Milley Doyle, K.C.B., who began as a cornet in 1794 and thereafter seldom missed a really fine occasion. He assisted at the capture of Cairo and Alexandria, went right through the Peninsular War, collected some fifteen decorations, well-earned ones, and finally was laid to rest with many marks of consideration from the Queen and the Prince Consort, beside other Military Knights of Windsor.

The Great War again called upon the knights for military duty, also their colleagues of the college, canons, and minor canons, lay clerks and ex-choristers; of these a glorious inner brotherhood laid down their lives. Under the shadow of the Great War as it still hangs over us, other former wars must lose some of their significance. The trumpets rang out "Boots and Saddles" for the Egyptian campaign, and called Household Cavalry to memorable deeds. Then again the call sounded for the South African War, and again Household troops went out, to return after years of hardship in sadly diminished numbers.

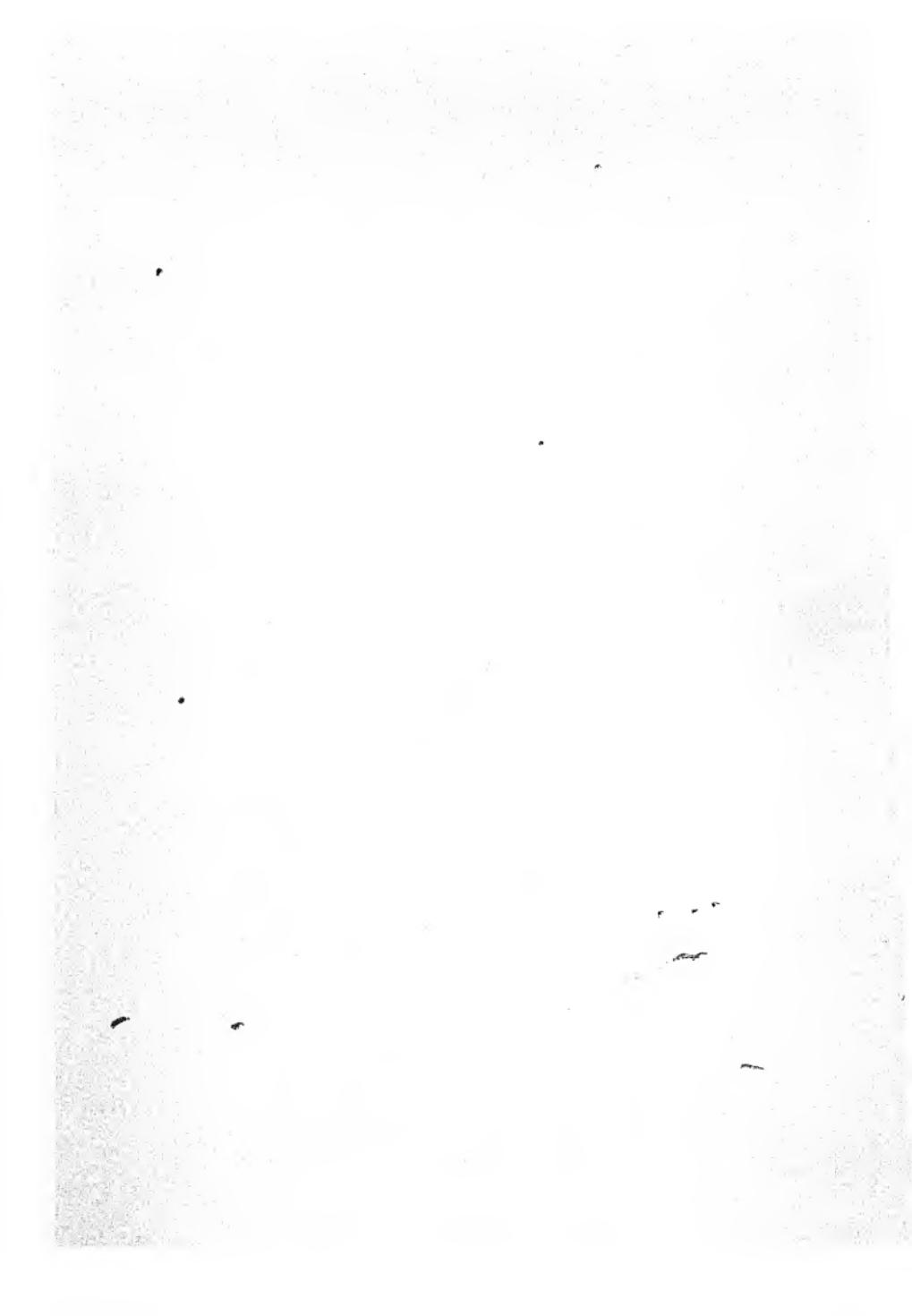
The *Windsor Express* duly noted this and other matters of importance such as the meets of Her Majesty's Staghounds, or Mr. Garth's. There is indeed reflected as truly as in a mirror, not only the daily life, but the atmosphere, one might almost say the

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soul of Royal Windsor; although the matter may be of everyday affairs small in themselves, these things assume noble proportions in a noble setting, and take high place in the general scheme of things. And what finer setting can you find than this ancient shrine of all that is meant by Chivalry, this Royal Windsor.



PART FOUR
THE ROADS TO THE NORTH





THE NORTH GATE,
LINCOLN.

THE ROADS TO THE NORTH

Ways leading out of London—Lincolnshire and the 7th Hussars—Phoenicians, and a word on strategy—A triangle based on Hadrian's Wall, its sides the roads that lead to Tyne and Solway Firth—Cavalry stations in the Midlands: BEDFORD, BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, NEWARK and others—The “Bays” raised in Yorkshire—Sir Walter Scott and his “Peveril of the Peak”—NOTTINGHAM and Charles I—Jacobite incursions—The story of Robin the Devil's exploit at Kendal—Origin of barracks, and a story from a Prussian Hussar regiment.

LIVERPOOL during the Civil War and the '45—The 9th Lancers and 11th Hussars—Also about Liverpool celebrities: Nicholas Blundell, Colonel Robert Broadnax and Captain O'Donoghue of the 22nd Light Dragoons—MANCHESTER and the 45 and the Scots Lords of the Manor of Wigan—About eighteenth century Legions, notably Tarleton's “Green Horse” and their exploits in America—The Great North Road with Huntingdon, Grantham and reminiscences of “Ivanhoe” at Doncaster—The first stage coach passes this way.

YORK an Imperial City—The ancient Brigantes and a Court intrigue—York Minster and its memorials—Ebor and Evora, with mention of Cromwell's Ironsides in Portugal—Batalha Abbey—The IXth Legion—Roman ~~T~~^T at York—Trier and its Roman monuments—Carausius, Emperor, and Allectus—Constantine the Great—Other and later empire-builders remembered at York—The 18th Hussars—British and Dominion regiments in alliance—Lucius the standard-bearer, and the historic pageantry of York from earliest times—Early uniforms—Marston Moor—York and the '45—The French Wars—The Yorkshire Hussars—Hunting and racing with a word about Dr. Syntax—Snatches of old ballads.

ANCIENT tracks and roadways marked out by the feet of long-forgotten people lead away from London to the North. You may follow those wayfarers of long ago on broad, high roads

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that disentangle themselves from the overflow of the Capital now smothering the last traces of natural beauty in the bonny little county of Middlesex. It required all man's instinctive gift (now becoming atrophied) of finding his way about, to thread the maze of tracks that criss-crossed each other on the high ground between Stanmore and Cheshunt. However, the wayfarer of old, with the traveller's instinct still strong within him, would pick out the muddiest as the most frequented of the many tracks and set out on his quest, whatever it might be. There would be landmarks to guide the traveller even in the remotest days of our history. Mimms, for instance, with a name so short and simple even to innocence, you might say, must surely be a very ancient settlement. Away across the River Ver was another known successively to Phoenicians, then to Romans who called it Verulam, and later still in time a Christian people named it St. Albans in memory of that saint. The ancient Phoenicians are probably responsible for the lasting character of this highway that took them from the seaway at London towards the north-west and whatever business it was that attracted them. All along this road busy cities still flourish in spite of periodical local depression caused in the course of centuries by plague, war and the interference of politicians with the natural order of things. This road is called Watling Street. The name has at first a wholesome, English sound; you might picture a comfortable-looking business man and address him as Mr. Watling. But here we come up against our experts and specialists, a variant of the *genus homo* that seems to have risen out of the Reformation, if not in consequence thereof. Your expert etymologist will not let you off so lightly; he has too low a regard for anything so recent as the Anglo-Saxon in this country. He has a somewhat higher regard for the Brython only as long as you spell him with a "y" in place of "i." You can do things with the Brython, you can trace the names he gave to mountain and river, back to the monosyllables by means of which our earliest ancestors made their meaning clear. In these days of Pacifism you may not suggest that our remote ancestor took up a stout cudgel wherewith he might add weight to his arguments. Failing these sounds from the cradle of our race, your etymologist will admit Semitic languages as guides to research into his subject. This has happened in the case of Watling Street. The street part of the name is left standing regrettfully; you cannot get away from the fact that it was simply so described by the Romans because they

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went to the trouble of paving it. But the Watling bit can be torn to shreds and reduced to unrecognizability. It has been done, I have seen it in print, a gradual decline from "Wat" to "Wa," thence to "Ra," one of the deities to whom the Phoenicians made offerings and sacrifices in hopes of adequate returns on their commercial ventures. How this transition was affected from "Wat" via "Wa" to "Ra," has escaped my memory, but the method adopted was clever, complicated and quite unconvincing.

The Romans found much use for the Watling Street and adopted it to their own ends—the subjection of Britain. They



7th. Queen's Own Hussars. 1812.

planted stations by the way and depots at the parting of ways that lead into Wales or away to the north-west edges of Britain, where the world comes to a rugged end. They also sent out lateral communications; such as the Fosseway, to run through Leicester and Newark until it joined up with another of their high roads, the Ermine Street, and then proceeded from south to north across their Lindum Colonia, the Caer Lintcoit of the Britons—I beg their pardon, Brythons. There is little left of the Roman times but the North Gate, through which the city's traffic still passes to travel by Ermine Street towards the remote north-east watched by the triple towers of Lincoln. Rome's auxiliary cavalry clattered out on the Empire's business by this

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North Gate; English chivalry made it ring to the clash of steel; British Cavalry struck sparks from the cobbled pavement as it went about its various duties, which sometimes were those of peacemaker among a troubled populace. The last regiment to be thus employed in Lincolnshire appears to have been the 7th Hussars; a troop of them were quartered at Boston in 1832.

The fundamental principles of strategy and tactics alter little, if at all; it is rather the sphere in which they are called upon to operate that expands with the progress of science, increasing the distance at which lethal weapons become effective. For centuries the strategic problems and their tactical concomitants in this country altered little. The Romans showed us where best to place military posts for purposes of maintaining order. It is quite possible that the Phoenicians had marked out and occupied suitable places on the roads by which their traffic came and went. After all, strategy is a science not confined in its application to war alone, and tactical details enter into consideration in such commercial enterprise as brought the Phoenicians to Albion and set them laying out stages, founding depots, posting relay stations and working out transport problems on the basis of the capacity for work of the active little country-bred horse. Perhaps one or other Phoenician brought a sire or two over from North Africa to improve the local breed and so started our country as the home of horse-breeding; who knows?

From the Civil War onward until the formation of a civilian police force, the duties of the latter were performed by troops. There were numerous cavalry stations, and some of them retained that character well after the original purpose no longer held good, in that triangle of country based on the wall that Hadrian drew across the narrowest part of our island, its sides the roads that lead from London towards Tyne and Solway Firth. On being relieved from police duty in this country, cavalry transferred their attention to the growing British Empire, assisted in acquiring its component parts, rounded off the sharp edges and now, in quite inadequate numbers, helps to keep the peace throughout. Among the old cavalry stations in the Midlands we find Bedford, Birmingham, Manchester, Newark, Grantham, Leicester, Uttoxeter, and most of the still existing regiments of British Cavalry have contributed of their best in adding to the life and colour of these interesting places. The "Bays" were to be found wherever the going was good, and where is it better than in the shires of Leicester and Northampton, and about Bedford? This latter

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town shared the "Bays," then the 3rd Horse, with Northampton, Coventry and Birmingham in 1693.

It was at this time that British Cavalry narrowly escaped having Jonathan Swift thrust upon it. Swift, at the time dependent on Sir William Temple in an almost menial capacity, had attracted the attention of William III, who, on a visit to Sir William's seat at Moore Park, sometimes instructed the young man in the things that mattered to William, such as how the Dutch were wont to eat asparagus. Swift's patience as listener to what must have been exceedingly dull, was rewarded with a royal offer of a captain's commission in a regiment of cavalry. However, both Swift and the British Cavalry escaped this infliction. Swift, according to Macaulay, haughty, aspiring, vindictive, would not have been happy going about the duties of a regimental officer, and the regiment might have failed to appreciate his high, intellectual quality and attainments, however insistently he paraded them.

The "Bays" were no strangers to Bedford in 1693, as they had been stationed there in 1689, when England was about to show the world how to conduct a bloodless revolution. It must have been a matter of much heart-searching for some of these ancient Midland towns to decide on which side to stand in the struggle that James II was forcing upon his people. It would not have been so difficult for Bedford to decide, seeing that its son, John Bunyan, ex-soldier of the Commonwealth Army, had suffered durance for his firm if narrow faith. But Newark had welcomed the Volunteer Regiment of Horse which the county of Nottingham had raised for the King in 1660 and placed under command of Lord Mansfield. The towns as well as the nobles had contributed towards raising this body of Horse at a time when the country was in no very flourishing condition. Lincolnshire had also raised and mounted a hundred Volunteer Gentlemen for the service of the Crown, and in the East Riding of Yorkshire Sir Francis Boyton had done likewise in his country about Dickering and Buckrose. It is curious to note that the machinations of agitators and subversive agents called forth a Proclamation by the Council of State in 1660 authorizing, empowering and requiring all officers, civil or military, and all "souldiers" to seize and secure agitators. That dealings of this kind between Royalists in the saddle once more and the unseated Puritans could be both exhilarating and picturesque, has been demonstrated to us by Sir Walter Scott in "Peveril of the Peak."

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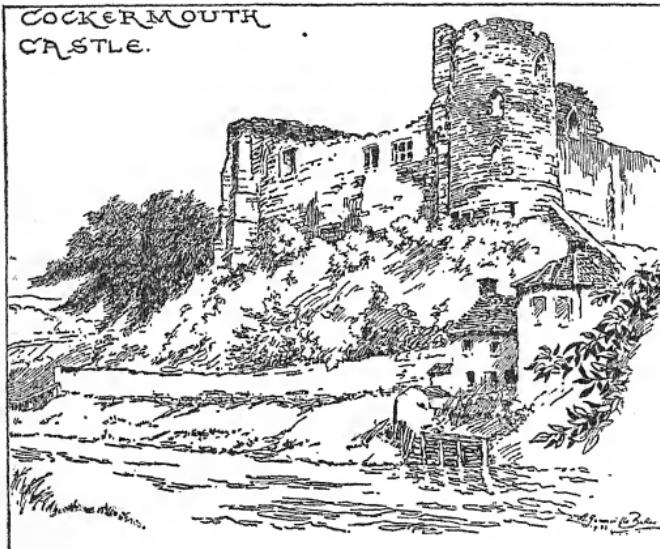
Here in these Midland counties, from which, happily, modern industrialism has not been able to banish Romance, our great romancer found stores of material suited to his purpose. He was particularly happy among records and memories of the troubles and trials suffered and sometimes caused by the Stuart family and its adherents. This covers at least one century from the time when Charles I raised his standard at Nottingham and gave commissions for the forming of cavalry regiments. He had passed through here as a sickly child in 1604 on his way from Scotland; his anxious parents had come out from London to meet him. On the 3rd August, 1642, the standard he had raised on the previous day had been torn from its staff by the storm wind and recovered, a draggled heap, from a field near by. Little more than a century later Prince Charles Stuart turned about at Derby. Here Jacobitism met its fate and suffered not so much suppression, as relegation to the limbo of the politically impracticable.

The attempts at restoring the Stuarts to the throne of England (and Scotland) had one peculiar effect, surely entirely unwelcome to the Jacobites, namely that of reviving with some emphasis the age-long differences between York and Lancaster. Perhaps this circumstance had some influence on the plans the Jacobites made towards the reconquest of England. Both in 1715 and in 1745 they flocked in by the western entrance, which Carlisle endeavoured to block with more or less success.

For physical reasons alone Cumberland is not easy territory for invaders, even be they hardy Scottish mountaineers. The fact of their being Scots alone would add to the difficulties; they were too well known from, shall we say the business side, to be over-popular among the Cumbrians. People who live by borrowing each other's cattle seldom have any good to say of their neighbours across the Border. When Scots gave, or took, no provocation to fight, these men of dale and fell were not averse to forcible argument among themselves. The Civil Wars of the Commonwealth offered many opportunities for this pastime; the Parliament's method of governing the country presented malcontents with sufficient occasion for opposing all attempts at law and order. Among the malcontents must be reckoned one Robert Philipson, locally known as "Robin the Devil." Robin had his likes and dislikes, he could not stand Colonel Briggs who, as commander of the Parliamentary troops in the district, was also the leading magistrate. Colonel Briggs laid siege to Robin's stronghold, Belle Isle, an island that when left in peace casts

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lovely reflections on the bright mirror of Lake Windermere. Colonel Briggs had been besieging Belle Isle for a week or so when the raising of the siege of Carlisle set free Robin's brother, Huddleston Philipson of Crook. Colonel Briggs withdrew, and on the day following his relief Robin thought fit to pursue him. It was Sunday and all, the day on which you would surely find Colonel Briggs in church. So Robin came rattling down the main street of Kendal and leaving his handful of followers outside, rode into the church, sword in hand, chased Colonel Briggs



and the rest of the congregation up and down the aisles and out at the west door. There is plenty of room in Kendal parish church for manœuvres of this kind, but they are not appreciated. Even the dumb stones of the church remonstrated, for the low archway of the western entrance knocked Robin's hat from his head—he had forgotten to remove it; as a churchman ~~Robin~~ had his shortcomings. You may see Robin's steel cap in Kendal church to-day, and below it hangs a useful-looking broadsword. This is a reminder of the first clash of the Stuarts with a people they completely failed to understand.

There are curious traces of the means used by James II to gain the affections of his subjects. He seems to have relied

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largely upon Dragoons to ensure success, and provided Cumberland handsomely with this aid to a good understanding; you will find reminders of their sojourn in places that seem unsuited nowadays, such as a narrow wynd at Cockermouth that leads down where Derwent and Cocker meet at the foot of the castle ruins. A place of beauty so serene that you cannot readily admit the idea of barracks into the picture. Yet tradition insists on quartering Dragoons in barracks under the western wall of the castle which had been too badly knocked about by Cromwellians to serve as habitation for any but bats and owls.

The idea of barracks was new to England in those days; even the word itself came from abroad and was probably used in its original Spanish meaning, as denoting wooden shanties intended as temporary accommodation only. The Germans still use the word "Barracken" to describe huts, whereas "Kaserne" stands for barracks in our interpretation of the word. It is curious to note the psychological influence that flows from the idea of impermanence on the most soundly disciplined troops, even the pre-war German Army. From time to time regiments would leave the crusted order of things in garrison, an order that seemed impervious to change, for the freer life of the "Barracken Lager." A certain regiment of Prussian Hussars had moved into that relative freedom for the purpose of "going through a course"; all armies do this. Several officers had been called up from the reserve for the occasion, and one of them at least was a great addition to the after-mess gaiety of the subalterns. He proved an enthusiastic assistant in the ritual of removing the scanty furniture of a hut from the inside on to its flat roof. A certain amount of discrimination was necessary; you never removed the commanding officer's furniture, nor indeed that of anyone higher in rank than yourself. But there was generally one or other subaltern who had been dining out or who was absent for some reason or other; his furniture, it was thought, would be all the better for an airing. Above-mentioned reserve officer had assisted at a most successful operation, had returned to the mess with the crowd to discuss it, had dispersed with the crowd and had retired for the rest of the night to a but that was swept and garnished—it had been his own furniture at the removal of which he had worked so assiduously.

There was no overwhelming enthusiasm shown for the son of James II, neither was there among the populace any particular affection for the other side however much Lord Lonsdale tried

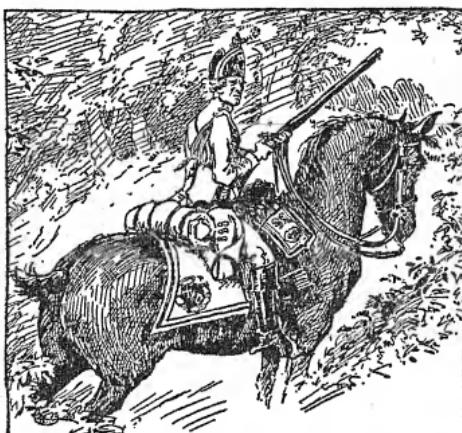
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to arouse enthusiasm among the *posse comitatus*. These four to fourteen thousand men, armed with guns, scythes, pitchforks did not see fit to resist the Jacobite advance from Brampton to Penrith but withdrew with some haste. Among the speediest of those who evaded the Jacobite Army was the Bishop of Carlisle's coachman. His lordship had come out in his coach and six to give a proper tone to the impending battle. However, Bishop Nicholson found himself being carried willy-nilly back to Rose Castle, and was last seen leaning out of the window urging his coachman in the strongest language to stay his mad career, if only in order to recover the episcopal wig which had been carried away on the breeze. The English Jacobites got no farther than Preston on this occasion, here they were forced to surrender at about the same time that Mar turned away and left the disputed field of Sheriffmuir to Argyll. What romance there ever was in this first attempt at restoring the Stuart to the throne seems to have found its worthiest expression in the work of an English author of far back Dutch ancestry, Walter Besant, whose books are seldom read these days. This is a pity, for his work has the enduring quality of English prose at its best. And how he knew his England, especially the North country! "Dorothy Forster" is alive with the throbbing romance of the Border. The turbulent voice of the North Tyne greets Derwentwater as he comes down to Chollerford with the horsemen raised at Morpeth. Thence within sound of the river, westward, and on his right hand the fragments of the wall that Hadrian built, down to the valley of the Eden, on to success at Penrith, defeat at Preston, and death on Tower Hill. A story simple enough told in beautiful English, and tense with the spirit of the North in its deep and abiding loyalty to the things that matter, the devotion to a cause, however mistaken, and to a mistress all unaware thereof, Dorothy Forster herself.

There was much cavalry on the west coast at the time of Derwentwater's attempted rising, our friends the "Bays" again and 4th, 9th, 11th, 13th and 14th Dragoons. Argyll had the Greys and four other Dragoon regiments with him at Stirling so that in cavalry alone there was ample force for suppressing Jacobite exuberance. The 1715 rising therefore did not apparently have such a widespread effect as that of thirty years later. Some people, besides those who were captured, suffered inconvenience, and let us hope that they were sufficiently philosophical to remember that you cannot have your fun for nothing. Of

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these Nicholas Blundell of Crosby Hall, Lancashire, was one. After his party's defeat at Preston, Nicholas went into the domestic hiding-place without which no hall was complete, there he abode for a while in the middle of November. The inconvenience from which he suffered was probably only the cold and the fact that his refuge was a "streat place for a fat man." Crosby Hall, being in the parish of Sefton and but eight miles from Liverpool, the Blundells were ever interested in the doings of that city, and of these he made careful entry in his diary between such matters of domestic importance as when "I found Mary Holme and Henry Bridge in the Gatehouse Chamber about 4 in the morning, for which I turned her out of my service."



LIGHT SQUADRON, 11th DRAGOONS.
1756.

Shortly before Nicholas Blundell went into retirement after the action at Preston, he had attended the formal opening of Liverpool's first dock on the last day of August 1715. It appears that there entered Steer's Dock a ship called the *Marlborough* which Blundell gives as *Mulberry*. This shows how confusion of sound leads to confusion of ideas. It is no uncommon phenomenon this confounding of Marlborough and Mulberry. There is, for instance, near the little town of Beccles in Suffolk an ancient inn called the Marlborough standing on ground defined on the ordnance map as Mulberry Hill. This inn shows as sign a dashing trooper of 10th Hussars mounted and in uniform of 1900 or thereabouts. The connection between the 10th Hussars and Marlborough or mulberries is far to seek.

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Steer, the engineer of the first dock, seems to have been a remarkable man. As he fought at the battle of the Boyne he must have been nearing fifty years of age when his dock was formally opened, yet we hear of him as responsible for the defences of Liverpool in 1745. However, he does not stand alone as an example of hearty, useful old age in Liverpool. Colonel Robert Broadneux, or Broadnax, interred in the church of St. Nicholas, left Steer behind in the matter of years if not in usefulness during his hundred years of life. Broadneux began soldiering under Charles I, was Colonel of Horse and Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Oliver Cromwell, and was serving still when William and Mary came to the throne. As he died in 1727-28 he survived the '45 long enough to talk about it if not to take an active part in it.

From above indications it is clear that Liverpool was not utterly devoted to the Stuarts. This lack of devotion had been noticeable during the Civil War, indeed Prince Rupert, from his headquarters at Everton, launched a successful assault on the town seeing that siege operations had no effect upon the inhabitants. By 1715 the people of Liverpool were beginning to appreciate the illustrious House of Hanover, and so, more by token, a number of Stuart adherents captured at Preston were executed on Gallows Hill. Liverpool's attachment to the reigning family was displayed again in the '45 by raising bodies of troops to assist Cumberland at the taking of Carlisle. It appears that by this time Liverpool had become a permanent cavalry station and remained so until recent times. There are a number of Liverpool folk who have pleasant recollections of the 9th Lancers, and still some who remember Dragoon Guardsmen escorting Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, what time His Royal Highness visited the city for the dedication of the Southern Hospital and the opening of Sefton Park.

In 1848 Liverpool felt a repercussion of the French Revolution which brought in Louis Napoléon Bonaparte as President of a second Republic. The 11th Hussars had the unpleasant duty of keeping down riots in Liverpool at that time, and other regiments were similarly engaged in several Midland towns. An old print shows the mess house of the cavalry barracks as it appeared in 1866, fifty-five years after the Government had purchased the site in a lane appropriately named after Prince Rupert. There was a belated outcry against barracks of any kind at the time, and an indigna-

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tion meeting was held at the coffee-house. In this Liverpool lagged behind other cities that had taken the same view, and this is unlike Lancashire, which is convinced that what it thinks to-day England will think to-morrow. At the same time St. Domingo House was the headquarters of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, who took command of the forces in this district in 1803 and had been welcomed with much music and by the Volunteer Cavalry among other martial elements of Liverpool. These warriors never missed an opportunity of reacting to any event of importance. They formed up in a line of half a mile to celebrate the battle of the Nile and poured a *feu de joie* into the darkness of the night. This must have been a most picturesque event, as there is always someone who does not wait for the word of command but pulls off as his nerve gives way, the result being that all the rest do likewise, and this produces the effect of a real battle *à la Chinoise*. Those fighting men of Liverpool gave a second performance at the signing of peace in 1802, and goodness only knows what they did not do to celebrate the definite end of war against France in 1815. On the King's birthday in 1804 Liverpool was treated to a great review at which the band alone numbered a hundred and fifty-two; how they must have made the welkin ring!

Wherever the 10th Hussars may have been at the time, it is certain that at least one of them was in Liverpool in 1804, for his contribution to the social amenities caused quite a stir. However, he was acquitted at Lancaster Assizes, where his gallantry had landed him on a charge of slaying in a duel a local shipbuilder who held patriarchal views on the inviolability of the home. The young officer, however, did not return to St. Domingo whence he had set out of a morning to keep his "coffee for one" appointment. Perhaps he was on the staff, O.C. carkscrews, or some such dignified office, and had sought a little, light relief from a life which was all "one damned thing after another."

Another cavalryman who distinguished himself in connection with Liverpool's warlike activities was Captain O'Donoghue, on half pay from the 22nd Light Dragoons. His exploit was to raise an Independent Rifle Corps in addition to other bodies formed under the impulse of patriotic fervour when the city heard of Hoche's landing at Fishguard. On that occasion a thousand Volunteers presented themselves at once. Liverpool was swarming with troops, and to these came the Ayrshire Cavalry by way of emphasizing Britain's wholeheartedly united front against

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such an impertinence as a landing on her sacred shores. Jacobite leanings were forgotten or put in abeyance; for that matter Liverpool had never suffered under that error of judgment. The invasion of 1745 had passed by the city, which, however, had raised troops to resist any intrusion into its private and commercial affairs. Whig sentiment was far from universal in Lancashire. Manchester had hedged, had raised some cavalry for Prince Charlie as well as in the Whig interest, and felt rather sorry for itself when the Jacobite Army, nearing dissolution, streamed through the town on its way home again. Of those who had sided with the Stuart on that occasion some went north with the Scots, to find that they were not particularly wanted; they only provided additional quarry for Cumberland's hunting.

Where Manchester was divided in its loyalties Wigan allowed itself no saucy doubts or fears, but held stoutly to the Stuart cause. This may have been due to the influence of the Scots, Lords of the Manor. As the name implies, the family came from Scotland and were among those who early recognized that there was a deal of good in England. They may also have held a conviction never quite absent from minds across the Border that whatever is good in England is safest in Scottish hands. King James I must have backed this idea, if he did not start it. The Scots, who had found good in Wigan, claimed illustrious, even Royal descent. For that matter many Englishmen may trace their ancestry back to some king, one or other of those deserving monarchs who were fathers to an appreciable number of their subjects in fact as well as in sentiment. Every Scotsman, it seems, is descended from a king, every Irishman from two or more. This makes us indeed a royal race and apt to conquer empires and govern them. The Scots of Wigan traced back in unbroken line to Malcolm of the Big Head, who married Margaret, *sister of the Atheling. This lady was eventually canonized, but not necessarily because she had married Malcolm. From him Scotland defived her Bruces and Baliols, those typical Anglo-Normans so devotedly Scottish in sentiment, and those heroes naturally adorn the family tree of the Scots of Wigan. It is therefore impossible to imagine the Lord of the Manor of Wigan as supporting one Oliver Cromwell. No, he would go out with Caryl, Lord Molyneux, and help Prince Rupert in making a horrible mess of Liverpool as climax to an arduous and successful siege. Wigan took up arms again for James II and was witness to the execution of five adherents to the Stuart cause.

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But the danger that threatened from a republican France in 1797 was more to Wigan even than the differences between Whigs and Tories; indeed all Lancashire rose to the call and produced a great and varied number of armed men in all manner of corps, regiments, companies and troops. The French had started the ordinary sort of war in 1778, but when they went republican as well, it was more than Wigan or any other sensible town in

Lancashire, or all Britain for that matter, was disposed to countenance. Hence all manner of volunteer formations, and of these the Legion was the most fashionable form. A legion was chiefly intended for application to colonial troubles, such as the French were stirring up in Northern America, and consisted of Horse and Foot, also artillery if the commander could lay his hands on any. The ruling principle was lightness, mobility, and to ensure this it was decided to dress Legionaries in green. There is something about green that suggests lightness of heart, hand and foot, not to mention fingers and toes.

Among those Britons who adopted any improved

HUSSARS BRITANNIQUES,^{1795.} LOYAL FRENCH EMIGRANT LEGION.

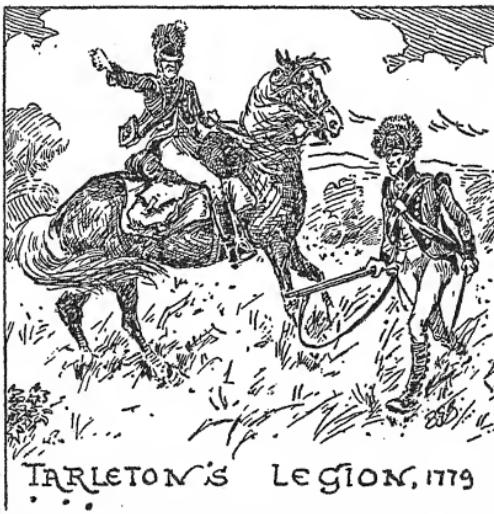
the "Legion" idea was a Lancashire man, a son of Liverpool, who, to judge by a contemporary portrait, fancied himself in green as much as he must have done when he first put on uniform as cornet in the King's Dragoon Guards. This was General Sir Banastre Tarleton, a famous cavalry leader in his time, and perhaps the greatest soldier Liverpool has produced. He was born in Water Street, and his father became Mayor of Liverpool; you cannot be more Liverpuddlian than that. Liverpool has duly honoured its illustrious son by naming a street after him. Most of Tarleton's war experience



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was gained in North America, and his doughtiest deeds were performed during the time he commanded the Legion he had raised. This he did in 1778, together with Major Simcoe, and called the body thus raised the Queen's Rangers. Another body of Rangers was busy under Major Patrick Ferguson at the time; all these formations were recruited locally. Tarleton's first exploit was as a young officer in command of the advance guard that captured General Lee in 1776. In 1779 Clinton put him in command of his Legion, henceforth known as "Tarleton's Green Horse."

Tarleton's active service was one of ups and downs, and all against pretty heavy odds. For this it was all the more glorious.



TARLETON'S LEGION, 1779

He began by losing all his horses in a storm as he sailed for Charlestown with the aim of capturing that settlement in 1780; nevertheless he managed to work a surprise on the rebels at Biggin's Bridge, dispersing three regiments of American cavalry, taking many prisoners, much stores, and above all enough horses to mount his own command most handsomely. This enterprise cost him only three men killed. Other exploits by Tarleton make wonderful reading, with columns winding snake-like through primeval forest, attacks on log huts and their destruction by fire, scenes of lurid, picturesque warfare such as the boys of our generation should read; it would take them down out of the sky

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for a spell. When, as happened at Cowpens, Tarleton was defeated, that also was a handsome affair, for dignified Colonel Washington was commanding on the other side. Tarleton was ably assisted by the 17th Light Dragoons in many of his ventures; the skull and crossbones was already known as their particular distinguishing badge, and was generally held to be a warning against undue familiarity on the part of rebel militia and irregulars of that kidney.

Liverpool rang bells all one night and the next day too, and probably over-ate itself as well, by way of celebrating Tarleton's return minus two fingers. He was elected an M.P. for the city, and sat for it during twenty-two years, breaking the monotony by a short spell of active service in Portugal, as G.O.C. in Southern Ireland and later of the Severn district. Sir Banastre ended his public service as Governor of Berwick and Holy Island. We shall meet him again by the side of the route that leads north on the eastern flank of the Realm.

The Great North Road seems to bring you in touch with Scotland as far south as Huntingdon. There, by taking thought, you may come to the conclusion that neither Samuel Pepys nor Oliver Cromwell had one stroke of the birch beyond their undoubted deserts; no boy ever does. In the case of the latter, a systematic tanning, that was the chief method of education in his time and for long after, should have hardened him for a long and distinguished life in the saddle. Whatever your view of his politics and religious inconsistencies, Oliver Cromwell was a cavalry leader of the first order, and he left the status of the English trooper higher in every respect than he had found it. He was for many years made responsible for those rather unsightly mounds from which you gain such a fine view of the ancient bridge over the Ouse. These mounds are not the remains of a Cromwellian stronghold, nor of one that the Protector had "knocked about a bit"; they are the first indication of Scottish enterprise in past ages, to meet you on your way north. David I of Scotland built himself a castle here, perhaps to be near his sister, wife of Henry I of England. They were both children of Malcolm Canmore and his English wife, and themselves evidently inclined to find good in things English. David emphasized it by marrying into his Northumbrian connection. At the same time it must be remembered that even Royalty, at least in the past, was prone to family dissensions; this tendency has always been marked in the relations between English and Scottish monarchs

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and their uncles and aunts. Then there was always the hazard of an explosion over some matter of punctilio, a trifling thing, no doubt, but enough to set the king feeling round for his battle-axe. So, for instance, David would have to be careful to address his sister as Edith, as the English preferred to call her that rather than Matilda. Anyway, a Scotsman with relations of any kind to England would see to the security of his lines of communication, and therefore a castle commanding one high road and within easy reach of another is only a matter of common sense.

The Scots kings acquired several strongholds at that period, amongst others Fotheringay. It is noteworthy that this English possession of a Scottish king was the scene of the last act in the life of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Kings of Scotland were also Earls of Huntingdon, Lords of Fotheringay and Scottysbury, and this again gave rise to differences of opinion between the rulers of Scotland and England, with invasions, retaliations and all manner of picturesque observances that gave so much colour to the Middle Ages. These castles and the conditions that justified their existence vanished away so long ago that even Sir Walter Scott could hardly hang a tale of romance upon them. Still, his interest in all things romantic led him to search for likely haunts even in the broad-featured, matter-of-fact looking landscape that rolls down in smooth folds from the Northampton Uplands and the Pennine Range to spread out over the fertile Vale of York. But then you have not far to go from the Great North Road before you find scenery that you can fill with horse, and men-at-arms, and all the trappings of the romance we ascribe to past ages. After a dash of Dickens at Grantham you make for scenes from "Peveril of the Peak," passing on your way over the Belvoir country to Nottingham. Scott, of course, lets Sir Geoffrey Peveril raise a regiment of Horse for the King at his Restoration, while the walls of his castle, damaged in the Civil War, ring to the sound of trumpets, and Major Bridgenorth improves the occasion by an interminable monologue drenched in Puritan self-righteousness.

From Doncaster you could travel by road with Athelstane from his castle at Conisborough to the tourney at Ashby de la Zouche, and there meet the fair Rowena, Ivanhoe and others, who figured largely in the life of those of us who were born some sixty years ago.

The Great North Road, if it does not specialize in romance, at least attracted a good deal of it. This is understood when you

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remember that a considerable part of its course runs through Yorkshire, and nothing but the best is good enough for that first-class county. It was not always possible to keep the romantic side at high pressure even with the assistance of notorious highwaymen, who live in history or legend on the strength of alleged virtues only, just like many other prominent people of less obvious dishonesty. The latter days of Queen Anne seem to have been peculiarly dull ones. Foreign wars that had crowned British arms with laurel victory were drifting towards the Treaty of Utrecht, bringing into unmerited prominence the social war-

DRUMMER, 15th LIGHT DRAGOONS,
1760.

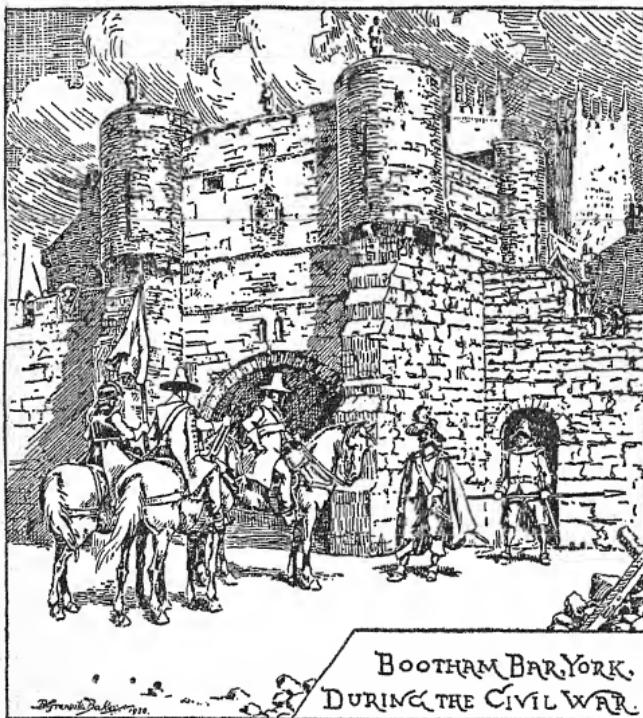


fare between Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Masham, about which the people at large cared nothing whatever.

Folk in old garrison towns had missed the colour and movement of cavalry within their gates, with all the best regiments scattered abroad. The "Bays" were just returned to Kingston on Thames from Spain where, with the Royals, Pepper's Dragoons, Foot Guards and seven Battalions of the Line, they had been fighting for a cause in which the nation at large took no interest. In fact a certain staleness had crept over the body politic when the North came to rescue it from mental atrophy by a bold in-

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novation. As a Northumbrian chronicler put it in that year, 1712, "Dwellers on the North Road were surprised by the sight of the phenomenon of a vehicle that traversed the distance between London and Edinburgh in the brief space of fourteen days." This was the first stage coach; it started from the Coach and Horses at the head of Cannongate and pulled up finally at the



Black Swan in Holborn. This was progress, this was achievement, and for a spell it meant romantic adventure to him who, but for this new facility, would have been limited to the immediate neighbourhood of his own little town. This innovation dealt a shrewd blow at privilege, but happily for the colour of human existence, privilege is indestructible, whether it be held by autocrat, aristocrat or self-selected Communist. In time other coaches came out from enterprising towns to meet the stage on the Great North Road, and this again meant the need for a good breed of

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roadsters. If you wanted to find the best you looked for them in Yorkshire, with care of course, and in the midst of all this new enterprise and the maintenance of old industries sat York, enthroned upon a wide plain, her minster gleaming like a tall ship over the white walls of this ancient yet ever-youthful imperial city.

The ancient Brigantes, subjects of Venusius, agreed that something ought to be done. They had put up with the ways of Cartimandua simply because she was the daughter of Volisius, their late king. She had not only seduced young Velacatus, the armour-bearer, from the paths of virtue and induced him to eject her husband from the throne, but took money from the Romans and had betrayed Caractacus to them. Therefore the Brigantes decided on drastic measures; they raised an army, "a potent army" it was described, and that attribute of any British Army remains unimpaired to this day. This army the Brigantes raised to defend their sovereign from "wicked combinations." We have the authority of a poet who wrote about these doings at considerable length and with much righteous indignation some sixteen centuries or so after their occurrence. He described this army raised in Yorkshire as the first Militia in the Realm. Perhaps it was; it certainly started York as a focus of military enterprise, an aspect of that city's life which does not meet with adequate recognition in these days of Peace delusions.

Like all other ancient Britons, the Brigantes had no taste for fighting on foot; they preferred to meet their foe in chariots or on horseback, and so in a sense they became the forerunners of all the good horsemanship which Yorkshire has given to the service of our country. The light chariotry and cavalry of the Brigantes blended with the habit of the Saxon who, whatever his rank, fought on foot and shoulder to shoulder with his fellows, and eventually the polish applied by Norman chivalry produced the readiest cavalry and the steadiest infantry that this world has ever seen. This stands recorded in York Minster and in the hearts and minds of men throughout the length and breadth of Yorkshire.

No doubt there was a stronghold here where the confluence of Ouse and Foss invite it. The roads that converge on this triangular spit of land, guarded on one side by a wide swamp, must have been familiar to the Iberians, who were pressed out of their homes by the oncoming Goidols with their knowledge of metal. Then Yoroc, Aberach, Ebrauc, became a British settle-

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ment. Of those three, versions now contracted into York, the last, Ebrauc, is perhaps the most interesting. Perhaps the legendary Ebrauc, king and founder of the city, still retailed to his queen, Bederic, strange stories of a distant sunny country which his fathers were forced to leave because others came who brought more cunning into warfare. There still seems to be some strange, unaccountable relation between York Ebor and Evora lying in the plains of Alemtejo, sheltered by the Serra d'Ossa and the heights of Monfurado—Evora with its graceful ruins of Roman temples, its olive groves and tapering cypress trees. Those cypress trees, darker shadows to the shades of night, that tell each other in whispers of a Portuguese nun, a lady of high lineage who loved and was betrayed. Her lover was *soldat de France* and stood high in his profession. He loved and rode away, which was easier to do in his time than it is to-day. The consequences were never so serious either, just a duel or two maybe, by way of settling what was considered an affair of honour. This affair between de Chamilly and the inadequately cloistered lady never came to a duel, so perhaps was not so romantic as the writer of the letters would have it appear. As to the gay spark that lit the nun's poetic fire, of him his contemporary St. Simeon declares, with the true Frenchman's scorn for any romance but his own: "A le voir et à l'entendre on n'aurait jamais pu se persuader qu'il eut inspiré un amour aussi démesuré que celui qui est l'ame de ces fameuses lettres Portugaises."

Evora entirely failed to impress the survivors of Cromwell's Ironsides who, finding themselves no longer welcome at home, took service against the Spaniard, as Englishmen had done before. Those troopers gained a peculiar reputation: they refused to obey any orders but those given by an Englishman; they were unruly in quarters and most obstinate in battle, arrogant indeed, expecting as a right the foremost place. If they were not given the place they wanted they simply took it, which must have upset the temper of the staff. Moreover, these old Parliamentarians in Portugal would break into hymns and pious psalmody on the least or no provocation. This practice was not appreciated by their music-loving fellow-warriors, though it is not enough to account for the latter's sudden disappearance from the battlefield when things became too hot.

Though there are no moriuments to commemorate the deeds of Britain in aid of their old allies, the Portuguese, their memory

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has not faded away completely. It still seems to rest over Obidos and on the steep height of Roliça; it hovers about the leafy glades of Busaco and soars to high heaven on the pillars of Batalha, the shrine built to commemorate the victory of Portuguese over Spaniards at Aljubarrota. Don Juan became King of Portugal by that victory and with the help of those English who had come to Portugal with his wife, Philippa of Lancaster. You enter the Abbey of Batalha and feel yourself at home in England. There is a curious affinity between this abbey church and York Minster. Tradition has it that Philippa's father, John of Gaunt, sent out to Portugal the guild of masons that were still building on York Minster. However that may be, Batalha, with its fretted stonework gleaming white against the purple sides of the Sierra Nossa Senhora das Nevas (Our Lady of the Snows), is one of the fairest sights in Portugal. To travelling Britons who allow themselves time for contemplation in the cool stillness of its vaulted aisles, this is the "Father's House."

Let us return for a moment to the mounted Militia of the Brigantes. Their first encounter with the Romans must have brought them into collision with the Dalmatian Horse, the advance guard of the IXth Legion "*Hispana*." The fortune of war went against the Brigantes, who were probably not very amenable to discipline, and the IXth Legion thus wiped out the disgrace of defeat suffered at the hands of Boadicea and her Iceni in A.D. 60. By A.D. 71 the Romans had established themselves firmly in Ebrauc's city, had renamed it Eboracum, and here they remained until auxiliary horsemen covered the withdrawal of Rome's legions in 410. Whether the horsemen were Dalmatian all the time is not known, it is not probable either, as the IXth Legion vanished suddenly from ken about the year 115. No one knows what happened, perhaps some sudden catastrophe, a massacre carried out by the British tribes who at that time were seething with discontent.

Before its disappearance the IXth Legion set about building those lasting memorials to the greatness of Rome, of which you may see traces to-day. They also fixed upon York a duty which it performed for many centuries—that of base in all warlike operations against the Scots. The IXth was a crack Legion raised in 75-70 B.C. It had marched with Cæsar to the conquest of Gaul, and had won its battle honour "*Hispana*" by adding North-West Spain to the Empire; its first appearance in Britain must have been in A.D. 54. All its service had been against the

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Gauls, and after some successes won against that tricky enemy, all the experience gained was wiped out in one debacle, which shows amongst other things how resilient, how irrepressible, is the Celt. In the meantime the Legionaries, like good soldiers, set about making roads which converged on York from the south and led away to north, east and west to the outlying stations that guarded the marches. York was a place of strategic importance; great generals, governors, rulers, emperors, came here and laid their plans for further conquest.

Septimus Severus, who tore the last shreds of power left to the Roman Senate and established militarism as the form of government, came back to die at York after his campaign in the Highlands. Stern Caledonia had killed this hard, unbending soldier, even as some eighty years later it claimed Constantius Chlorus. Entrusted by Diocletian with preserving order in the western Empire, in Spain, Gaul and Britain, Caesar Constantius the Pale had to leave his stately capital, Augusta Treverorum, and hurry to Britain. The sonorous name of his capital has in the course of centuries suffered contraction via Treves to Trier, but the ancient colony still preserves its traces of imperial dignity. The great Praetorian gate, the Porta Nigra, still stands as the barbarians left it when they had torn out its iron clamps to forge swords and spearheads for the further pursuit of their assault on Rome. At the other side of Trier rise the ruins of the palace from which Constantius Chlorus set out along the corduroy road to Ostend, meeting, most likely, strings of porters carrying barrels of oysters for his special delectation. Masses of oyster-shells were found in the course of excavations undertaken at Trier in 1871. Another Emperor, but newly crowned, had passed through Trier that year and had complained of having to make his triumphal way through a window opening of the palace because the gateway was buried under layers of accumulated refuse. Another Holy Roman Empire of German Nation had been revived in Versailles that year. It lasted not quite half a century, and its obsequies were celebrated at Versailles in 1919; but the idea lives on, supported by all the forces of Unreason.

The fever of revolt, endemic in Roman Britain, had broken out again. This time the greatest in the land had become affected, even the Count of the Saxon Shore, Carausius, the Batavian sailor. It is significant that this high-placed but disaffected official made straight for York from his district in present-day East Anglia. On arrival, he proclaimed himself

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Emperor, evidently not satisfied with the title of "Spectabilis" conferred upon him by Diocletian. It must have been a proud moment for a Roman official to be thus hall-marked by his Emperor; the gorgeousness of even our most recent and all-embracing order of nobility fades before the grandeur of that adjective—spectabilis. Think of the reflection of this quality on the gilded staff that stood all about Carausius. There was his Lieutenant the Princeps, there was a bunch of Numerarii, revenue officials inspired by that fine staff maxim: the greatest inconvenience of the greatest number. There was, further, the Commentariensis whose office, it seems, corresponded to that of Provost Marshal, and a shoal of Singulares (shorthand-writers). Finally there was one described as the arranger of excursions, the Regerendarius, but it is not clear whether he was "Operations" or the bottle-washer who looks after the general's flask and sandwiches, and who collects for his personal adornment the lesser decorations that foreign potentates leave lying about on the dressing-table in the spare room.

Carausius did not last long as Emperor. Alectus, his successor as Count of the Saxon Shore, by way of accelerating promotion, travelled to York, slew Carausius and proclaimed himself Emperor. Proceedings of this kind encouraged the ancient Britons to join in the scramble for preferment, which also led to chaos, and this brought Constantius to Britain. He restored order, but the effort killed him. York, the place of his death, is also the birthplace of his son Constantine, and this fact has given to the white-walled city its indelible impress of imperial dignity. The son of Chlorus was proclaimed Emperor at York, and later generations acclaimed him as Constantine the Great, the first Christian ruler of the world.

Some find much significance in this story of Constantine, and in the fact that on the site of the Praetorium where he was proclaimed now rises the Minster in pure Gothic loveliness. Memorials of the Legionaries of old have been recovered from the ground about these sacred precincts; within there are memorials to their spiritual successors, also empire-builders, among them Colonel Willoughby of the 6th Dragoons and those who perished with him when the transport *Europa* was burnt at sea in 1854. There is a striking and impressive monument to Admiral Sir Christopher Craddock, a Yorkshireman, and his comrades who went down at the battle of Coronel on All Saints' Day 1914, and pathetic in its simplicity is the reminder that H.R.H. the Duke

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of Clarence died at York in 1891 while doing duty with his regiment, the 10th Hussars. There is also a memorial to the 18th Hussars killed in the South African campaign; York Minster feels a particular, parental tenderness for this regiment. Fine old county regiments, West Yorkshires, Green Howards, West Ridings and "Koyleys," have hung their tattered colours within this shrine.

Mention of the 18th Hussars in relation to York Minster opens out a wider, more glorious vista than any of the "grandeur which was Rome." Rome's legions were composed of many racial elements; sons of all peoples in contact with the Empire filled its ranks and did it loyal service in all known parts of the earth. Loyal they were, those mercenaries of Rome, but only up to the point where their own racial interests were unaffected. A fiery appeal by Armin the Cheruscan to his people raised them against the tyrannous reactions of the later Roman Empire, and brought "Alle Mannen," all the warriors of German race, out of their forests to do battle. As an old German song has it, "Der Armin ist kommen, mit Pipen und Trommen, hat Varum uphangen"; and Armin had learned the art of war from Rome. The same thing continued to happen elsewhere, on the wall Hadrian built across Britain, in Dacia and Asia Minor. Rome had built with alien material, and racial interests tore her Empire asunder. By way of contrast, look from that memorial dedicated to the 18th Hussars to the Army List. A prosaic work, you say. Is it? Then to you it means nothing that the 18th, together with the 13th Hussars, are allied to the 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars, to the Manitoba Mounted Rifles and the 18th Regiment of Australian Light Horse. And so you may go through all the list of British regiments that have rested a while at York and gone out again to add fresh lustre to their battle honours. Here is a list of them:

The Queen's "Bays" (raised in Yorkshire, by the way) allied to 7th Australian Light Horse.

The 3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales' Dragoon Guards) and 1st and 2nd Mounted Rifles of South Africa.

The 4th/7th Dragoon Guards to the Fort Garry Horse of Canada and the Waikato Mounted Rifles of New Zealand.

5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, recently stationed at York again, allied to the 10th Brant Dragoons of Canada and the 9th Australian Light Horse.

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The Royal Dragoons, the Royal Canadian Dragoons.
The Royal Scots Greys allied to the 2nd Canadian Dragoons
and the 12th Australian Light Horse.



"The Bays," about 1794.

The 3rd King's Own Hussars to the 3rd Australian Light Horse.

The 4th Hussars to the 5th British Columbia Light Horse, the 2nd Australian Light Horse, the 5th Mounted Rifles and the Imperial Light Horse of South Africa.

The 7th Queen's Own Hussars to the 4th Umvoti Mounted Rifles of South Africa.

as Empress of Canada Dragoon Guards to the 1st Lancers to the 12th Canadian Dragoons.

Augustus Lancers to the 12th Canadian Dragoons.

The 14th Hussars with the 14th Australian Light Horse and the 14th Canadian Light Horse.

The 9th Queen's Royal Lancers with the Prince Edward Island Light Horse and Saskatchewan Mounted Rifles of Canada, and the 22nd Regiment of Australian Light Horse.

The 15th/19th Hussars with the 15th Canadian Light Horse and the 19th Alberta Dragoons.

The 16th Lancers with the 16th Canadian Light Horse, the 16th Australian Light Horse and the Otago Mounted Rifles of New Zealand.

The 17th Lancers allied with Lord Strathcona's Horse and the Ceylon Mounted Rifles.

These quotations touch only the cavalry; there is corresponding alliance between the regiments of British Infantry at home, and the regiments of British kinsmen in all the Dominions and Colonies our race has established overseas.

Although the home of cavalry for so many centuries, no permanent quarters in barracks were provided until 1795, about the time when similar provision for their garrisons was being

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made by other cities, Canterbury and Norwich, for instance. There appears to have been no such objection raised to the concentration of troops in barracks as there was in Norwich. York had become used to this form of concentration since 1720, when military quarters were established on Fulford Road on the site of the present barracks. This must have relieved the congestion in the narrow streets of a town that was growing and prospering in spite of evil times, of wars and rumours of wars. The streets of York must have offered a picturesque view to a leisured observer when troops were billeted in every quarter, but to the business man this side would make no appeal. He wanted to go about his affairs in peace and quietness, and how could that be done in streets thronging at times with a rude and licentious soldiery? Early Anglo-Saxon Militia brimming with mead and rough good humour, resting a while before continuing their pursuit of ancient Britons; Danish invaders—a horrible nuisance—and their flight with all they could lay hands on after Athelstan had beaten them at Brunanburgh. Harold the King, after defeating his Norsemen kinsfolk at Stamford Bridge, passed through York on his hurried way to disaster at Hastings, and three years later William the Conqueror had to recapture York from the Atheling. The city was thoroughly destroyed on this occasion and then immediately resurrected with keep and castle, walls and turrets after the Norman pattern, but resting, as before, on ancient foundations laid in the days before tradition was shaped into history. York, as a strongly fortified base against the Scots, had again become a necessity. Indeed, it never ceased to serve that purpose from the era of legend down to the eighteenth century, and the Northern Command of to-day is a lineal but, happily, peaceful descendant of the military organization that has kept its eye on the North since Septimus Severus launched his expedition against the Caledonians. From his fund of deep experience he gave his sons this dying advice, "Cherish the soldiery."

Constantius Chlorus and Constantine, his son, also had to attend to the Caledonians; in course of time this responsibility devolved on Saxon kings and their earls. Siward, Earl of Northumbria, who resided at York, tried "peaceful penetration" on the Scots by marrying his daughter to Duncan, their King, but Macbeth spoilt this, as Shakespeare has told us, therefore the peace-loving Confessor had to gather a host and drive the usurper from the throne. Siward was entrusted with this

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operation, and a tough one it proved, too, for Macbeth had decided to die "with harness on his back." So Siward set out from York to war against the Scots. He lost a son, a nephew and all his housecarls (his bodyguard). However, he balanced the account by placing his nephew, Malcolm, on the throne. Malcolm, having married the Atheling's sister, kept up the feud with Norman William and some of his descendants, Bruce, Baliol and others—kept successive garrisons and supply depots of York in a state of tension throughout many years. This provided for the ancient city a constant progress of pageantry, of fluttering pennants and waving banners, from the standard which Lucius Ducius Rufinus carried before the IXth Legion, to the colours that adorn the transepts and chapels of the Minster. Lucius, the standard-bearer, died at York aged twenty-eight, and a monument to him stands there still.

The strife between Scots and English continued with varying fortunes. In 1319 the levies, hastily raised by York city, were badly beaten at Myton-on-Swale, the Mayor of York, Nicholas le Fleming, was killed, and with him a number of ecclesiastics who took part and gave the name of "The White Battle" to this action. Followers of the York and Ainsty will know the ground on which this battle was fought. Forty-five years later a King of Scots was brought prisoner to York. Two centuries later Queen Elizabeth found it necessary to prepare for any unfriendly action on the part of her Northern neighbour, and a York and Ainsty regiment was raised in the city. Amongst articles of clothing issued to these levies there is a first mention of the "cassock" of grey frieze. Cassock is borrowed from the Spanish *casaca*. This was a long garment buttoned all the way down to the ankles. In course of successive economies it became so pared down that by the end of the eighteenth century there was little to show of it but an inordinately high collar and very abbreviated tails, the rest was hidden under lace and buff straps. Then it became absolutely necessary to supply the soldier with a great-coat. The cavalry, however, had been in better case, for a cloak had been issued to them soon after the formation of the first regular units. As far as York is concerned this must have been during the reign of Charles I, though the units raised during that troublous period and the dictatorship that followed were liable to be disbanded from time to time. The trained bands, which consisted of all arms, turned out in buff coats, scarlet breeches with silver lace, russet boots, black caps

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and feathers. A brave sight, surely, and impressive was the volley that greeted the King, the more so as guns were given a full charge of ball and powder on such joyous occasions. Those who have read the diary of Phineas Pett will remember with what difficulty he dissuaded Prince Henry, elder brother to Charles I, from getting into the line of fire when a volley was let off in his honour. That gallant young prince, who might have shaped the destinies of England so differently had he lived long enough, wanted to feel what it was like to be one of the crowd on a festive occasion.

To followers of the Bramham Moor Hunt, Marston Moor speaks most plainly of the conflict of ideas which was fought out on the broad plains about the city. According to Fortescue, the battle of Marston Moor may be termed the first great day of English cavalry. Three different schools of cavalry training met on that field. Fairfax brought with him the old school of heavy cavalry, such as had been raised against the Tudors' enemies, horsemen armed with spear and coat of armour, arquebus or other firearm. It is strange that the idea of light cavalry, which Henry VIII had drawn from the moss-troopers of the Border, had not met with encouragement by Queen Elizabeth. And the Swedish school, which mixed horsemen and musketeers together, was still less calculated to bring out the full fighting value of man and horse. Prince Rupert and Cromwell, who represented the modern school, approached most nearly to the cavalry ideal, and of these two the latter only seems to have had complete control of his command.

There was little of importance for York as a garrison until after the Civil War, when the difference of opinion between James II and his people became painfully marked. York then held a large garrison for the better control of the North, and it appears that both Life Guards and Horse Guards formed part of it in 1686. Two years later seven hundred Horse and Dragoons came with some five thousand other troops from Scotland to York in order to meet a disembarkation on the Yorkshire coast of troops dispatched by William of Orange. A little later, after the surrender to the Earl of Danby of that small part of York garrison which had remained loyal to James II, a large force of Danish troops, including a thousand cavalry, were brought in under the Duke of Würtemberg, on their way to reinforce William of Orange in Ireland. After this a period of comparative peace descended upon York city. It was disturbed by occasional

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Jacobite troubles, and York raised contingents to aid the military in meeting them. Stands of arms are still preserved in the Guild-hall—muskets, bayonets, belts and cartouch-boxes which were served out to “able-bodied men, well affected to his present Majesty King George I.” Considering this readiness to raise troops in times of national emergency, it was obvious that the city would rise to arms as one man when this country was threatened by Napoleon’s plans of invasion. Among the levies of 1745 were bodies of Horse, called the “Blues” on account of the cockades on their hats; it is recorded that the ribbon thereto cost eightpence, which shows you that no expense was spared. These troops re-arose as the Northern Regiment of West Riding of Yorkshire Yeomanry Cavalry in 1794. They became known as the Yorkshire Hussars in 1819, and in 1864, with the 19th Hussars and the “Green Howards”, the old 19th Foot, were privileged to become the Princess of Wales’ Own.

All these accounts of readiness to help their country in times of stress are proof of good sportsmanship, and Yorkshire claims above all others the title to pre-eminence in every branch of national pastime. Entering York along the way the Romans came from Tadcaster, you run up the Mount and see Knavesmire spread out neatly before you, while row upon row of little houses look out over the race-course with an interested, not to say expectant, air. According to Camden, who went all over sixteenth-century England collecting material for his “Britannia,” York was already famous for its yearly “Horse-race wherein the prize for the horse that wins is a little golden bell.” One wonders whether Camden, that man of enormous industry, found time for a little “flutter” now and then. The races were run near the forest of Galtres, and on one occasion, in the winter of 1607-8, on the frozen Ouse from Marygate Tower under the great arch of the old Ouse bridge, to the Crane at Skeldergate Postern. The move to Knavesmire seems to have taken place in 1711, when a four days’ meeting opened with a new race called “His Majesty’s 100 guinea Gold Cup,” and this was continued yearly until near the end of Queen Victoria’s reign as “Her Majesty’s Plate.” Dr. Syntax, on his famous tour, dropped in for the race-meeting quite by chance he would have you know.

“I’ll just take a look,
‘Twill give a subject to my book.”

He was nearly duped by his escort, who offered to teach him

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how to bet, but a friendly squire came up in time to thrash the rascal and dip him in a pond. No race-meeting of those days was complete without those lesser social amenities.

Where the horse has held its own since the days of the Brigantes and is still counted among the things that matter, there you will find proper appreciation of man's friend, the hound. Moreover, the first book on hunting in our literature was written early in the fifteenth century by Edward, second Duke of York and "Master of the Game." You may justly apply to Yorkshire these lines:

"Come, I'll show you a country that none can surpass,
For a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing,
We have acres of woodland and oceans of grass,
We have game in the autumn and cubs in the spring."

Of all the four packs within reach of York city the Simmington claims to be the oldest, not only in the county but in the kingdom. It is said to have been called into being to while away the Duke of Buckingham's time of retirement from the Court. He assiduously hunted his Kirby moorside and Helmsley estates. But there is an earlier record yet of how, in 1495, Squire Hastings of Kingsthorpe, when ostensibly hunting the fox, slew one of the King's deer in the Royal Forest of Pickering. This happened quite by accident, of course, but was not easy to explain away, and the squire got into a sea of trouble.

There is in the Roxburgh Collection of Ballads, published at the close of the seventeenth century, an old song with chorus concerning this Duke of Buckingham's hunt.

"Mr. Tybals cries 'Away!
Hark away! Hark away!'
With that our foot huntsman did hear him.
Tom Moorman cries 'Codsounds,
Uncouple all your hounds,
Or else we shall never come near him.' "

These lines make no pretension to poetic beauty; they simply express the joy and merry noises of the chase. Moreover, Tom Moorman's cry is of peculiar interest in describing the methods used. It seems that at this period hounds were held in leash, only one couple being released at the outset. As soon as this couple gave tongue or other quarry was viewed, the footmen slipped the rest of the pack and, as pictures of the period show,

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might start several hunts at the same time. There was good sport to be had round about Deolali in former days and should be obtainable still, for it is not to be supposed that the complete abolition of fox, wolf and jackal is to be counted among the concessions we are expected to make to some discontented natives of India. Game of this nature came out from its lairs among the rocks and began to steal back to them at dawn. You had to be out before sunrise, mounted on a sure-footed country-bred, a couple of Rampur hounds in leash at your saddle-bow, and then you were dead certain of a run if not a kill. As to the footmen mentioned above, it is certain that in some parts of the country people did hunt on foot, carrying long poles; this was particularly the case in the Roxby country, later known as the Cleveland.

Sir Henry Lambert's "History of Banstead" throws an interesting light on the methods employed in hunting with hounds on the leash. One of the author's ancestors held the post under James I of "Yeoman of the King's Leashe." An honourable office this, and it was held for life. The holder ranked next after the master of the hunt, and under him were several sergeants. He also was entitled to certain articles of apparel beyond his annual salary of £3 6s. 8d., a coat of motley, a pair of hose, a bonnet and other clothing, also three brace of collars.

Then the Bramham Moor is a hunt of respectable antiquity, as a Lane Fox hunted his uncle Lord Bingley's pack in Queen Anne's time. W. Scarth Dixon quotes from the "Kilruddery Fox Chase," in his history of the Bramham Moor Hunt, lines that will sound appropriate to those who know the country.

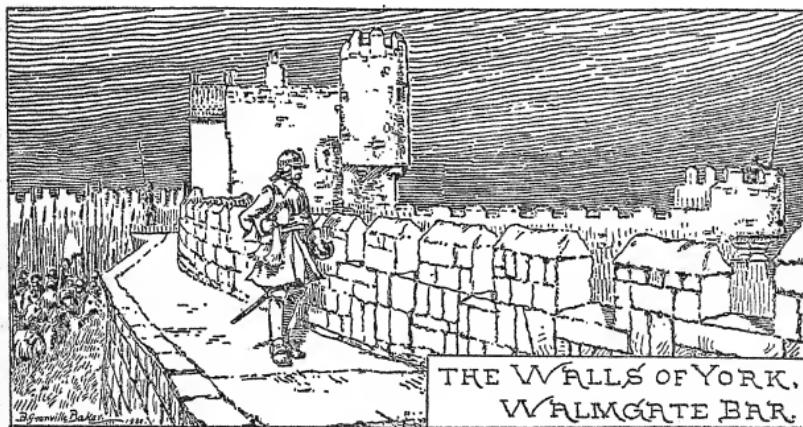
"A pack of such hounds and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet them again;
Had Nimrod the mighti'st of hunters been there,
Foregad! He had shook like an aspen for fear."

Among the supporters of the Bramham Moor were William and James Cooper of Gledhow, hard goers both. Charles Dickens is said to have taken them as his models for the Cheeryble Brothers, and yet another supporter well known in his time was Mr. Thomas Dayrell, Rector of Marston, a very hard man. He rode a roarer, but a clever and good-looking horse. Archbishop Harcourt spotted this horse at a meet at Bishopsthorpe, and

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walked up to the rector to talk about it. Thomas Dayrell told His Grace that this was a roarer. Asked by His Grace, "What is the shortest time it has taken you to stop him?" the rector replied, "Ten minutes, Your Grace." "Well, I've stopped them in seven."

The Middleton, too, goes well back into the sporting life of Yorkshire, having been hunted by Sir Thomas Gascoigne in 1764; but of all these the York and Ainsty is best known to those who have soldiered in that ancient city and ridden over the broad country spread out around it. A varied country, too, and rather ragged in places when you get beyond Knaresborough. In 1833 hounds had met at Scriven and run a fox into Knaresborough,



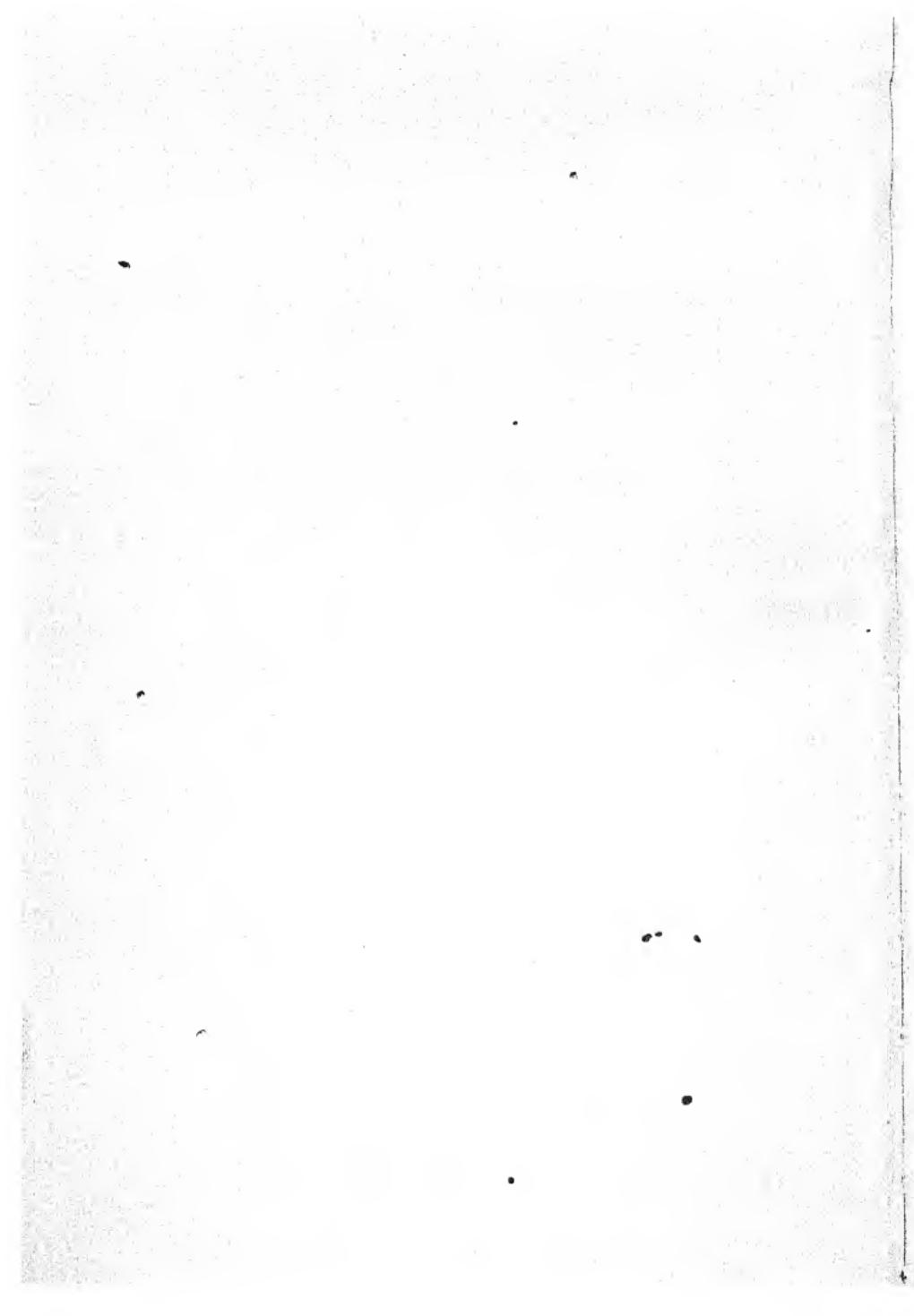
where it went to ground in a cellar; it broke cover and was eventually killed at Crimble Bridge. That must have been a year or so after Charles James Apperley, alias "Nimrod," had been making his tour of the different hunts about the country. When Naylor, the huntsman, was warned that "Nimrod was out," he remarked, "I have forgotten more about fox-hunting than that gentleman ever knew."

Then there was a famous white fox that gave a topping run. Sir Charles Slingsby tried to save him as a curiosity, but he was eventually killed. There are probably few left who remember that tragic day in 1869 when the York and Ainsty lost its master at Newby Ferry on the Ure. A restive horse, men and their mounts struggling in the water, and among those drowned the

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master himself. He had few equals and no superior, was the general opinion of those who knew Sir Charles Slingsby. His end came as a terrible shock to those who hunted with the York and Ainsty, indeed to all Yorkshire, and a shadow still seems to hang over Scriven. Yet on reflection it was perhaps the very end any horseman, sportsman, soldier, might desire for himself.

PART FIVE
THE BORDER AND BEYOND





THE BORDER AND BEYOND

EDINBURGH—At Holyrood House in January 1661—Echoes of the Thirty Years War—Scotland raises a regiment of cavalry—Edinburgh in the reign of Charles II—How Dragoons came to be—Laws and articles of war; the Christian and moral duties of a soldier—John Graham of Claverhouse—Scotland raises another regiment of cavalry—Annandale—The 7th Dragoons at Killiecrankie—Hadrian's Wall—A note on chivalry and Cervantes.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE and the Border—Henry Jenkins the centenarian, with an appropriate quotation from the Wisdom of Solomon—Light Horsemen from the Border perform under Captain Wallop before an Emperor—Pinkie—The Civil War—About slogans—**NEWCASTLE** as a cavalry station, and how the “Friends” came in to help—New regiments of Horse and Foot, regular and irregular—Sir Walter Scott’s ride—Northumberland Hussars—6th Dragoon Guards at Newcastle—Chartist riots.

EDINBURGH continued—Foreigners as visitors—Peebles—Racing in early days—The Scots Regiment of White Horse—The “faintickled” Horse Grenadier—Arrival of the “Equivalent Money”—The Royal Regiment of North British Dragoons—Anti-Unionist sentiment and demonstrations; a merry scene on the Royal Mile—“Tippenny ale”—The ’15 and the ’45—*The Mercury* records events of the day—Prince Charles’s successes and how Edinburgh took them—The invasion of England—Edinburgh and the French wars—The Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons.

On the 26th of January, 1661, a troop of Horse composed of noblemen and gentlemen’s sons “rendezvoused” near Holyrood House. The gentlemen troopers were directly encouraged to do this by the decision, just reached by the Parliament of Edinburgh, to raise a troop of Horse for guarding the Lord Commissioner. There was at the time as much agitation and attempted

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subversive action against the reinstated monarchy to disturb the peace of Scotland as there was in England. Suitable precautions for the safety of the returned sovereign had been taken in England; His Majesty's Life Guards had been remodelled and organized in three troops. Scotland had followed this lead at once and added a fourth troop, which, it appears, was first described as Horse Guards but had no regimental connection with the English regiment of that name, Lord Oxford's "Blues," raised in the same year. The uniform of this Scottish troop would, therefore, be that of the English Life Guards: a coat of rich red cloth for festive occasions, a buff coat for business. It is interesting to note that the rank of Rittmeister is mentioned in contemporary records. This sounds like an echo of the Thirty Years War, and recalls that honest soldier, Neumann, whom Schiller used as a foil to Gordon, Butler and Macdonald, all captains in Wallenstein's army, picturesque enough as *dramatis personæ*, but undesirable as acquaintances. Rittmeister Neumann was quite the last man whom you would suspect of a desire to murder the Commander-in-Chief, in fact he was the typical soldier-of-all-work who would have brought up His Majesty's Life Guards according to all the "disciplines of war," look you, •which was more than you ought to expect from the troop commanders, the King himself, "His Highness Royall" the Duke of York, and His Grace the Duke of Albemarle.

This troop of Scottish Life Guards, then, begins the story of Edinburgh as a cavalry station, an eclectic point of view, you may say, but one as much entitled to consideration as any other, seeing how assiduously cavalry, whether collectively as regiments, or individually as ornaments to society, added their best to the life of the city. That these efforts do not stand recorded in the annals of Edinburgh but were considered as in the natural order of things, leads to several important conclusions. First, that cavalry can adapt itself to all and any circumstances and therefore slips easily into the life of any decent community; and secondly, that Edinburgh, with its rich and varied life, its sense of real values, moral, intellectual and social, naturally attracts the best, and deserves it. The War Office—enlightened body—recognized this and put Edinburgh on the roll for a regular supply of "Cavalry, British, Regiments of." But long before White-hall decided on this measure, Scotland had provided herself with a regiment of cavalry all her own that rightly considers itself "Second to None." The slightly invidious distinction between

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First and Second is due only to the fact that the Scots Greys, though raised in 1678, did not cross the Border until 1685, and thus had to take rank on the British establishment after the 1st Royal Dragoons. This regiment of Scots began life as Dragoons and have never departed from that condition. It has impressed its corporate personality on the capital of the Scots kingdom, has, from the cavalry standpoint, given to Edinburgh the Dragoon *cachet*, and has emphasized this attitude, brought it to a point as it were, in a memorial to the dead of the regiment. This memorial stands as it should, in a prominent place with the castle rock as background. It shows you a dragoon of this regiment as every dragoon should endeavour to appear when in review order, not an unwarrantable wrinkle anywhere about him or his horse.

A prospect of war with Holland in 1678 gave rise to this new regiment of Dragoons. Two independent troops were formed by Captains John Strachan and John Inglis in May, to these was added in September a new company raised by Captain the Viscount Kingstoun of Coldingham, who, to assist him in the training of his forces, had as lieutenant sent to him from London one Francis Stuart, a private gentleman in the Horse Guards. By the raising of these additional troops the regiment completed its establishment. Affairs had been going none too happily in Scotland, hence the increase in the Army, to "discourage all such as by seditious Practices endeavour in aspersing you to lessen our Prerogative." These practices were the work of "Phanaticks who openly in field conventicles those Rendezvous of Rebellion" were hatching all manner of mischief. This was given in a letter from Charles II to his "right trusty and well beloved Cousins and Counsellors—our Privy Counsel of our ancient Kingdom of Scotland on the 7th May 1678 and of our Reign the 30th." This order set the Dragoons, in their grey coats and bonnets, on the pursuit of "rebels"; they were particularly active in the West and used Castle Kennedy in Wigtonshire as barracks. By 1681 the Whigs of Edinburgh were complaining that their city had become a barracks for a standing army.

Dragoons went armed for fighting on foot with halberd or matchlock and bayonet or great knife. The only weapon they could use with any comfort on horseback were the pistols carried in holsters on either side of the saddle-peak. But for their fire-arms, the seventeenth-century Dragoon had not ad-

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vanced much beyond the Roman cavalryman who had roamed about the Lothians in the van and on the flanks of Agricola's invading columns. Like so many other martial innovations, Dragoons came to us from France where, in the reign of King Francis, they had been introduced by the redoubtable Piero Strozzi. Dragoons were firmly established in continental armies when the Thirty Years War broke out. Schiller gives one of the Butlers as commanding a regiment of Wallenstein's Dragoons, and *Mercurius Britannicus* mentions a visit from a party of Dragoons to Berwick in 1659. He, *Mercurius*, quotes from a letter written by an officer of the Parliament's army in Scotland as follows: "The fourty five Dragoons (for I could never hear them really computed for more) are retreated from Chillingham towards Newcastle; I was about to have called them our Brethern, when they took so Paganish a farewell; for besides their rude behaviour during their stay, they could not when they parted, dispense with the leaving behind them that comely, though fatal temptation of the gold and silver fringe and lace upon the Beds, Chairs and Stooles with which these uncivil guests were so handsomely accommodated." Whether these Dragoons, being well versed in pious psalmody, were intent on increasing their mobility by adding "wings of gold and feathers of silver" to their regulation equipment, must be left to the reader's decision; above-cited episode does at least prove that on occasion the Dragoon can unbend. Not that there was much scope for unbending even for the oldest of old soldiers whenever the "Laws and Articles of War for the Government of His Majesty's Forces in the Kingdom of Scotland" were strictly enforced. These laws concerned "the Christian and Morall Duties" of a soldier as understood in 1667. They laid down that "all unlawful Oaths and imprecations and Curses shall be Punished by amercing and fyning every such swicer and Curser, For the First Transgression, in one days pay, For the second in two," and so on, crescendo. This command does not tell the soldier what is understood by a lawful imprecation, nor does it give a list of Oaths and Curses, suited and permissible, to each graded rank of the military hierarchy. Then again this code, "Laws and Articles of War," does not give the punishment awaiting the corporal who uses the captain's pet oath; it "durs'nt" for fear of discouraging recruiting altogether. The "Duties Commune to Officers and Souldiers" are simple enough and indicate the troubles that might be expected. "Whosoever

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shall protect ane enemie, having in his hand Arms Offensive, shall lose his Prisoner," which means the loss of ransom money, prisoners being a saleable commodity.

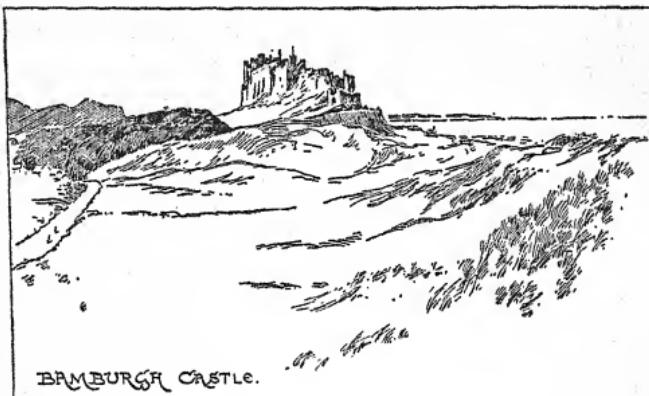
As a leader of Dragoons, John Graham of Claverhouse flits across the scene of troubled Scotland from the years of 1678 to his death at forty years of age at Killiecrankie in 1689. A lovable, graceful and gracious figure, much maligned, who did his duty, unpleasant as it was, in forcing upon the Covenanters the policy devised by his King, a policy which must have been hateful to the chivalrous and travelled Claverhouse. As Viscount Dundee he fell, proclaimed a rebel fighting for that King whose governance, so loyally supported, had for the second time brought Civil War upon the two kingdoms. This to many is the outstanding feature of Stuart rule during the short time that power was in their hands. The good they did does not, in the popular mind, live after them; perchance there was not enough of it.

Scotland, having raised one regiment of Dragoons and found it very good, decided to form yet another. Regiments of cavalry were not raised just to satisfy the æsthetic yearnings of those who prize beauty and valour, but for definite political reasons. By 1687 King James II had worked up most of his subjects into the state of mind which calls for a change, even if only of irritants. To calm them down, regiments of Foot and Horse were raised, equipped and sent about the country; but unrest continued. The standing army had to be reinforced, hence the second regiment of Scottish Dragoons. Lord Belhaven and William, Laird of Blair, each raised a troop; so also did the Earl of Annandale, to whom was given command of a regiment which has since become famous as the Queen's Own 7th Hussars, described by themselves as the "Lilywhites," on account of the white facings with which they set out in quest of laurel victory. Those who know this regiment will agree that it is one of the happiest in the King's service and always has been. This is surely due to the propitious conditions under which it was formed. The men were recruited chiefly from Dumfriesshire, an attractive country for general cavalry purposes. Moreover, Annandale in this country, combines several outstanding merits and advantages, which fact, however well known to its fortunate inhabitants, was not officially confirmed until in 1661 the *Mercurius Caledonius* gave to the subject the attention it deserves. "This County of Annandale," says *Mercurius*, "is remarkable for

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three extraordinary happinesses: First no Snow will ly above twenty four hours in it, so that in a storm it is a refuge for the Cattel of the neighbouring Counties. Next, there's no Rats can live in it. And lastly for that renowned Well of Moffat, which hath given so many experiments of making Barren women fruitful, allaying the pains of Stone, with many other admirable qualities, which are neatly and learnedly described by that Ingenious Appothecary, Mr. Matthew Mackel in his Fons Moffetensis: But because it is Latine, it is desired that Lay Elders forbear the reading it."

It is strange that a publication so serious as the *Mercurius Caledonius*, so determined to inform all and sundry concerning "the affairs now in Agitation in Scotland; with a Survey of



BAMBURGH CASTLE.

Forraign Intelligence," does not tell us how the Scots troop of Life Guards was raised, and what folk thought about it. Was the *Mercurian* too high-brow? You are tempted to this conclusion when you read the remark of an "Eminent Person in the late wars," to the effect that "there were a sort of people that were frank in taking of Oaths and as ready to break them. Another that refused all kinds of Oaths yet never swarved from their Allegiaunce." How true! What a lot of extra swearing there is in any war, and how much of it is lost to posterity because it is not duly recorded for the instruction and edification of those who come after. Not even Daniel Defoe, whom the Council authorized to print the Edinburgh *Courant*, made any attempt to collect the strange oaths that must have been floating about Scotland in his time, since it is difficult to imagine that your seasoned

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Covenanter would have lost the art of swearing by 1710, there being plenty of occasion on which to practise it.

We have heard of the Scots Greys and their doings during the Revolution. The 7th Hussars, then Belhaven's and Annandale's Dragoons, lost no time in taking part and fought at Killiecrankie on the side of Mackay, the enemy and former brother officer of "Dundee." In Scotland the 7th Hussars, as Cunningham's Dragoons, continued their activities, and were stationed in Edinburgh and Leith for a year or so until ordered to march out of Scotland and embark for Flanders in 1694. This severed the closer connection with Scotland of a regiment raised in a countryside that must have seen horsemen outwitting, outriding, outfighting each other before even Roman cavalry took up its stations behind the wall that Hadrian built. Beginning in the west, Emperor Hadrian's Legate, Aulus Platorius Nepos, drew his defensive line from Solway Firth to the North Sea. A line of towers and walls and fortified stations, but not meant for defence only. The fact that there were a hundred gates opening on the north proclaims that Hadrian's Wall was originally intended to form a base for the conquest of that uttermost part of the earth, the extreme end of Albion, "Ultima Thule" as the ancients called it. But even before man had gained the power to express his thoughts in telling phrases, there had been a constant movement from the east and south to this distant land, white-cliffed, shrouded in mist, rising out of tumbling green seas. A Land of Heart's Desire, open, and that but shyly, only to those who could endure even unto the end. And when they reached it, leaving one generation after another lying dead by the way, they came over boundless steppes, through dense forests, across a narrow, treacherous sea—what then? Rolling downs, sluggish streams in swampy valleys tangled with undergrowth, forests again, and wide stretches of marsh, of wind-swept heath, and ever beyond the blue, uncertain distance rising into shadowy peaks or fading away into the horizon. Always that call to persevere, and find out what is the mystery that lies wrapped in the sullen mists of the winter sky. And those, the fittest, that won through, what did they find? A Land of Heart's Desire maybe, but certainly one of High Endeavour. Nature, harsh and sparing of kindness, but in her sunlit moments, of wondrous beauty. Nature calling upon man to give his best before he may reap the fruits of labour, a land where a man must measure his strength against elemental forces, and thereby find his soul. Such a man surely was

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Rudyard Kipling's centurion, whose eyes and heart were opened when the order came calling his cohort back to Rome.

"I've served in Britain forty years, from Vectis to the Wall,
I have none other home than this, not any life at all."

He remembered, despite his long absence from Rome, the satiety of life under blue skies and relentless sunshine, a life that makes no daily insistent demand on all a man's energy and devotion. He may have set out as a young soldier with the same feeling that had urged those others to wander the world over in search of happiness. "There where thou art not, may happiness be found," says a German song; or he may have seen Ptolemy's Tables that give you an island named Thyle in Oceanus Duecalendonus. Ptolemy cites and shapes this land to resemble Holy Island, Lindisfarne, a place of mystery and worship, the spiritual goal of wandering races, long before Celtic monks made it their home. And here in these surroundings a man learns to understand the things that matter, and chiefest of these is Service. Kipling's centurion had learnt this lesson:

- "Let me work here for Britain's sake—at any task you will—
A marsh to drain, a road to make or native troops to drill.
Some Western camp (I know the Pict) or granite Border keep,
And seas of heather derelict, where our old mess-mates sleep."

For this centurion there was nothing more to do; having carried Roman civilization to the farthest limit of the world, and being a true man, he learnt to love the land of his adoption in all its changing aspects:

"For me this land, that sea, these airs, those folk and fields suffice.
What purple Southern pomp can match our changeful Northern skies,
Black with December snows unshed or pearlyed with August haze—
The clanging arch of steel—grey March or June's long-lighted days?"

This centurion of fiction, being the creation of a great artist, is as real as any of those whose names stand recorded in stone along the Wall of Hadrian. There is a memorial to Noricus duplarius of the Ala Sabinia, to whose shades his brother Messorius set up a memorial stone. The Ala Sabinia seems to have been the most favoured of the Roman cavalry regiments that garrisoned the wall; it was named after Sabina, wife of

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Emperor Hadrian. The Imperial Court is said to have wintered here in 119-120; this "ala" was stationed at Hunnum, now Hulton Chesters. Another Roman cavalryman is remembered by a rock inscription near Lanercost, one Junius Brutus, a decurion of the Ala Petriana. There was a regiment with resounding style and title at Olenacum, the Herculean Horse; there was Spanish cavalry, the Asturian, at Benwell and Walwick Chesters; and wild Dacian horsemen, descendants of the Scythians, at Camboglanna, Birdoswald. According to the *Notitia Dignitatum* the prefect of the 1st Ala of the Asturians had his headquarters at Cilurnum, Chesters, a convenient centre from which to control unruly spirits in the waste spaces beyond, up the narrow gorge through which the North Tyne tears its way, and over the heather to the passes across the Cheviots, and to as much trouble at the hands of Picts and Scots as any Roman soldier need desire. From Benwell the 2nd Ala of the Asturians would patrol the road that leads to Flodden and the Tweed. Ideal country this for light horsemen. Here the cavalry of the fyrd performed its duty of coast-guard. They were never displaced by changing military fashions, neither by the Saxons who fought on foot, using a horse as conveyance, nor by the heavily armoured warrior who piled up defences on back, chest and limbs until he was incapable of any but the most deliberate movement. By the time Henry VIII came to the throne the steel-encased hero had already become somewhat ridiculous under the increasingly intrusive power of gunpowder. Fifty years after Henry's death Michael Cervantes de Saavedra published the first part of "*Don Quixote*," and thereby helped to kill the ridiculous accretions that had fastened on to the ideals of chivalry. Cervantes himself had much experience of war, and paid for it with the loss of a limb and his liberty at Lepanto, followed by several years in chains as a galley-slave of the Algerian Corsairs, and destitution in his old age. Yet Cervantes, to judge by his writings, seems to have had no regrets about his misspent past, but rather revelled in it, bearing always in mind that you cannot get your fun for nothing.

When Benwell lost its importance as a cavalry station by the withdrawal of Rome's legions, the neighbouring little station, Pons Aelii, took over its responsibilities and came to be called Newcastle by reason of the stronghold built in 1089 to defend the north end of the bridge the Romans had thrown across the Tyne. With enterprising neighbours all about her, many of them

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interested in cattle-lifting and subject to the consequent fractiousness, Newcastle became a centre of attraction, especially to the Scots who called here in 1342, 1388 and 1644, no doubt with much ringing of iron hoofs on cobblestones, and the general clash and din of troops when they are really busy; they would make rather more noise when resting or joining in local rejoicings. Newcastle would then have to harbour English troops, collected at great trouble and expense, and marched all the way up from the south of England, gathering reinforcements and supplies as they went along.

Such a march on a grand scale was conducted by Howard, Earl of Norfolk, in 1513. Among others who came out to help was Henry Jenkins of Ellerton on Swale, five and a half miles north-east of Catterick, a place on which the British soldier of to-day might discourse at length without giving any too favourable opinion upon it. Henry Jenkins could remember Flodden campaign, in fact he assisted by conveying a horseload of arrows to North Allerton, where a bigger boy than he took them from him and delivered them to the King's army. Henry Jenkins was about ten or twelve at the time; he then went on living and living, while friends and acquaintances died all about him, until someone thought of asking him his age. The inquirer entered the Jenkins cottage and addressed an aged man who cowered over the fire. "Ah, you'll be asking for my father; he be in the orchard," and there was Henry Jenkins at the top of a ladder pulling apples. The caller had so far only had speech of "the boy," Henry Jenkins' youngest son, a lad of some seventy years or so. As for the mossy elder, after spending the last century of his hundred and seventy years as a fisherman wading about in the river, he quietly departed this life and was buried at Bolton on Swale. Researches into his record prove that he did live a hundred and seventy years, and this fact was added to the many and great achievements of the County of Yorkshire, until London, metaphorically speaking, dug up one Thomas Carr with two hundred and seven years of life, according to the Register of the Parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. However, Yorkshire may console itself with the reflection that "honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by numbers of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age." As this is from the "Wisdom of Solomon" it should be good enough even for Yorkshire.

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Before the climax of Flodden, where, as Walter Scott declaims,

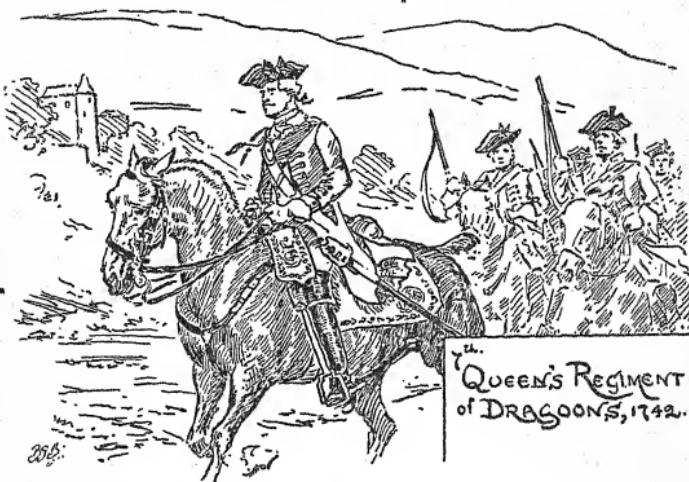
"The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assailed,"

a good deal of staff work had to be done, troops had to be called out, mustered, assembled and set out upon the way they should go before they could be expected to "fall-on." But precedent to those details there was the gathering together of all available information concerning the enemy, his country, intentions and so forth. This process is popularly labelled "Intelligence"—the populace must have its little joke—and the word should be writ with a capital "I" lest it escape observation. There was a considerable amount of information available concerning the Border country, as former kings of England had shown much interest in it. Henry VI was particularly well served in this respect by one Hardyngh, a Northumbrian, who not only supplied information but also advice as to the best method of advancing Henry's claim to be overlord of Scotland. Hardyngh advised the King to start from Wark, reputed scene of the "Garter" episode, by Duns to Dunbar and Edinburgh, returning by Dalkeith, Edmiston and Liberton, and to beat down every "casell in his waie." Then by Newbuttle, Lauder and Earlston to Dryburgh, and "bete" down Wetslade, Crosby and Hume. Hardyngh suggests a few more places for similar treatment: Jedburgh, Lanark and even peaceful Peebles. He does not mention Bamburgh, which seems to have enjoyed a peaceful existence, for Border conditions, ever since Bebba, Queen of Ida, first King of Northumbria, made this her favourite seat for an uninterrupted sea-view. Even the visit of warlike Balian to Bamburgh, for the purpose of acknowledging fealty to Edward I of England, did not give rise to any of the incidents generally attendant on meetings between Border kinsfolk and neighbours. Again Sir Walter knows how to describe a social gathering on the Border in the song of a "Northern harper rude":

"Ha' ye heard how the Ridleys, and Thirwalls, and a',
Ha' set upon Albany featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadmanshaugh?
There was Willimoteswick,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawden, and Will of the Wa'
I canno' tell a', I canno' tell a'
And mony a mair that the de'il may knew."

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It was in keeping with the Tudor policy of ordering all things that the Light Horsemen of the Border were fitted into the framework of a regular constitutional military force. The muster rolls "Taykyn by Sir Cuthbert Radclyffe Knight Constable of the King's Castell of Allnwyke," and others who brought "habill men in horse and harness" to the King's service are dated 1538. Sir Cuthbert leads off with his household servants and brings in men from all over a hard-riding county, from Warkworth, Bouston, Framlington, Bolton, Faverland and Redesdale. A document of 1605 explains the term "habile," able, with horse



and harness, as fully equipped and ready for the field with spear, or lance, sword, steel cap, hackbut, pistol and plate-sleeves. These hobelars, "pauncenars" as they were called, went about their more or less lawful occasions mounted on stout little cobs, hobbies, that managed to convey big-boned Northumbrians, equipped with aforementioned furniture, at an astounding rate over the roughest country. The going was comparatively smooth between Canterbury and Dover, at which port Charles V had landed on his way from Spain to take over the Holy Roman Empire. Our Henry VIII hurried to meet him from Canterbury, which he had reached on his way to France. Northern Norsemen under their commander, Wallop, which name seems to suit the occasion, gave a display of light cavalry work which is said to

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have impressed the new Emperor greatly, so that he also wanted some like it. The Emperor's visit lasted only four days, but long enough to prove that Wallop and his merry men could ride round anybody. They probably did this to the French on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, bringing back many souvenirs from that gorgeous occasion to their acquisitive folk at home.

The Border was relatively quiet during the reign of the Tudors, Flodden Field having convinced the Scots that Henry VIII did not appreciate their time-honoured custom of invading England when no other diversion offered. And Somerset, the guardian of Henry's son, Edward VI, impetuous in his vicarious courtship of Mary, the baby Queen of Scots, forced a pitched battle at Pinkie in which English arms were completely victorious. This action kept the Border quiet for a while, but it laid up a store of ill-will and misunderstanding. Added to this some Stuart peculiarities, and there arose such a state of confusion that only a change of dynasty could set things right again; at least, according to what popular opinion there was.

With Charles I and his treatment of the Scots, the Border began to display its wonted liveliness, and Newcastle felt it. The Scots began civil war with the customary invasion, and the occupation of Newcastle and Durham. They did this as protest against William Laud's liturgy, which was considered too elaborate and decorative for Northern usage. Northumbrians naturally took an opposite view and prepared to rally round the King. Whatever anyone might think about liturgies in general and Laud's in particular, there seemed to be a prospect of good old-fashioned Border warfare, therefore all the best in Northumberland took up arms and gave Sir Walter Scott occasion to remark that "The Spears of the North have encircled the Crown." This looks all very fine at a distance of time, Newcastle with his regiment of White Coats, Colonel Baker collecting a troop of horsemen round about Morpeth (his descendants have been short of ready money ever since), others of the lesser gentry coming in from fells, burns, banks, braes, and other pictfresque retreats, all to take their part in aggravating a situation caused by a Stuart's antiquated idea of his proper relation to the rest of mankind.

The Scots who invaded England to protest against a liturgy did this on aesthetic as well as political grounds, and therefore must have brought not only a sword but also a slogan. It was so eminently the occasion for a pronouncement solemn yet

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vibrating with repressed enthusiasm, warlike or religious, according to its meaning, if any. Such is a slogan, and this the Scots, those purists of English speech, handed over to shallow Southerners, careless, graceless of speech. This noble and almost intelligible word probably coming down to us from the depth of a dark, mythical Celtic civilization that had reached the two-syllable stage, was passed on to the untutored Southerners for degradation by misuse, and torture by mispronunciation. Had those Scots but foreseen the time when the Press of the English-speaking race would produce at least one slogan a week, kill it with overwork and fail to realize its undignified decease as a mere catch-phrase! Has the call to "Eat more fruit" ever led to action more heroic than that of small boys robbing an orchard?

The year 1640 marks the entry of Newcastle upon Tyne into the status of an Old Cavalry Station. "In May of last year," says a contemporary record, "too sogers, for denying the King's pay, was by a council of war, appoynted to be shott att, and a pare of gallos set up before Thomas Malebers dore, in the Byg Market. They cust lotes which should dy, and the lotes did fall of one Mr. Anthone Vicars: and he was set against a wall and shott att by 6 lyght horsemen, and was buried in our churchyarde the same day."

From that time on there was constant warlike effort in progress all about the city and along the roads that led to the Tyne bridge from the south and beyond it to the Border. Where the Romans had marched and placed their stations, Cromwell followed in 1650. It must have seemed like a repetition of history to that well-worn road, and it was to carry many others to and fro on warlike enterprise before England and Scotland settled down to a better understanding of each other. And all the while the watchers on the battlements of Alnwick Castle looked out over the wooded banks of swift-flowing Aln to the Border and the sea; strong, silent men-at-arms, men who have never deceived anyone—they are hewn out of stone.

By the year 1715 Newcastle had definitely made up its mind about the Stuarts and their claims to the throne of England. The experience of 1688, when a Roman Catholic Mayor and Puritan Alderman were appointed by the King's regulators without any regard to the wishes of the electorate, was more than a proud and dignified city would stand. In the country towards the Border there was still a certain amount of Jacobite feeling. We have already witnessed Thomas Forster, M.P. for Northum-

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berland, marching to join Mar with some three hundred horse he had collected at Morpeth. Forster carefully avoided Newcastle, which was filling up with levies, militia, train bands, and numerous sportsmen of the kind that always turn up in times of trouble. Churchill's Dragoons, among other regular troops, also came to Newcastle and gave tone to what might have been just a political brawl.

Greater enthusiasm for the House of Hanover was provoked by the news that the Jacobites were coming out again in 1745. The city was put into a state of defence under Lord Mark Ker, parts of the river-bed were "palisadoed," irregulars of every description swarmed about the street, and there were many alarums and excursions. There were also numerous generals under Handyside, and troops to match that galaxy arrived from all quarters. His Majesty's Royal Hunters came up from Yorkshire, equipped with martial accoutrements and mounted on fine horses; the sound of their French horns set Border blood a-coursing. There were Wade's Horse, Montague's Horse and St. George's Dragoons at Durham and on the Town Moor at Newcastle. From Flanders came Gardner's and Hamilton's Dragoons, having landed at Berwick. The total force under Wade's command seems to have been about 20,000 strong, with plenty of cavalry. With all these Wade accomplished little beyond the repair and reconstruction of roads after the immediate military need for them was over.

Among those who came out well during this troublous time were the "Friends" of Newcastle. They certainly have the gift of joining loyalty with philanthropy that is given only to the single-hearted Christian. The Newcastle Society of Friends waited upon the high commanders with an offer to furnish, at their own expense, "woollen waistcoats to double over the breast and belly, long enough to be under their waistbands, and to be worn under their own cloathing"; ten thousand of these comforting garments were to be delivered in a few days, and the rest with the greatest expedition. So they were too, at a time when the infantry soldier had no great-coat, and the War Office was thinking of cutting down his protecting tails to give him a collar to his coat instead. The winter of 1745-46 was unusually severe.

With the spring of 1746 Newcastle returned to more normal conditions for the army had marched away to the north. After a while news came of its victory at Culloden and the end of Prince Charlie's warlike enterprise; this news had to be re-

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edited. It seems that for years after Newcastle kept a strong body of cavalry handy in case of any further Border trouble. There being nothing in that line to occupy the troops, in 1795 they started some trouble on their own account. The 23rd or Ulster Light Dragoons, then one year old, objected to being incorporated with Colonel Beaumont's 21st Light Dragoons. However, a seasoned old regiment, the 4th Dragoons, was called in and soon restored order. The military authorities were ill-advised to incorporate one regiment into another, especially young regiments that are sensitive about their new-born identity. You can easily imagine the nature of the remarks that Dragoons of the 21st and 23rd would be moved to exchange. The former would hark back to the early palmy days when the 21st were the Marquis of Granby's very own, his "blue-eyed boys," and under such auspices performed unsung feats of valour that leave those of Charlemagne and his paladins "pale as the evening primrose." To this the 23rd might retort that as those feats of valour had been left unsung, there was probably nothing in them about which to make a song; and why were the 21st ever disbanded if they really had been the "Pride of the Army"? Anyway, the tact of a really old regiment restored friendly relations, and, moreover, the War Office, between 1793 and 1802, increased the Light Dragoons up to a total of thirty-three regiments, which must have made the 21st and 23rd regard their corps as veteran bodies. Added to these regular formations were swarms of irregular ones; in this line the North was extremely active, and Newcastle became a rallying-point. A county that has more packs of hounds than any other bar Yorkshire, would come out very strong in mounted volunteers. Bear in mind also that James Pigg, Jorrocks' huntsman, was a Northumbrian. There were a hundred and fifty men at Berwick upon Tweed of whom no one quite knew whether they were volunteers or militia; certain it was, however, that they were all for fighting anybody. There was the Royal Cheviot Legion, Horse and Foot, with Colonel Horace St. Paul in command. The Percy tenantry formed themselves into a body of cavalry, dressed themselves in dark green, five troops of them, at Alnwick, Newham, Newburn, Prudhoe and Tynemouth, while the town of Newcastle itself put up a regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry.

There was plenty of good propaganda material for use in rousing popular enthusiasm. The exploits of Paul Jones the American privateer, on the Scottish coast, had prepared people to

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reckon with an invasion by a vast host of Frenchmen among the possibilities. There were many who expected to find the breakfast-room full any morning of truculent republican soldiery, inadequately clad, too, for it was generally assumed that to emphasize their demand for liberty and equality the French had discarded breeches and went about in an improvised kilt. This time was also the heydey of mounted troops in Britain. Everybody who was anybody, and thousands of the rest who did not care whether they were anybody or not, climbed into the saddle and helped to swell the cavalcade. The Fencibles and Yeomanry Cavalry alone amounted to some sixty regiments; added to these were groups of varying size and ephemeral existence that nevertheless contributed much life to the national movement. Scots horsemen came over the Border again, across the Tweed by Berwick Bridge, in friendly guise this time. Their goal was the great camp on Whitley sands in 1797. There were East and West Lothian Cavalry and Dumfriesshire Light Dragoons, together with all the locally raised bodies, and they surely all enjoyed the excitement when a thunderstorm stampeded the horses one night. As a horsemaster, you are expected to bewail such an untoward happening, it being considered likely to hurt the horses; as a matter of fact, both horses and men thoroughly enjoy a change from strict routine, and events of that kind feed the fires of enthusiasm. In some people enthusiasm breaks out into poetry. This, it is said, was how it took Sir Walter Scott (but he was already given that way) as he rode his horse Lieutenant, from Gilsland to Dalkeith, a hundred miles in twenty-four hours. He was joining up as quarter-master or adjutant of Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry, and while riding over Chevy Chase conceived the idea of "Marmion"; you can hear his horse's hoofs rapping out the rhythm of those lines from "Flodden Field":

"There is a knight of the North Country,
Which leads a lusty plump of spears."

Out of the hosts of horsemen that gathered together in Northumbria to defy Napoleon and dispersed on the tyrant's final exile to St. Helena, there remained a fine body of Volunteer Cavalry now known as the Northumberland Hussars. Its original component parts came from South Tyne, Durham and Gibside, Ravensworth, the Cheviot Range and Coquetdale. The uniform in 1819 consisted of a dark blue coatee faced with

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light blue, of which colour were also the breeches. Officers wore black cocks' feathers on their shakos, and a crimson sash. The 6th Dragoon Guards were stationed at Newcastle in 1820, for it is recorded that their band played at the presentation of colours to the Yeomanry on the Town Moor that year. The "Hali-were" folk, the folk of the Holy Man (St. Cuthbert), as the Durham people consider themselves, formed a considerable part of the regiment, and this was quite in keeping with the tradition of the County palatine; it is said that whatever is best in England comes from between Tyne and Tees. As one of these, the best, it is obvious that you would find a Lorraine in the regiment—Sir Charles of that name, and by rank a major. The regiment had to take its share of the unpleasant duties necessitated by the unrest that invariably follows a great war. The Yeomanry had to defend the castle, where its arms were kept, during the keel-men riots in 1822. The 3rd Dragoon Guards were stationed in Newcastle at the time. Lieutenant-Colonel Holmes, in command of them, received the city's thanks for the conduct of his regiment during that distressing experience. There was a boisterous strike of miners in 1831 that necessitated calling out the Yeomanry, and eight years later the Chartist riots broke out. These were still more serious, making heavy demands on all the troops of the garrison. Of these one member added a special turn to the official programme. Like all heroes, he was a modest man, not seeking publicity, and so it remains uncertain to this day whether he was a dragoon or a gunner. Whoever he was, there is no doubt that he charged right through the Arcade and down the steps leading to the Manors. Here his charger that had taken the initiative, was pleased to stop. A performance of this kind has to be impromptu, if attempted of set purpose it is likely to hurt the horse. On this occasion neither horse nor rider nor any of the spectators took the least harm. This need not be regarded as a miracle, it is sheer, unmerited good luck.

Among many good men who performed the duties of adjutant to the Northumberland Yeomanry Cavalry, two stand pre-eminent. Of these the most famous was holding the appointment in 1881, Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres, K.P., O.M., etc., better known to the people as Sir John French. One, a "Geordie," a man of great business ability and engaged in many enterprises, held the appointment for forty-three years. This was William J. Woods, captain and adjutant. He had served in the 48th Foot during the Peninsular War, had acquired

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cavalry experience in the 4th Dragoon Guards and other regiments, and died as Father of the Northumberland Hussars. During his term of office the regiment was inspected by the Duke of Wellington on the Town Moor in 1867. Another war veteran came to the Northumberland Yeomanry from the 3rd Dragoon Guards—Otho Vials, a man whose worth was approximately estimated in consequence of his being captured by the French, who exchanged him for two sergeants and two corporals of their own. This was a modest estimate for a hard-riding, hard-fighting swordsman who was to add sixteen years' service in the Yeomanry to the twenty-four he had served in the regular cavalry.

As the regiments of regular cavalry were reduced in number, Newcastle found itself deprived of their company in the latter half of last century. But the cavalry spirit lived on. There were always the Northumberland Hussars to furnish a Royal escort on occasion, to offer hospitality to other regiments passing through, to the 7th Hussars in 1876 with H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught on the march to Edinburgh. In short, Border tradition lives on. Witness the monument on Barras Bridge to those who fell in the South African War to which Northumberland and Durham sent twenty full companies of Imperial Yeomanry and the Elswick battery of Horse Artillery the last word in smartness and efficiency. Northumberland has long had its Legion of Frontiersmen in addition to which Colonel Bates started a corps of Guides attached to the Territorial Force. They held a relay race from Kielder, right away up the North Tyne, to Warkworth Castle on the North Sea. This was early in 1914; when the great test of all the best in Britain began, the Northumberland Hussars mobilized on August 6th and in October joined the 7th Division as Divisional Cavalry. Northumberland and Durham did not fail the Empire, and what they did is written in letters of flaming gold and inscribed in the memory of all loyal hearts that beat between Tees and the Border.

It is only within recent years that we inhabitants of the British Isles have realized the value of our own pleasure resorts as attractions to visitors from abroad. It seems as if we had of set purpose discouraged any who would invade our shores in search of pleasure rather than business. Some will try to account for this ungraciousness by calling in our "deep-rooted conservatism," a term that never fails to amuse when applied

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to a people that has led the world in revolutionary ideas, but has long outgrown the superstition that they should be attended by bloodshed.

We seem to be indulging in such a revolution at the present, and will probably come out of it a century or so ahead of our continental competitors.

Returning to the subject of the "Come to Britain" movement, it must be admitted that the presence of some visitors was found most undesirable. The Romans were never really popular, they interfered too much with the freedom of the Celt, who again was intensely irritated by the Saxon's impervious self-satisfaction. Neither were the visits of Danish



tourists appreciated. They behaved worse than the present-day tripper, and went away with boat-loads of souvenirs, leaving smoking ruins and desolation in populous places, as well as strewing rural haunts with the refuse of their feasting. The Normans soon found themselves "up against" the imperviousness of the Saxon reinforced by the stubbornness of the Dane, and had no choice but to merge into the racial mixture then in progress. If he did not, the third or fourth generation saw him no more. In spite of this very obvious dislike to visitors, the latter were not to be put off. Obstinate refusing to regard Hadrian's Wall or any other feature of the landscape as a barrier to their progress, the tribes still came up from the South over the hills, up the valleys and across the passes into the promised lands that always lie a little way beyond. That it was already occupied by others did not prevent the Saxon from claiming it as his own. He introduced his language and customs and drove Celtic tribesmen who failed to appreciate these blessings, into the hiding-places of the mountains, where they passed the time between raids in devising

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tartans and drawing tears from the lowering welkin by the wail of the bagpipes.

It is curious that the Romans made so little of the attractions that Scotland has to offer. They did not even recognize the strategic importance of the site on which Edinburgh Castle now stands. They seem to have done no more than throw out a lateral communication from the coast road towards Arthur's Seat. A paved way is said to have run to the south of Piershill Barracks, and a little bit of it is still in use between Northfield sports ground and Willow Brae, interrupted by the Royal High School's sports ground.

There is no doubt that the Saxon went further; it was even asserted that Edinburgh owes its origin to the Northumbrian King Edwin. This theory prevailed for several generations, but has now been condemned by etymologists who, if they do not make history, at least insist on editing it. Edinburgh as the castle of Edwin, is much too simple; the origin of the city has therefore been led back into the mists of Celtic legend. It is, moreover, very likely that Edwin found a stronghold here and that his followers, being English, mispronounced its name; but even this ill-treatment could do the place no harm, for Edinburgh is built upon a rock and has the quality of an abiding city. From Edinburgh the pleasure-resorts of Scotland lie all before you. Of these no one is more modest than Peebles. It ranks high as a town, the merits of which have been commended by Mr. Punch of Bouverie Street, London. This self-established judge of all that is best and most truly English has recorded the worth of Peebles in the words of a Scot who returned there after a visit to the South: "London is all very fine, but for real pleasure give me Peebles." I put this quotation into English that any Scot who reads this may understand it, and not in the attempted phonetic version conventionally used in England for remarks in the Scots tongue; no amount of misspelling can ever render the ring of the true Doric. You can get to Peebles from Newcastle—horsemen innumerable have done so before you—out of the city at Gallowgate, through Otterburn, up the valley of the Reda that is so eager to join the Tyne and see the world, that it hurries past Rochester without a thought to Bremenium the Roman station that still dominates the rugged landscape. Its massive walls, long broken, still keep the tradition of nobility; if they no longer guard the interests of an empire, they protect a bunch of little cottages from the winds that hold their boister-

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ous revels on this hill-top. From Carter Bar the neighbouring kingdom of Scotland lies all before you, and you may find your way easily enough by Melrose and Galashiels to Peebles, accompanied by as great a crowd of heroes, heroines, minstrels and moss-troopers as your recollection of Scott's romances can supply.

- You can make Peebles from Carlisle by way of Gretna Green and Annandale and still meet suitable romantic company from out the pages of the same prolific author. Some people manage to find their way to Peebles by train instead of road; these are they who are not bitten by the modern craze for speed. But after all, Edinburgh is the great city that lies nearest to Peebles. Now this is as it should be, for Edinburgh is a capital of a kingdom, has been so for many centuries and will ever remain so. You may take away a Scottish Parliament and merge it into another, but Edinburgh remains the capital of Scotland for all that, its head, its heart, its very soul; if you want to realize how this can be expressed in everlasting terms, go see the Memorial to the achievements of all Scots the world over that stands high over the land on Castle Hill. The living rock on which Scots character is built rises up from the floor of the Sanctuary.

The city of Edinburgh, mindful of her responsibilities, encouraged the little towns that looked up to her. Among these Peebles seems to have been prime favourite, and no doubt deserved the distinction by providing the sporting neighbourhood with a race-course. Edinburgh, especially as a cavalry station, could not fail to be interested in this enterprise, supported it, in fact, for we read under the 6th of February, 1705, that "This Day four Horses run for the Plate gifted to us by the City of Edinburgh, and the same was won by Master Lockheart of Carnwath. There was another Course betwixt the right Honourable the Earl of Dundonald and Mr. Pringle of Greenknow. The latter won." This notice introduces you at once into the happy atmosphere of Scottish sporting society. It was evidently considered a good line to be taken by the Edinburgh *Courant*, which goes on to draw attention of "All Noblemen, Gentlemen, etc." (There is something of our insular reserve in that etc.; let us not call it snobbishness.) "There there is a Piece of Plate 15 lbs. Sterl, Value, put out by the Right Honourable the Earl of March and Town of Peebles, to be run for upon the White-Haugh Muir, the first Thursday of May next. The terms are to be seen in the Town Clerk's hands, and the Horses to be entered there 4 days before." Not to be left out of a popular pastime, St.

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Andrew's witnessed a race on the sands between "Scots bred Horses for a Piece of Plate 10 lb. Sterl. value set out by the Right Honourable the Earl of Crawford." This was obviously a sporting event of such importance as to make it a matter of duty for every cavalryman in Edinburgh who could get away to attend the function. Functions of all kinds provided many duties to the troops stationed in Edinburgh. There was the "Riding of Parliament" in May 1703, for which the central streets of the city and Cannongate had to be cleared. A spalier of troops restrained the populace from becoming too personal and familiar with Members of the Parliament; Scottish Horse, Grenadier Guards, Scottish Foot Guards, trained bands, Lord High Constable's Guards, all graced this impressive occasion.

In the year before this happening the Scots Greys had come to be described as the Scots Regiment of White Horses. In the same year, too, for no reason intelligible to the present generation, there was published a reprint of Thomas Morer's opinion on all things Scottish. Thomas Morer was a disappointed man. He had been chaplain to Parliamentary troops, a man of importance, and now both under restored Stuart, or imported in-law of that family, felt himself neglected. He therefore firmly settled himself in the "seat of the scornful," pouring out his opinion on Scots for choice. He compares liturgies with emphasis on the Communion service, and finds the Scottish version wanting in the Blessing. He finds fault with "a sort of Shooes which they (the Scots) call Brocks, like our Pumps, without heels, of a very thin Sole and affording little security from the Wet or Stones which is their main use and chiefly intended for." He also considered Scotsmen to be argumentative, and complaining of English "pronunciation," of clipping their words. In fact the Rev. Thomas Morer was not only hard to please, he positively refused to be pleased. In this he was illustrating the feeling that seems to have swayed English and Scots at the time when their joyful union as subjects of one kingdom was being prepared for them.

There were others who gave expression to their feelings, each in his own way, as you might expect from a highly individualistic people. There was William Ryse, whose desertion, maybe as remonstrance to any idea of union, from the Horse Grenadier Guards was announced in 1705. The *Courant* describes him as flaxen-haired, "pretty tall" and "fairntickled." Now this lovely expression, being interpreted, simply means that he was freckled. Let all those who are so affected take comfort in this,

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that freckles are no disfigurement but rather a distinction, for they result from being tickled by the fairies. There is nothing to show what happened eventually to William Ryse; perhaps he got away under the protecting wings of the fairies because they liked to tickle him. They were probably also taken by the costume in which he attempted his disappearance, to wit, a "Cinamon coloured coat and white Vest." "Any who will discover him to Mr. Aitken Secretary of War, living in Skinner's Close, shall be honestly Rewarded for their Pains"; but the fairies do not betray those under their protection.

Then again in 1706 the people of Edinburgh were not best pleased, and said so, about what was euphemistically called the "equivalent money." This arrived from England, as Daniel Defoe tells us, in twelve great wagons escorted by a regiment of Scottish cavalry, and was conveyed to the castle. The populace of Edinburgh not only became very vocal, but attacked the carts as they returned empty from the castle, smashed them to pieces and injured horses and drivers. The escorting cavalry, having done their duty, saw no occasion to intervene.

One result of the Act of Union was that the Scots Greys were designated as the Royal Regiment of North British Dragoons; perhaps a hint as to this change had been dropped and the regiment was feeling depressed about it. Otherwise the Scots Greys do not seem to have shown any interest one way or another; as good soldiers they just did their duty and left others to worry with politics. Among these was an ex-sergeant of Scots Guards, who was so annoyed at the latest political development that he took and burnt a copy of the Articles of Union at the Cross of Glasgow, collected a body of other serious politicians and marched on the Capital, there to disperse the Union Parliament, sack the House and storm the castle. A neat, concise programme, the execution of which was spoilt by two hundred and fifty Dragoons who carried Finlay, the ex-sergeant, a prisoner to the castle. This measure did not appease the populace, indeed, as William Law Mathieson puts it, "Anti-Unionist sentiment whatever its real strength was of a lively, not to say combustible type," and led to one of the merriest scenes the Royal Mile has ever witnessed.

It was on a chilly November day that Her Majesty's Commissioners were parading with great dignity, when the mob closed in upon the coach, hurled stones and set the horses careering madly down to the Palace. The cavalry escort, intent on keep-

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ing its correct place in the procession, also joined the rout, while the Foot Guards "faint yet pursuing," panted after the Horse with a multitude halloaing at their heels. Mathieson enjoyed describing this scene of political activity; such a day for old Edinburgh! There was, as ever, an economic issue behind the political curtain, in this case it centred on Scottish "Tippenny ale." Parliament at Westminster simply could not understand why this Scottish ale should rank as equal to the English small beer in matters of taxation, when as a drink it had as much "authority" as English strong beer. Defoe came in with the customary compromise, suggesting that "tippenny" should rank half-way between small beer and strong.

Yet even the settlement of this important question did not put a stop to mutual distrust. We hear Hodges saying, "The English are so bent upon securing the back door against enemies, and the Scots so bent upon opening the foredoor for an outlet into England." This attitude on the part of the Scots is quite intelligible. A people this, composed of various racial elements, each one of which had struggled through centuries of hardship and suffering to reach "Ultima Thule," the Land of Promise. These people, therefore, who had endured unto the end, were the best, the fittest of their respective races (the degree of ingredience is largely a matter of sentiment). Having attained to their goal and found it a Land of Endeavour, they put their best into it, and Endeavour became an article of faith as well as an economic necessity. Now it is certain that any faith that does not go out into the mission-field must be accounted as dead. Therefore Scots went out into the world first in small numbers, then in larger, and for this purpose they were "bent upon opening the foredoor for an outlet into England." Once you have conquered England you hold the key to the world and the fullness thereof.

The open foredoor was put to a strain on one or other occasion such as the '15 and the '45. Then there would be movement of troops on the roads leading over the Border, mostly long-suffering regiments of cavalry that were always liable to being "axed," to use a modern idiom. After the peace of Utrecht the Army had been cut down to the bone according to the invariable custom of the country; in 1715 old disbanded regiments had to be recreated and others newly raised. What laurels were to be gathered by riding with Argyll from Sheriffmuir would have been distributed between the 2nd Dragoon Guards, the 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th and 14th Dragoons. There were not enough

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laurels that you could fitly offer to such a galaxy of cavalry. There was still less talk of laurels on the southern side, when Scotland's Jacobite ardour overflowed by the foredoor in 1745.

Even at this distance of time there is a note of alarm in the comments by which the *Caledonian Mercury* kept its readers informed of the things that were rumoured abroad. Two regiments of Horse from Ireland had landed at Chester and were marching through Lancashire. General Cope at the head of the King's army had entirely defeated the rebels. The *Mercury*, being of Whig tendency, would have preferred this rumour to be true. Instead, the Horse from Ireland, among others, showed a pretty turn of speed in removing themselves from several scenes of action at this time. Their report of the battles lacked nothing in picturesque horror; thousands of Frenchmen dressed up as Highlanders is indeed a fearsome thing to contemplate. And only a short time before His Majesty's Royal Hunters, marching through Morpeth, had sounded their new French horns so bravely that folk went their ways assured of protection against the terror that threatened from the mist-shrouded mountains where Prince Charlie was winning hearts and battles. The *Mercury* expressed the general opinion of Edinburgh, but had to do so with great circumspection, was indeed forced to publish an "Act of Regency and Manifesto signed James R., given at our Court at Rome 23rd December 1743 in the 43rd Year of our Reign." Given at our Court at Rome. Shades of all the Covenanters! And then the *Mercury* had to print a Proclamation signed by Charles, Prince of Wales. And affairs had been going so pleasantly on the whole, since the "Act of Union" had been accomplished to the rhythm of an impromptu equestrian rhapsody. There had been other occasions of threatening trouble, but business was carried on as usual and was encouraged by the *Mercury*. The old advertisement columns show you how varied was the business that enlivened the ancient capital. The proprietor of the German Coffee House in Edinburgh realizing, as has been stated before, that every true Scot descends from a king, drew up a tempting list for an Auction or "out of hand." A fine collection of "Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots among those of whole Scottish Royal family" would surely comprise a king or two that would fit on to the family tree. There were portraits of other celebrities: Prince Eugene of Savoye, Calvin, Luther, Knox, and to relieve the gloom, of Correli, the musician,

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" Besides a great variety of other pretty Fancies fit for Chimney-pieces, Door Pieces, and Closet Pieces."

At the same time, 1705, news came from abroad that in the confused fighting on the Danube, Count Palfi with seven hundred Horses had defeated three thousand Malcontents, and that the Swedes were marching on Cracow; their march ended in disaster at Pultawa four years later, but that did not interfere with the business of Robert Tod who was selling best Westphalia hams "at his House a little above the Weighhouse, on the South side of the Street: at very reasonable rates." In the same year also, the "William and Mary, Pink of Linn," came into harbour at Leith "loaden with Cloaths, Oats and other Baggage belonging to the English Dragoons." So there was cavalry at Leith and elsewhere in Scotland, in appreciable numbers too, according to notices given by the Barons of the Court of Exchequer. The accounts of following units are mentioned: the Earl of Mar's, Lord Newbottle's, the late Lord Belhaven's, and Major Samuel Stuart's Troop, Lord Carmichael's Dragoons, a troop described as Late Lord Rollo's. Other Dragoons mentioned are Viscount Teviot's, the Marquis of Lothian's, Forbes' Dragoons and Cunningham's, also a troop of Horse Guards by which the Scottish troop of Life Guards is meant, this troop left Edinburgh in the same year. With so much cavalry about the place, you may be sure that the following advertisement attracted the notice it still merits: "That there is a fine Chariot Linéd with a fine Light Cloth for either City or Country, with 2 fine Glasses in the Doors, with a pair of Harness and 2 fine young Geldings as also a fine Coach with Glasses Lined with a fine white Cloth is to be Sold. Any person who has a mind to Buy the same, may call at William Mitchel Stabler in the Foot of the Canongate or at the Author of this Paper at the Exchange Coffee House where they shall be spoke with." What with cavalry stationed all about, and the Barons of the Exchequer settling claims, there should have been money to spend on hams and chariots if not on portraits of Royal ancestors or notables of the period. There is a note of comfortable well-being in spite of unavoidable foreign complications, of which one at least was amicably settled in a manner that presaged Britain's Imperial Mission. While most countries of Europe were behaving like those powers privileged to owe their subscriptions to the League of Nations, Mr. Paddon, Captain of the *Ruby*, man-of-war, had a few calm words with an emperor that led to a "Cessation of Arms between Great Britain and Morocco."

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The world was, as usual, full of trouble when George I was king, not that he could fairly be blamed for all of it. Being a German he might, had he known the language, have expressed sympathy with the Scots on the tax of threepence upon every barrel of ale. Edinburgh was in commotion: the brewers refused to brew. A public meeting was convened and a simple question was put to it: "To brew or not to brew?" After a silence becoming such a solemn occasion, a silence broken only by the chairman repeating the question to the man on his right, then to others, who all refused to vote. Then up rose the man who at every meeting finds out which way the majority is drifting and votes against it: "Brew," he cried. The meeting broke up in confusion, but the next morning there were forty breweries hard at work in Edinburgh and ten in Leith; the Fatherland was saved, and the Army breathed again.

The world was still more full of trouble by the time George II had reigned a score of years. This may have caused the depression under which the *Caledonian Mercury* was suffering, as related above. The King wanted war, and got it; he even took an active part in it and gave proof of great physical courage, a heritage from those Welfs who had withstood a number of Holy Roman Emperors and had never failed those who trusted in them as did their earliest subjects, the Baiovari, the Celts of Bavaria. The victory at Dettingen had been followed by ill success in Flanders, whereupon the French decided to help Prince Charles Stuart in his invasion of Scotland. This prince, who was generally described as a ray of sunshine by his lady admirers, thrust the Edinburgh Whigs into the depths of gloom, that deepened as reports of the Prince's doings came to hand. The cavalry from Ireland fled and never drew rein till they reached Berwick.

Sir John Cope's Military Chest with £4,000 was captured, and all his artillery, some of which had been made to run on a tramway of wooden rails belonging to a handy coal pit. This was the first time guns had been so mounted in Europe, but that had not helped Johnnie Cope. It was his fault, they said, that the Prince's Highland Army had come down from the mountains and broken into Edinburgh while the English General was returning to the Forth by sea from Inverness. The Highlanders had broken in by Netherbow Port that stood at the lower end of High Street until 1794, a gateway that showed in its quaint little turrets the cultural relations between Scots and French over many centuries. The Highlanders must have had a "happy time after

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their irruption into Edinburgh, for the old city at that period was simply ideal for street fighting. It is rather surprising that of the 40,000 inhabitants so few offered active opposition, albeit they held the tactical advantages of interior lines and intimate knowledge of the city's twists and turns and "thievish corners of the streets," to use the Psalmist's descriptive phrase.

The situation in Edinburgh during the sojourn of Prince Charles Stuart in 1745 was most uncomfortable for those whose opinion the *Caledonian Mercury* represented as far as it dared to do so. The Prince's army was encamped at Duddington, he making himself unnecessarily uncomfortable by way of impressing his men, which only proves that he was no old soldier. The garrison of King's troops in the castle, very nervy, much subject to alarms by night, made themselves unpopular by firing "many cannon and Platoons of small arms from the Half-moon, whereby a house or two was damaged at the Westport, and a child and a woman were wounded." In that instance the alarm was caused by goats scrambling "up to the Roots of the Castle." The goats probably enjoyed the commotion they had caused, but it is doubtful whether anyone else was really happy, unless it were the *posse* of ladies on horseback with drawn swords, who acted as guard of honour while Mr. David Beath proclaimed James VIII, King of Scotland, England, France and Ireland. As active support was expected from France, the inclusion of that country into the Jacobite collection of kingdoms must have been the work of a humorist. Nevertheless, some nine thousand French troops did land in Scotland towards the end of the year, but they displayed little interest in Stuart affairs. Indeed, the number of active fighting adherents to the "Cause" stood in no relation to the volume of cheers raised by the populace on occasion of the many demonstrations. The Prince's supporters gave out that his service was filling up with men from the King's army; against this statement it is recorded that a number of prisoners taken in engagements and confined in Cannongate, mostly non-commissioned officers, had been brought up and committed to the city jail on suspicion of having "dissuaded the private Men, Prisoners, from enlisting in the Prince's Army."

The captains and the would-be King departed, and those in Edinburgh who prefer a quiet life and a steady flow of business were kept informed anxiously and by rumour chiefly, of Prince Charlie's tour of the provinces. It was a brave show that marched out of Edinburgh to the conquest of England. The

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Prince had fifty cavalry, called Hussars, immediately about him. Knowing how the truly great treated cavalry before the day of mechanical communications, you may be sure that those Hussars were always on the move with messages between the two columns converging on Carlisle, one via Moffat, another via Kelso. But with the surrender of Carlisle by its mayor, rumours would drift up the valleys of Highlanders unwilling to cross the Border and making for their homes in the mountains. But the horsemen of the Prince held on. There was indomitable Lord Pitsligo's one hundred and fifty Forbes' Horse. He had been out in 1715, and in his old age had been readily persuaded to come out again. Whatever your views on "legitimacy," you can feel nothing but admiration for the gallant old gentleman. Lord Elcho had contributed a hundred and fifty Horse Guards, Lord Kilmarnock a hundred and thirty Horse Grenadiers; all these odds and ends of Light Horse had marched away "when the dawn on the mountains was misty and grey." The mists of legend have enshrouded them and their leader in spite of all the research work that lays bare the cold facts of history. There are still some who look forward to seeing a Stuart riding up High Street to the castle. The question is: Where will you find one? Some declare Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria as heir to all the Stuarts from the daughter of James I and the "Winter King," a long and devious way. Whether Prince Rupprecht would accept the position may be doubted, considering the solid advantages of being a Bavarian. He certainly has a qualification that counts for much in the dynastic tradition of this Realm, he has borne arms against this country. This is a recommendation even in Commoners nowadays; we can trace the passage of some who devised ill to this their country, who succoured our enemies in war, and who have since been raised to the High Places on the hot air of Democracy.

In case of Prince Rupprecht declining, and it is still felt that we should import from Germany, there is Herr Hitler, who may be trusted to reproduce the atmosphere created by James II. Herr Hitler may welcome a change at the end of the performance he is giving for the benefit of "Junker, Gross-Industriel," and others of the Mighty that pull the strings while demagogues dance and sing.

It is pleasanter and more profitable to contemplate Edinburgh as it was some thirty years after the last Stuart adventure. Another adventurer was about to arise out of the mess the French

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had made of their country in an endeavour to take politics seriously. The same tendency had been causing trouble in this country, and had necessitated the calling out of troops on occasion. Light Dragoons patrolled the streets of Edinburgh at the death of George II, but for all this provocation there was no disturbance. The military were called out in 1768 over a curious disturbance in relation to the theatre; they arrived when all but the shouting was over. Dragoons again patrolled the streets at the time the Douglas case was decided in the House of Lords. There was more rioting and consequent patrolling in 1779, an



exceedingly unpleasant duty for troops, especially in Edinburgh, with memories of Porteous. That unlucky soldier, as commander of the guard that attended the execution of Wilson the smuggler, fired on the mob in retaliation for the stoning to which his troop was exposed. For this Porteous was tried and condemned to death, but reprieved by Queen Caroline, Regent during the King's absence in Hanover. The people, enraged at this leniency, organized a riot, broke open the Tolbooth, took Porteous out and hanged him to a barber's pole, all in good order and with great solemnity. The crowd, before dispersing, paid for the rope with which they had hanged Porteous. This little diversion cost the city of Edinburgh a fine of £2,000,

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levied, as usual, on those who have all the paying yet none of the fun on such occasions.

This concerted action on the part of a considerable section of the population at least held out a promise of co-operation, a promise confirmed by the fervour with which the citizens entered into the controversy that centred round Wilkes of unsavoury memory. Scotland had been attacked in the scurrilous publication, *The North Briton*, with which Wilkes was closely associated, and the capital took up the matter seriously. This again brought out the troops for the distasteful task of acting against instead of in concert with their own folk. However, an opportunity of reaching this pleasant condition was on its way and led thirty years later to a complete accord between all sections of the community brought about by the way the French were mismanaging their Revolution. To prove themselves right the French had to assume a threatening attitude towards their critics, and as these were most vocal in Great Britain, broad hints of a possible invasion were thrown out, with rattling of sabres and other warlike noises. The result was the same in Scotland as elsewhere in the British Isles. From all sides men sprang to arms, foremost among them those of the Capital. Edinburgh alone raised a force of three thousand armed and disciplined volunteers; free men armed in defence of their own rights, the "toughest proposition" for any tyrant to tackle. The Edinburgh force included two corps of artillery and one regiment of cavalry; it is of these that Sir Walter Scott sang. We have seen him hurrying towards the Border to take up his duties. They were surely enough to keep any one man completely occupied; nevertheless Scott found time to proclaim his regiment in sounding verse. The world should know that "from high Dunedin's towers we come, a band of brothers true"; to wit, the Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons. There is a pretty little reference to uniform and accoutrements in:

"Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned;
We boast the red and blue."

It is also distinctly stated that we do not propose to

"Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?"

THE BORDER AND BEYOND

It is only fair comment to say that a "timid smile on a pale cheek" is about the last thing an invader would meet in Scotland, however victorious he might be. Then again the minstrel declares:

"For gold let Gallia's legions fight,"

to which the French soldier's repartee is: "Il n'ya pas de quoi faire un chanson."

"Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our King, to fence our Law,"



and here the poet touches the secret spring that reveals the soul of a race. No son of Britain, whether English, Scot, Irish or Welsh, pauses in times of danger and emergency to state the value of his services in terms of gold. It may be platitude to say it, but the sacrifices a race makes towards attainment of its ideals give the only measure of its greatness.

"The Captains and the Kings depart" to take their place in the spacious mansions of Valhalla reserved for those who ride straight. With them go a countless host of those who rode under

OLD CAVALRY STATIONS

their leadership, men who knew England when the going was good. In the Fields Elysian they will surely look out between a horse's ears over a country unspoilt by the feverish urge for expansion of the present day; such country as they were wont to find on riding out from their quarters in any of our ancient cities. Old Cavalry Stations where once they went about their daily duties, one in heart and spirit with the Crown and people whom they served.

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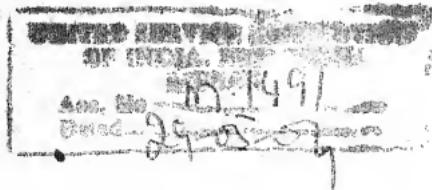
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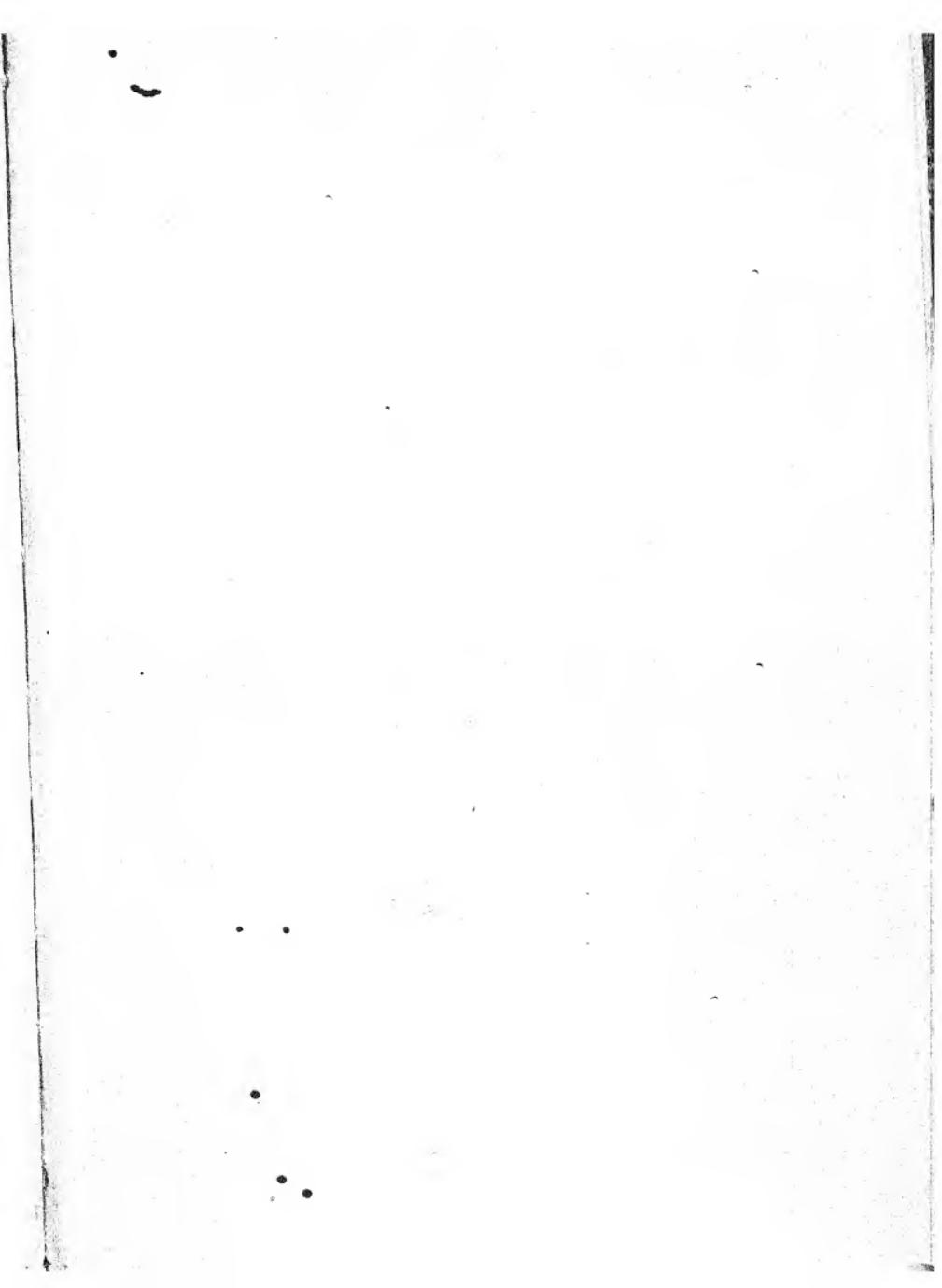
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